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THE NEW YORKER

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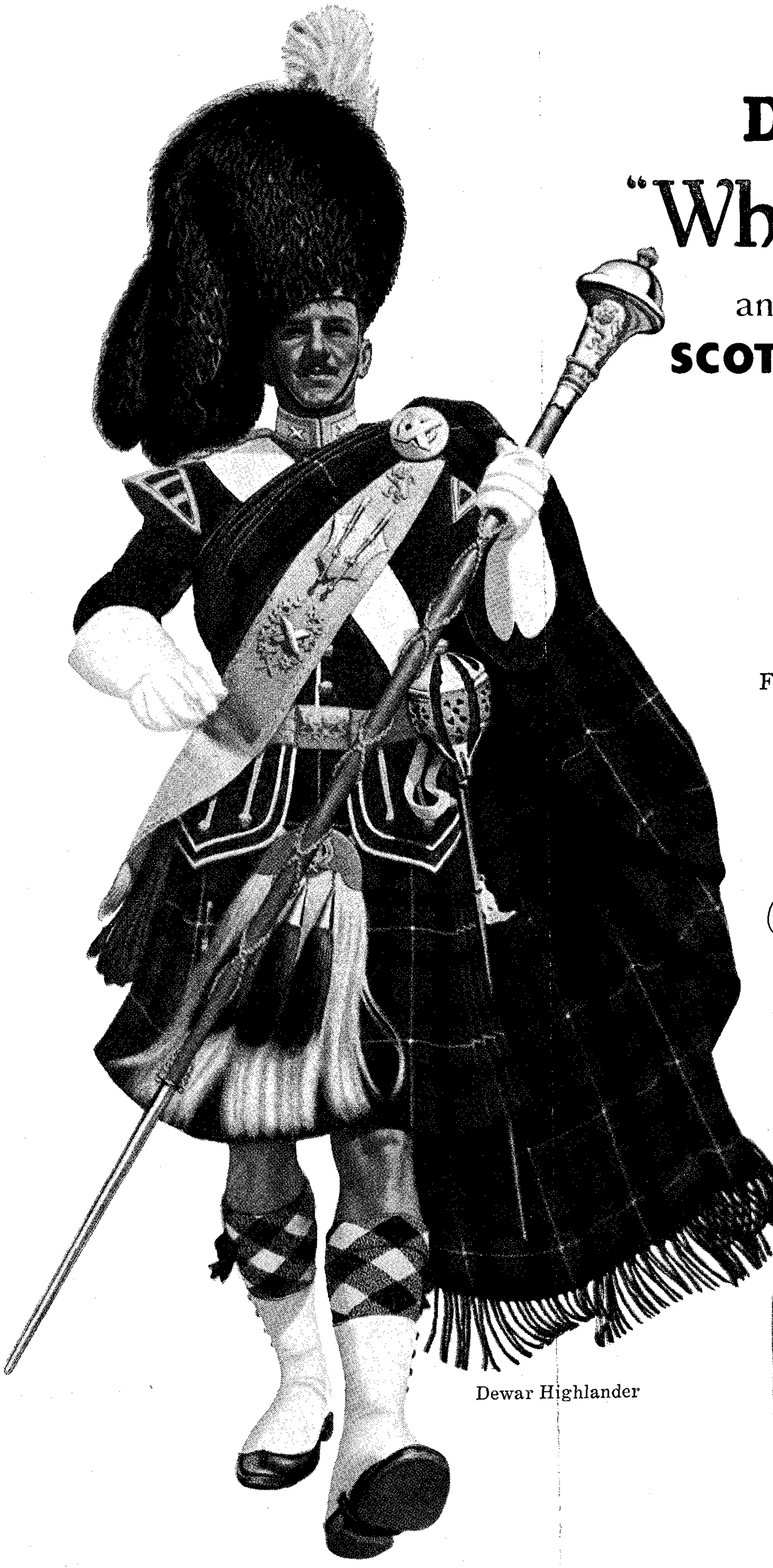

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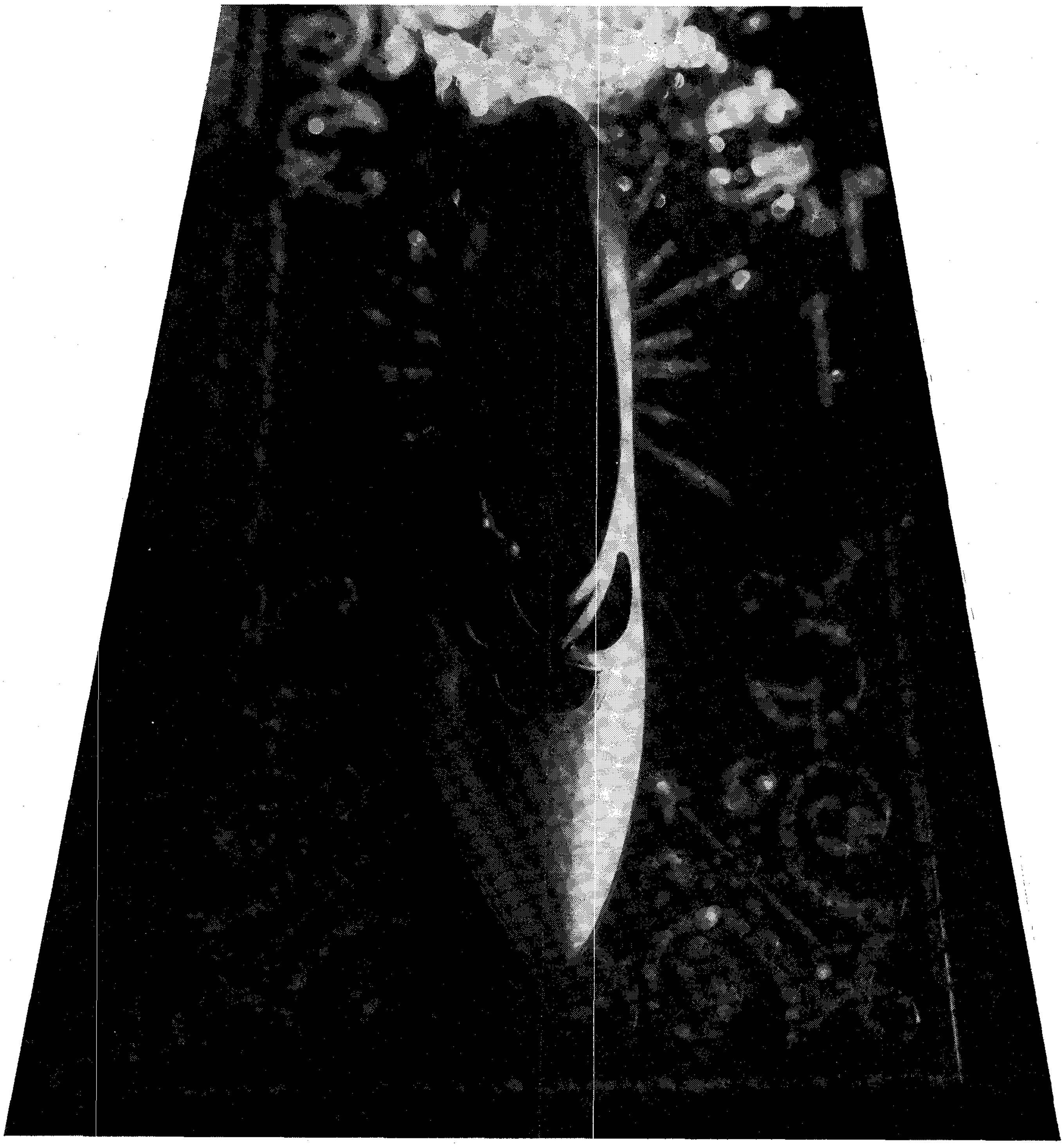

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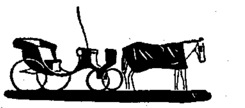

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AUNTIE MAME—Rosalind Russell is entrancing as the unorthodox heroine of this comedy, but it is just possible that the piece itself is a bit too arch to satisfy everybody. Adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis, the play also has Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass in its cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE HAPPIEST MILLIONAIRE—This comedy, Kyle Crichton's adaptation of a book he wrote with Cordelia Drexel Biddle about her father, pictures a household that is a good deal odder, if considerably less entertaining, than the one in "Life with Father." Walter Pidgeon heads a cast that also contains Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A HOLE IN THE HEAD—Several good actors, among them Paul Douglas, David Burns, Kay Medford, Joyce Van Patten, Lee Grant, and Tommy White, waste their time trying to make something exciting out of a torpid effort by Arnold Schulman. The play was directed by Garson Kanin, and Boris Aronson is responsible for its setting. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS—Don Ameche may easily attract a considerable female following to this Ronald Alexander comedy, a sort of travelogue that covers four cities but doesn't really get anywhere in particular. The cast includes Carmen Mathews, Audrey Christie, and George Mathews. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT—Eugene O'Neill's monumental attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth makes an impressive and disturbing play. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., are all superb as members of the haunted family, and José Quintero's direction is brilliant. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

MAJOR BARBARA—A really first-rate presentation of Shaw's comedy about poverty considered as a crime. Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Anne Jackson, and Eli Wallach head the cast, which Mr. Laughton directed, and the delightful sets were created by Donald Oenslager. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE POTTING SHED—A smoothly written, expertly acted, and, for the most part, absorbing play by Graham Greene, whose technique seems to be as surefire with sacred mysteries as with profane ones. Robert Flemyng and Frank Conroy set the pace for the fine cast, which also includes Sybil Thorndike, Leueen MacGrath, and Lewis Casson. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 24.)

SEPARATE TABLES—A two-part effort by Terence Rattigan that doesn't accomplish much in the first stanza but winds up splendidly with a piece about a pair of bedevilled people who are rescued from despair by their neighbors' charity. Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are excellent as the troubled team, and are also excellent as the hero and heroine of the first offering. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE—Tom Ewell gives a very nice performance in this gag-ridden but occasionally entertaining comedy by Peter De Vries and Joseph Fields about sexual goings on in Westport. Nancy Olson, Darren McGavin, Elisabeth Fraser, and Elizabeth Wilson support him attractively. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

UNCLE WILLIE—This comedy about a Mr. Fixit is very, very frail, but Menasha Skulnik applies himself to the title role with all the wistful bounce his followers revel in. The cast also includes Arline Sax, Norman Feld, and Edith Fellows. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

A VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET—A funny account of the adventures of a Spaceman who drops out of the beyond into a home in Virginia. Cyril Ritchard, as the Spaceman, and Eddie Mayehoff, as a Virginia Earthman, are endlessly amusing, and so, for that matter, are Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan, who give them a hand. Mr. Ritchard is responsible for the astute direction. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS—Ralph Richardson pleasantly occupied as the hero of an Anouilh comedy about an aging Don Juan. Directed with style and perception by Harold Clurman, the play has a generally stimulating cast that includes Mildred Natwick, Meriel Forbes, and John Stewart. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK:** Frances Goodrich's and Albert Hackett's dramatization of the record left by a young victim of the Nazis. Joseph Schildkraut, Gusti Huber, and Dina Doronne appear in it. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)... **INHERIT THE WIND:** A reconstruction of the Scopes evolution trial, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two celebrated orators. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT:** Edward G. Robinson, Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit in Paddy Chayefsky's play centering on a romance between a fifty-three-year-old man and a twenty-four-year-old girl. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hyman's novel having to do with a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Air Force. At present, Charles Hohman is playing the hillbilly hero, and Rex Everhart and Arte Johnson fill subsidiary roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	101
BOOKS	134
THE CURRENT CINEMA	96
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	117
MUSICAL EVENTS	128
CONCERT RECORDS	131
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: THIS AND THAT	104
THE RACE TRACK	95
A REPORTER AT HOME	110
THE THEATRE	92

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MUSICALS

BELLS ARE RINGING—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HAPPY HUNTING—Ethel Merman cutting loose with her accustomed gusto in a fairly feeble musical about a lady who wants her daughter to follow in the footsteps of Grace Kelly. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, the songs are by Harold Karr and Matt Dubey, and Fernando Lamas is visible as Miss Merman's fellow-principal. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LI'L ABNER—If you are an admirer of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates, the chances are that you will enjoy this apparently quite faithful reproduction of their carryings on. The stage version is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank; Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and music, respectively; and Peter Palmer and Edith Adams head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—This revue has the services of Beatrice Lillie and Billy De Wolfe, a pair of superb comics, but the book affords little more than you might get from the comic section of the *News*. Harold Lang, Helen Wood, Jane Morgan, Micki Marlo, and Carol Lawrence also participate. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**DAMN YANKEES:** Gretchen Wyler plays a demon, Nathaniel Frey her employer, and Stephen Douglass her earth-bound suitor in this musical derived from the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic treatment of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the cast. For a week, starting Monday, March 25, Mr. Torigi will take over for Mr. Weede, and Norman Young for Mr. Torigi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews in an adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." The cast also includes Stanley

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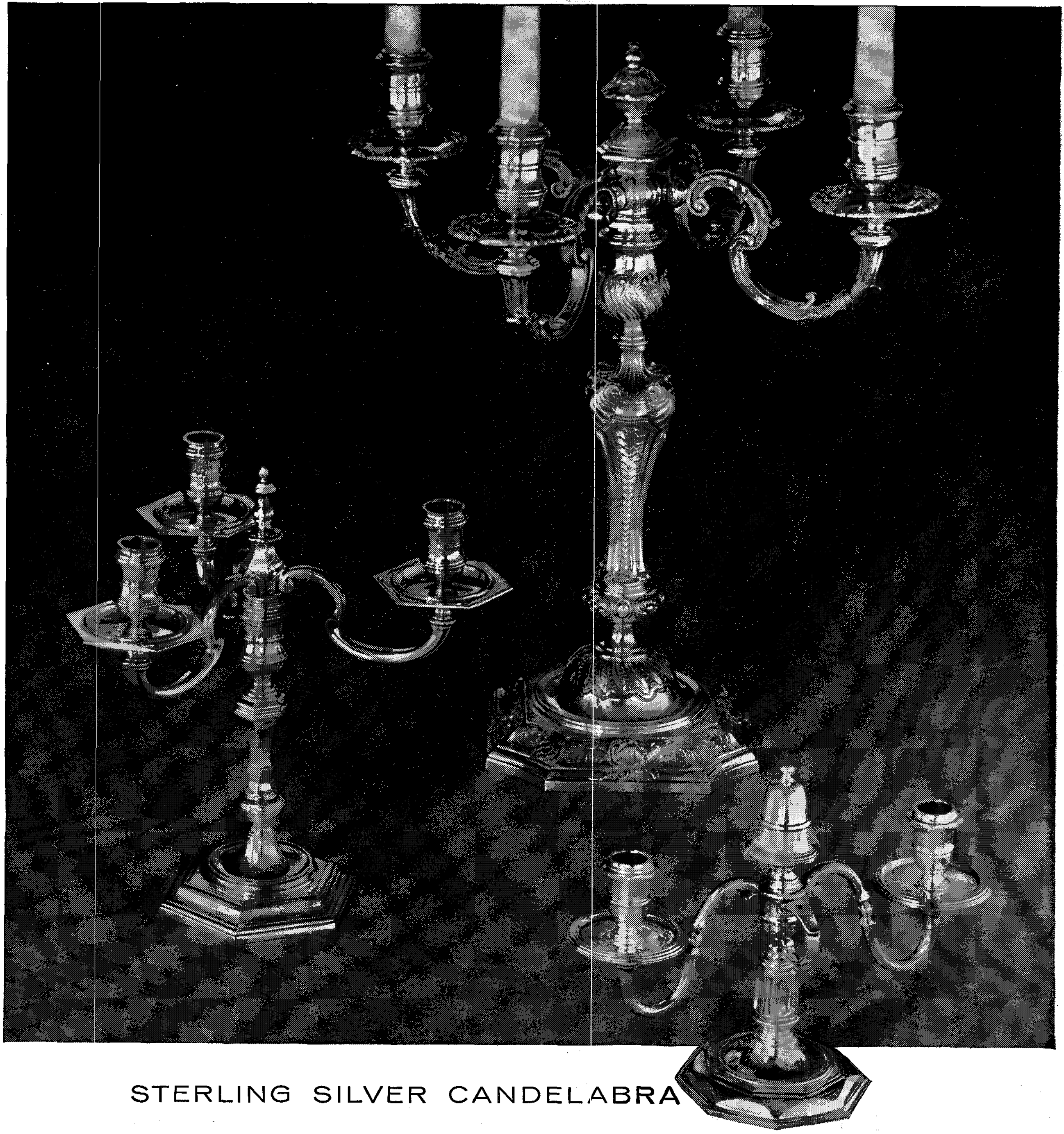
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIII, No. 5, March 23, 1957. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1957, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. Lola Fisher will fill in for Miss Andrews for three weeks starting Monday, March 25. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Orpheus Descending—Maureen Stapleton and Cliff Robertson in a new play by Tennessee Williams. Directed by Harold Clurman and presented by the Producers Theatre. Opens Thursday, March 21. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera," adapted by Richard Baldridge, with Shirley Jones, Jack Cassidy, and Paula Laurence, will play through Sunday, March 24.... ¶ The second in this season's series of five musicals will be "Brigadoon," with Helen Gallagher, Robert Rounseville, and Scott McKay. Preview Tuesday, March 26. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 27, and will run through Sunday, April 7. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, March 22-24: "Tosca." ... ¶ Starting Friday, March 29: "Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—Margaret Phillips and Henry Brandon in a revival of Christopher Fry's comedy "The Lady's Not for Burning." (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 56th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, March 31.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Jan Hus House—Louis Gossett heads the cast in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—John Webster's Elizabethan thriller "The Duchess of Malfi," with Jacqueline Brookes and Hurd Hatfield. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Renata Theatre—Jutta Wolf and Mark Lenard in James Joyce's play "Exiles." (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Shakespearewrights—Presenting the American Savoyards in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia, Limited." (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Dolly Haas, James Mitchell, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"Riders to the Sea," "In the Shadow of the Glen," and "The Tinker's Wedding." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Jean Erdman—With her company and Donald McKayle. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Carmen Amaya—With her company of flamenco dancers, singers, and musicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 23, at 8:40. For tickets, call EL 5-5372.)

Teresita La Tana—With her company, in dances of Spain. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 26, at 8:30.)

National Ballet of Canada—Saturday, March 30, at 2:30: "Les Rendez-Vous," "The Fisherman and His Soul," and "Post-Script." ... ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 8:30: "Jeune Pas de Deux," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Pas de Chance," and "Giselle." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club, one of the stateliest homes of all Park Avenue, Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing after ten. Up to then, the music is solely for listening purposes. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Of necessity, through the years, the elder mimes in the interesting old morality play on view here have one by one dropped out, but the replacements are letter-perfect, and the play still has a message for each and every one of us. Music for dancing by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Charles Holden's orchestra.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Frank Parker, who goes back to the early days of the croon, will be onstage, singing in good taste and joking in borderline taste, through Saturday, March 23, in the elaborate Cotillion Room. He appears at dinner and supper. On Monday, March 25, Robert Clary, possibly France's most engaging jack-in-the-box, will resume his song recitals. His companions will be Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky, the Hungarian dancers who made one of those Hitchcock escapes from their homeland. The customers can prance to the music of a dandy orchestra led by Joseph Sudy and to Alan Logan's rumba band. Closed Sundays.... ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is generally Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jacqueline François singing the Gallic words of "Lullaby of Birdland" to the backing of Jack Elliott's jazz band is a stop, look & listen moment of pure joy. Her dinner and supper recitals are surrounded by the music of Ted Straeter's combined orchestra and glee club and Mark Monte's smaller unit of bandsmen. This all takes place in the Persian Room. Closed Sundays.... ¶ A life of luxury and ease is within grasp at the Rendez-Vous, a dining room of long standing, where the dance music of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen starts at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra plays at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.... ¶ In the Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group does a reprise at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's circumspect orchestra makes the dance music in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a sumptuous art gallery devoted to a series of handsome one-woman shows, is now exhibiting Geneviève, a girl into whose life (as is the old French custom) a little rain must fall, but also a girl quite capable of smiling through the tears. She sings at dinner and supper. Waltzing by the guests is encouraged by the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for motion.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the ample Café Rouge, Freddy Martin's orchestra murmurs like the whispering breeze for people in search of relaxed exercise. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Benny Goodman, whose woodwind work was only yesterday charming the Siamese cats, is back home in the Empire Room charming assorted American cats. He is assisted in no uncertain terms by such men of iron as Buck Clayton, Mel Powell, Jimmy Maxwell, Budd Johnson, Steve Jordan, and Mousie Alexander. Aside from this twice-nightly jamboree, there is lyric dance music by Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and bombastic dance music by Mischa Borr's band. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's boys and Bernie Leighton's trio plunk down music for listening from cocktails to eight-thirty, and for dancing from eight-thirty until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, Mr. Borr's dance band does the rumbling.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a cloud considerably larger than a man's hand, presents hushed non-dance tunes and cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats and the choice view, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A green pastures maintained in spic-and-span order by the very best greenkeepers. A quiet American named Addison Bailey is at the concert grand during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in.... **little club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A nineteenth hole, a sportsman's preserve, a stamping ground. The accompaniment is Bud Gregg's piano most of the night. Closed Mondays.... **goldie's new york,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins' combination civic center and canteen, where good neighbors gather for an evening's pastime. The counterpoint to the chatter is the piano of Wayne Sanders (dreamlike) and of the owner (chipper). It begins at cocktail time. Closed Mondays.... **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the most luxurious of the Roman holidays, in which it's hard to tell whether the hero of the evening is the chef or the lilting string orchestra. The heroine, always some soprano or other, feels that urge to give tongue late in the evening. Music from dinner right through supper. Closed Sundays.... **barberry room,**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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				21	22	23
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19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): From nine to one, in an amphitheatre of some elegance, Renato Rossini's guitar speaks fondly of love. The more impetuous passages occur after eleven. Closed Sundays.... **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The hands of Cy Walter, professor emeritus of the Steinway, are as light-fingered as ever, his portfolio as selective. He's around from six to eight and again from ten to one or even later. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain with a remarkably sunny disposition, which explains why the Andalusian singing and dancing on display are so cheerful. The patrons may join in the second sport from time to time. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A reasonable facsimile of when knighthood was in flower, done in glorious Technicolor. The menu is up-to-date, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, the most agile of the walking, talking violinists, is from the Age of Nostalgia. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday.... **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A new show-business greenroom, art gallery, and conservatory, very plush (*green* plush), from wall to wall and floor to ceiling. After ten, Hubbell Pierce, who's sung to his own piano on the left banks of Great South Bay, the Thames, and the Tiber, obliges every night but Monday; Warren Vaughan contributes his pear-shaped tenor and 1967-shaped piano every night but Tuesday. A trio fills in the gaps on these days of rest.... **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Amid the candelabra and lush architecture, you'd expect to see a ghostly Bourbon or two sampling the French cuisine and the Pan-European piano and violin, all of which is available every evening but Monday.... **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): It's actually the Sherry-Netherland bar, where Steve Weltner, late of the Venezuelan pleasure-dome circuit, is at the piano off and on from dinner until after one every night but Sunday. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): This particular operetta sings impartially the praises of Hungarian composers and Hungarian chefs, and does it quietly and well. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music, music everywhere, all night long. The best of it is produced by Monica Boyár, who is vocal, and by a six-man band in the "Zwei Herzen" tradition. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Life's little poignancies seen through the eyes of a sensitive and probably scatter-brained child named Alice Pearce. Further conversation pieces, as well as ballads, are emitted by Martha Davis and Spouse (i.e., Calvin Ponder), and none of them make much sense, either. There are, moreover, Johnny Mathis, whose progressive-school tricks with melodic lines may be too complex for some of us, and Charlie Manna, whose humor has a couple of wholly unexpected dimensions. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are a perfect backdrop for everything. Mondays, by the way, the Davises stay home. Miss Pearce and Mr. Manna will disappear on Wednesday, March 27. Next evening, Tom Lehrer, the Harvard mathematician, physicist, and composer-singer of Bab ballads, will check in, along with Dorothy Loudon, a sardonic girl with little or no use for tear-jerking arias.... ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's rumpus-room music by the Lyons trio and the Davis family from 2 to 4 A.M.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, and Jack Fletcher—four children who should be not only seen but heard—are the spokesmen for a small revue that is no respecter of persons or anything else. Its wicked witticisms were devised by Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery and blended by Julius Monk, who knows precisely what to do with children, revues, and witticisms. It comes to life around ten-thirty. Stan Keen and Gordon Connell are at the plural pianos. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, who was shouting from the housetops when rock-and-roll was a pup, blows out to sea on Wednesday, March 27. Faith Winthrop, a nice little San Francisco canary, will be staying on, and so will Bob Gibson, a completely bearable explorer of folk music. The background is the Clarence Williams trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A dizzy spell that begins around eleven and can last for hours. The main reason is Kaye Ballard, a wit who should have her head examined only by lovers of sheer lunacy. There are, besides, Felicia Sanders, whose love songs sometimes burn little holes in any latent complacency; Johnny Haymer and Tiger Haynes, two young men whose wit survived "New Faces of '56;" the shattered tone poems of the Three Flames; and Jimmie Daniels, the establishment's perennial man-about-town. Closed Mondays. ... **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): A one-of-a-kind *boîte* and *salle à manger*, in which Mabel Mercer, the leading influence on a whole generation of calm, collected ballad singers, begins her recital around eleven. There's also piano by Sam Hamilton, Miss Mercer's lifetime companion, and further music by the trio of Jack Kelly, who has played a lot of piano in a lot of places. The Mercer contingent lays off Sundays, the Kellys on Mondays. Hazel Webster is the cocktail and dinner pianist. She's home Mondays, too.... **RED CARPET**, 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): A smoke-filled room where people who get up at the crack of dusk can listen to the electrifying nocturnes (voice and piano) of Bobby Short, a born entertainer and a born nighthawk. He and his hot trio sleep Sundays.... **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): A new lease on life, to say nothing of a new lessee, has brought about some improvements here, the most notable of which is Isobel Robins, a small blond bubble with vast enthusiasm and some impish roundelays. A further improvement will be the enlistment probably on Saturday, March 23, of Don Evans, a protean pianist.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews, who (if you take her word for it) is a man-eating tigress, sings her songs of menace twice a night in the bar. As always, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville are tinkling away at the twin pianos. In addition, Dick Smart does a spot of singing, too. Miss Andrews is absent Sundays, and Mr. Smart is away on Mondays. Sundays there are also silly old silent movies, and Mondays are amateur nights. On Tuesday, March 26, a new show (ingredients as yet unknown).

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Exactly the right kind of music for muskrats to ramble to is being made by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon, the well-known guitar and ringside-table jockey. Between sets, Teddy Roy and Buzzy Drootin keep the piano and drums warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The animal spirits run rather high when Jonah Jones' quartet and the pyrotechnical Dorothy Donegan's threesome get to work. Miss D. doubles on the piano, the hammer, and the tongs. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day, and on Sunday nights guest musicians hold the fort.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Maxted's band is going on about how it's finer to be in Carolina. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney de Paris is minding the candy store while his brother Wilbur is on tour, and Cecil Scott, Benny Morton, Harold Hill, and Herbie Nichols are helping him out. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The change in personnel means no change in the music, which is true to first American principles. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights.... **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): You'd be wise to skip the non-listeners at the rain-forest bar and join the listeners in the back room, where Barbara Carroll plays, in her distinct and separate way, piano that is eclectic classic, eclectic modern, and eclectic moody. Her trio follows suit. The sweet melancholy of an expertly handled French horn is the centerpiece of the Mitchell-Ruff duo. The Carrolls hide out Sundays, the duo hides out Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, and his thoughtful piano études are on tap from six to around nine every evening but Saturday, when he's away; Sundays and Mondays, he's there all night. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Joe Williams, who has the voice for it, sings songs that are all blues and ten yards wide. His pals, Count Basie's boys, kick up a sizable storm on their own account. Also present: Johnny Smith's deft quartet and Pat Moran's foursome. Oscar Pettiford's new group will replace the Basie band on Thursday, March 28. Mondays are guest nights.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Bobby Scott's threesome, whose idiom is the current one, has just taken over the dais in the center of the oval bar, which seems like an excellent idea. The group opens up at ten every evening but Monday, its day of rest.... **THE PLAYROOM**, 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): Cy Coleman and his trio, forerunners of the future, bounce around in their new niche—one, just big enough for a few kindred souls. They let go at eight-thirty every evening but Sunday, their holiday.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): If you're able to make yourself heard in here, you belong up on the back bar with Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins, who sound off in the course of a staggering day that starts at 3:30 P.M. It starts even earlier, at 1:30 P.M., Saturdays and Sundays, when Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Roy Eldridge, Pee Wee Erwin, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Bohemia is indeed the word for this establishment, and farseeing is the word for its music. Ronnie Bright's trio will be augmented on Friday, March 22, by Rolf Kuhn, a clarinettist not too long out of Germany; the foursome called the Jazz Men will leave well enough alone. The Jazz Men exit on Thursday, March 28; Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers are due next evening. Closed Tuesdays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend sand pile for small fry who like their music hot and Southland. On Friday and Saturday, March 22-23 it will be inhabited by the likes of Charlie Shavers, Jo Jones, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Johnny Windhurst, Dick Wellstood, Willie the Lion Smith, Herb Fleming, Arvell Shaw, and Panama Francis. .... **VOYAGER ROOM**, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): From nine to one every evening, the all too rarely visible Bobby Hackett and his silver cornet revive happy memories in a big open space on the second floor of the Henry Hudson Hotel. Among his virtuoso

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followers, five in all, are Ernie Caceres and Dick Cary. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Emile Bernard—The first American exhibition of paintings by an artist who is now (unfairly) best known for his friendship with Gauguin and van Gogh; through Saturday, March 30. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Sandra Blow and William Gear—Ten abstract oils apiece by two young British painters; through April 6. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Paul Emile Borduas—Paintings by one of Canada's pioneer Abstract Expressionists, who now lives in Paris; through April 6. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

José Luis Cuévas—Fantastic figures in black-and-white, slightly Goyaesque in manner, by a twenty-four-year-old artist who has been causing some stir in his native Mexico; through Saturday, March 30. (Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Adolf Dehn—About twenty-five cityscapes and farm scenes, done in oil or water color; through Saturday, March 23. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

Robert Grilley—The first New York one-man show of paintings (1953-57) by this Wisconsin artist and teacher; through Saturday, March 30. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

Maurice Grosser—Impressions of Greece and Brazil painted during the past three years; through April 6. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Paintings and collages, all having to do with New York's lower East Side; through Saturday, March 23. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Hans Hartung—Cleanly patterned abstractions, more or less calligraphic in style, by one of the present-day Paris painters; through April 20. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Genichiro Inokuma—Abstract oils, subtly Oriental in flavor, by a Japanese artist who is having his second showing in this country; through Saturday, March 23. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Alexej von Jawlensky—Fifty-one paintings (1905-36) in a revival of one of the early Expressionist painters; through Saturday, March 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jonah Kinigstein—Still-lifes, an Ethiopian procession, and an altar in Italy are among the subjects of the eleven oils on view; through Saturday, March 23. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Henry Koerner—New paintings, many of them of Vienna, and done in the broadly brushed, large-patterned style he has developed recently; through Saturday, March 30. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Berto Lardera—Constructivist sculptures, mainly in welded sheet metal, in a first New York showing by a contemporary Italian; through Saturday, March 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Franz Lerch—Darkly Expressionist and quite handsome oils, mostly landscapes, in his first exhibition since 1943; through Saturday, March 23. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz—His current exhibition consists of thirty-three sculptures produced in the past two years, in addition to selections from earlier work; through Saturday, March 30. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Matta—Abstract-Surrealist paintings done in Rome by this Chilean-born Parisian; through Tuesday, March 26. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Walter Murch—More of his meticulously painted, deftly enigmatic still-lifes, primarily of machine forms; through Saturday, March 30. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Antonio Music, Kazu Wakita, and Lindsay Daen—Paintings and other works by the first two, sculptures by the last; through Saturday, March 30. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Ten canvases, chiefly landscapes, from the past year and a half; through Saturday, March 30. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

John Piper—Landscapes, mostly of France, in both oil and water color, by this modern British painter; through Saturday, March 23. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Robert Richenburg—Big, slightly heavyhanded, but unusually powerful Abstract-Expressionist paintings, in his second one-man showing; through Thursday, March 28. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave. at 64th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Louis Schanker—Abstract paintings, done in an oddly mosaiclike, Pointillist paint surface and swirling style; through Saturday, March 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gérard Schneider—New oils, brilliant in color, calligraphic in design, by a French artist who made his début here last spring; through Saturday, March 23. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Maurice Sievan—Landscapes of such places as Nantucket, Woodstock, and Long Island; through April 6. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Jacques Villon—The second section of a two-part survey of his prints and drawings, these dating from 1910 to the present; through Saturday, March 30. (Deitsch, 51 E. 73rd St.)

Adja Yunkers—Abstract paintings and drawings (1956-57); through April 6. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters—The eighth exhibition of work by candidates (all non-members) for Institute Grants in Art. Among the artists invited to participate are Milton Avery, Daniel Brustlein, Vaclav Vytlacil, Hugo Robus, and Seong Moy. Through March 31. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, 633 W. 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: Impressions of New Mexico (oils, water colors, and drawings) by Georgia O'Keeffe, John Marin, Marsden Hartley, John Sloan, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through Saturday, March 30. . . . **grand central moderns**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "The Old and the New," an exhibit tracing, over the past decade, the trends in the styles of various painters and sculptors, including Leo Manso, Arthur Osver, and Louise Nevelson; through Thursday, March 28. . . . **new york city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: The March offering contains about fifty oils chosen by Jack Tworkov, Arthur Osver, and Raphael Soyer; through Friday, March 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **rehn**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: A selection of two or three water colors each by Edward Hopper, Charles Burchfield, Reginald Marsh, and Henry Varnum Poor; through Saturday, March 30.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **meltzer**, 38 W. 57th St.: Both North and South America are represented, as well as Europe, with paintings by, among others, Huguette-Arthur Bertrand and Herrero Miranda, plus wood carvings by Edward Landon; through April 15. . . . **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: American and French painters and sculptors, including Braque, Matisse, and Maldarelli; through Saturday, March 30. . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Kay Sage, Joseph Glasco, Leonardo Cremonini, Afro, and other painters and sculptors; through April 6.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Forty-five paintings by modern French masters, borrowed from the collection of Peter and Elizabeth Rübel; through April 13. . . . **world house galleries**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Contemporary Italian painters and sculptors, including Giorgio Morandi, Antonio Music, and Marino Marini; through Saturday, March 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5; and Tuesday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **alan**, 32 E. 65th St.: Reuben Tam; starting Tuesday, March 26. . . . **de nagy**, 24 E. 67th St.: Robert Goodnough; starting Tuesday, March 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **durlacher**, 11 E. 57th St.: Gray Foy and Thomas Prentiss; starting Tuesday, March 26. . . . **grand central moderns**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Byron Browne; starting Saturday, March 30. . . . **kootz**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Iroslav Serpan; starting Monday, March 25. . . . **milch**, 55 E. 57th St.: Louis Bosa; starting Monday, March 25. . . . **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Ben Benn; starting Monday,

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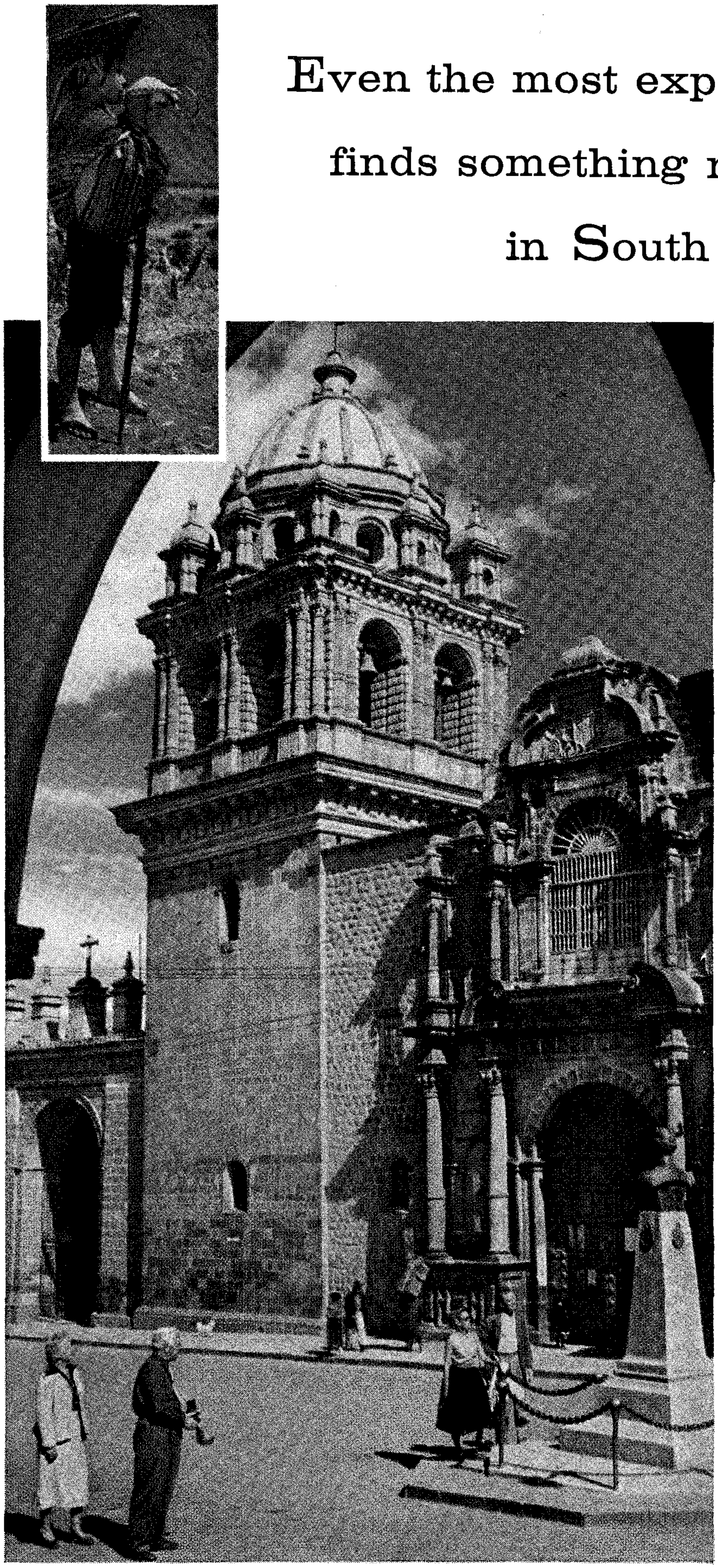

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Cameron Booth; starting Monday, March 25.... **STABLE**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: James Brooks; starting Monday, March 25.... **WILLARD**, 23 W. 56th St.: Ezio Martinelli; starting Tuesday, March 26.... **WORLD HOUSE GALLERIES**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Rodin, Brancusi, and Gauguin; starting Wednesday, March 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5; and Tuesday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Some seventy fifteenth- to twentieth-century masterpieces of European art (by, among others, Titian, Goya, Cézanne, van Gogh, and Modigliani), lent by the São Paulo Museum of Art, in Brazil; through May 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Approximately fifty recent acquisitions (paintings, sculptures, and collages) by artists in the United States and Central and South America, including Hedda Sterne, Torres Garcia, and Max Ernst; through April 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition entitled "New York School—Second Generation," made up of paintings, drawings, and collages by such young artists as Elaine de Kooning, Robert Goodnough, and Allan Kaprow; through April 28. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A new museum founded by Nelson A. Rockefeller, with some five hundred objects he has gathered from all over the world (the earliest piece dates from about 20000 B.C.), supplemented by gifts from other collectors. Currently on view are about sixty items, including stone sculptures, carvings in greenstone, ivories, wood masks, pottery figures, and gold jewelry. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings, by thirty Americans under thirty-five years of age, in a lively, diversified showing called "Young America 1957;" through April 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Renata Tebaldi, Helen Vanni, Daniele Barioni, and Ettore Bastianini.... ¶ Friday, March 22, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, and Frank Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Kurt Baum, Robert Merrill, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 2: "Tosca," with Licia Albanese, Jussi Bjoerling, and Leonard Warren.... ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Irene Jordan, Brian Sullivan, Theodor Uppman, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Monday, March 25, at 8: "La Traviata," with Renata Tebaldi, Helen Vanni, Gianni Poggi, and Ettore Bastianini.... ¶ Tuesday, March 26, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Brian Sullivan, Theodor Uppman, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Wednesday, March 27, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Alessio De Paolis. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Thursday, March 28, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, and Frank Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Mario Ortica, Leonard Warren, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Friday, March 29, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Antonietta Stella, Irene Dalis, Jussi Bjoerling, Robert Merrill, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 2: "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Laurel Hurley, Rich-

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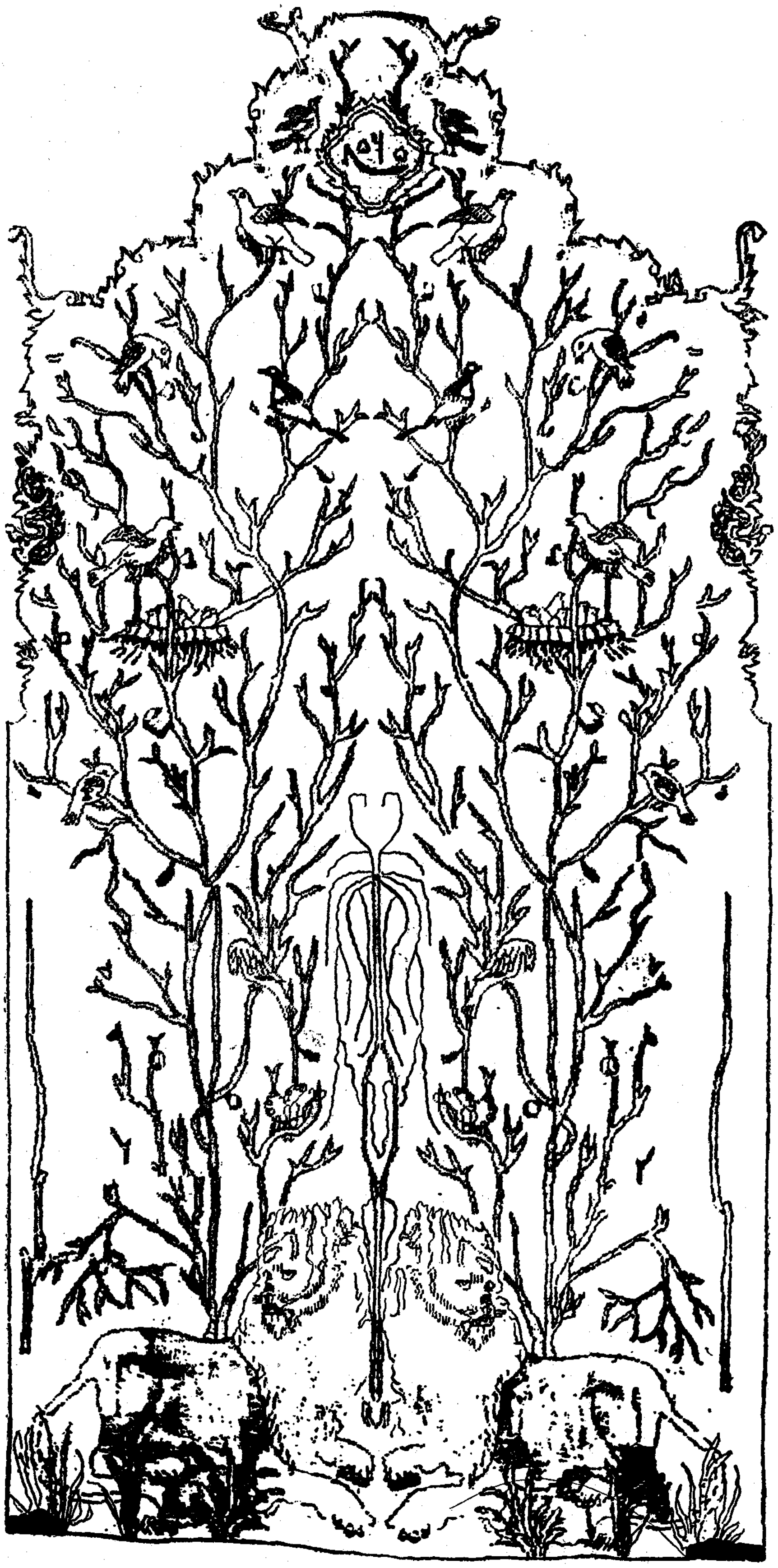

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ard Tucker, Ettore Bastianini, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Margaret Harshaw, Brian Sullivan, Hermann Uhde, and Otto Edelmann.

JUILLIARD OPERA THEATRE—A double bill, presented in English—Ravel's "The Child and the Apparitions" ("L'Enfant et les Sortilèges") and Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi"—under the direction of Frederic Cohen, and with the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Frederic Waldman. For the benefit of the Juilliard Student Aid and Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, March 22, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 23, at 2:30 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

HUNTER COLLEGE OPERA ASSOCIATION—A two-part production, consisting of Puccini's "Il Tabarro" and Vaughan Williams' "Riders to the Sea," sung in English. Staged by Rose Landver and with an orchestra conducted by William Tarrasch. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 28-30, at 8:15. For tickets, call BU 8-7211.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Georg Solti conducting on Thursday, March 21, at 8:45, and Friday, March 22, at 2:30 (both with Erica Morini, violin); and Saturday, March 23, at 8:45, and Sunday, March 24, at 2:30 (both with Rudolf Serkin, piano). . . . ¶ Heitor Villa-Lobos directing on Thursday, March 28, at 8:45, and Friday, March 29, at 2:30 (both with the Schola Cantorum and a chorus from the High School of Music and Art). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting on Saturday, March 30, at 8:45 (with Clifford Curzon, piano).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Charles Munch conducting the final performances of the season here, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 22, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 23, at 2:30.)

HANDEL CONCERT—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra, and acting as violin soloist, in the first in a series of three concerts presenting the Twelve Concerti Grossi, Opus No. 6, with Isidore Cohen, violin; Charles McCracken, cello; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, March 24, at 3 and 9.)

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT—Dora Perelmann conducting a symphonic orchestra, and acting as piano soloist, in a program that will include two of her own works. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 24, at 8:30.)

SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—Robert Lawrence conducting an all-Massenet concert, with Licia Albanese, soprano; Cesare Valletti, tenor; and Martial Singher, baritone. A benefit for the Symphony Foundation of America. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 26, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Frederick Prausnitz directing. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, March 29, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

CANTATA SINGERS—Alfred Mann directing an all-Buxtehude program, with Helen Boatwright and Charlotte Bloecher Anderson, sopranos; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; and William Warfield, baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 21, at 8:30.)

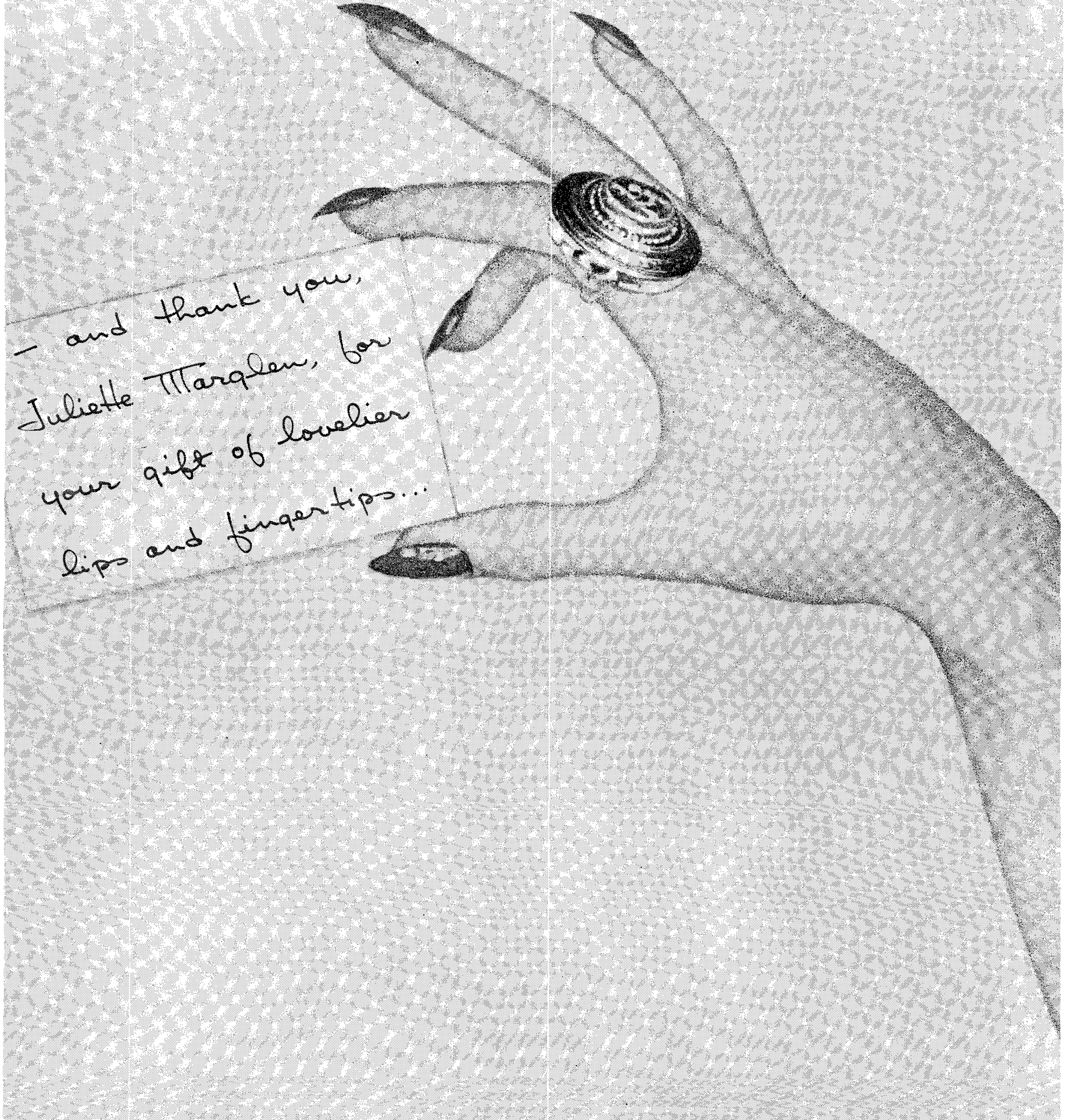
HELVETIA MAENNERCHOR—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Paul Isler. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 30, at 8:30.)

RENAISSANCE CHORUS OF NEW YORK—Harold Brown directing a program of Renaissance and early baroque *a cappella* music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 30, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

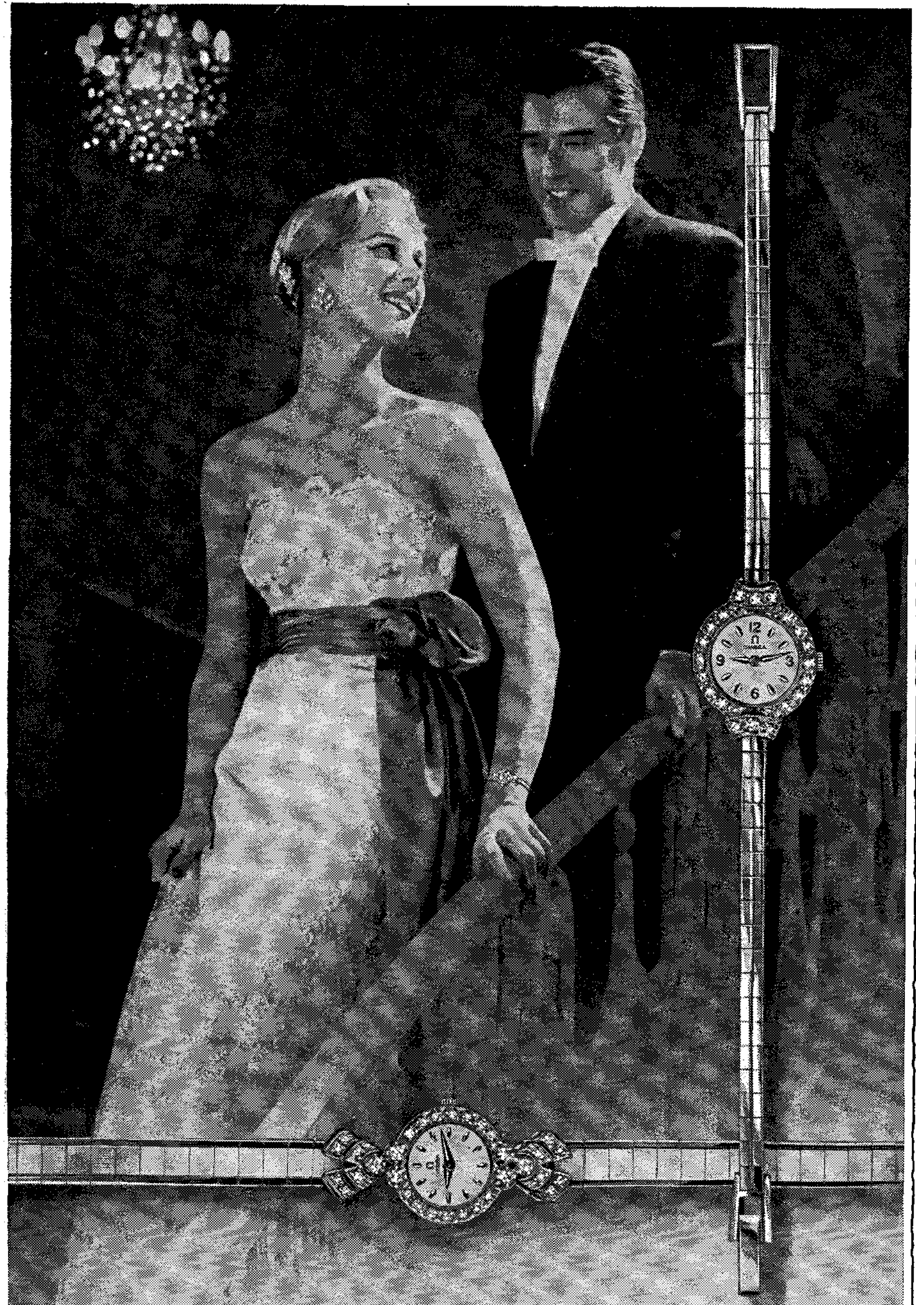
CHAMBER MUSIC ASSOCIATES—The Phoenix String Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, March 21, at 8:30.)

OSCAR BRAND—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre,


— and thank you,
Juliette Marglen, for
your gift of lovelier
lips and fingertips...

GERALD HOCHMAN

Costume by Hattie Carnegie, Photographed at the Hotel Pierre



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Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Sigi Weissenberg—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Tudor and Elizabethan music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 23, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Budapest String Quartet—The last in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 23, at 8:40.)

Teresa Stich-Randall—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 24, at 5:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-57—The sixth in a series of eight concerts, each followed by a discussion period with several composers present. It will involve Max Pollikoff and Isidore Cohen, violin; Robert Bloom, oboe; and composers David Broekman, Lionel Nowak, Douglas Townsend, and Ben Weber. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 24, at 5:30.)

Andres Segovia—Guitar. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 24, at 8:40.)

Morton Estrin—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, March 25, at 8:40.)

Roland Hayes—Tenor, in the second of two lieder programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, March 27, at 8:40.)

Smetana Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 30, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 30, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Duke Ellington and his band. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, March 22, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call FO 4-8203.)

Music by Thomas de Hartmann—A program of works by the late composer, performed by Patricia Neway, soprano; Joseph Fuchs, violin; and Nadia Reisenberg, piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Benefit Concerts—A program of operatic excerpts sung by Dolores Wilson, soprano; Giuseppe Campora, tenor; and Alessandro Trotta, baritone. A benefit for the Unico National Chapter of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 27, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Rosina Lhevinne, piano; Adele Addison, soprano; and the Juilliard String Quartet. A benefit for the Josef Lhevinne Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 27, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.) . . . ¶ The Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Angelo Consoli, and several choruses, directed by Alfred Heberer, with Laurel Hurley, soprano, and Gerhard Pechner, bass-baritone. A benefit for the Isabella Home for the Aged and four other charities. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 7-8972.)

Calypso Concerts—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 30, at 8:40 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO-5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 22: Miguel Berrios vs. Carmelo Costa, featherweights, 12 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, March 29: Isaac Logart vs. Gil Turner, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 24, at 7: Rangers vs. Chicago.

. . . ¶ Stanley Cup Playoffs: Tuesday, March 26, and Thursday, March 28, at 8:30.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 30. The John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, Saturday, March 30.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Thomas Scherman directing the Little Orchestra Society in a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado," with a chorus from the Immaculata High School. The final children's concert of the season by the Society. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 23, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Variety Show—"The Emperor's Nightingale," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a clown, a magician, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 30, at 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Story of the Moon," provides a closeup view of the earth's nearest neighbor, traces its history, and examines its present-day influences. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

Poetry and Drama Readings—At the **kaufmann concert hall, y.m.h.a.:** Edith and Osbert Sitwell reading from their own works. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 24, at 8:40.) . . . **theatre de lys:** A company of actors, headed by Peggy Wood, in a reading of George Bernard Shaw's "Candida." The last in a series of five programs being presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA. (121 Christopher St. Thursday, March 28, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4133, Ext. 6.)

New Fashions for the New Century—Fourteen gowns and street costumes and two children's dresses, all worn between 1900 and 1912 by residents of New York City, are on display. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 22-23, at 1:45: French porcelains, including examples from Saint-Cloud, Chantilly, Vincennes, and Mennecy factories; Strasbourg, Marseille, and other faïence; and French eighteenth-century furniture and objects of art. The property of Marguerite Glover. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 26, at 1:45: American autograph letters, documents, and manuscripts belonging to various Presidents, statesmen, and Civil War officers, together with other literary material; from several collectors, among them the late Thomas F. Madigan.

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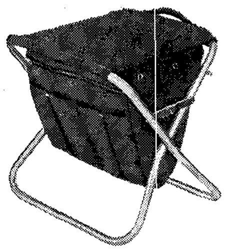

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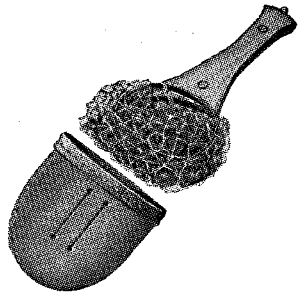

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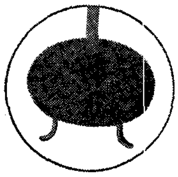

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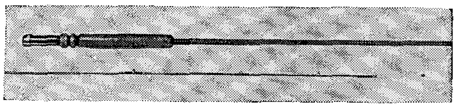

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine. As for the scenic effects, they're tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Baby Doll—Elia Kazan's interpretation of this work by Tennessee Williams is highly diverting, and the actors, led by Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Karl Malden, are consistently effective. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting March 27.)

The Gold of Naples—Four stimulating episodes in the lives of some beguiling residents of southern Italy. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, who also figures as an actor in one of the stanzas, this Italian film also includes in its admirable cast Sophia Loren, Totò, Paolo Stoppa, Silvana Mangano, and Pasquale Cennamo. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Great Man—José Ferrer as an embattled radio commentator assigned to do a heroic obituary of a broadcasting hero who was a four-ply heel. The mores of the radio and television world get a savage going over, and the piece is reasonably entertaining. Mr. Ferrer has the support of Keenan Wynn, Dean Jagger, and Ed Wynn. Everybody on view is satisfactory. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Lust for Life—A splendid color film that reviews the career of Vincent van Gogh with quite a bit of perception. As the Dutch Master, Kirk Douglas is estimable, and as Gauguin, Anthony Quinn is also right up to the mark. A good many of van Gogh's works are exhibited in the course of the film, and they are wonderful to see. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Rainmaker—A confidence man loose in the prairie belt convinces a rather homely maiden that she is really a most desirable female. In the hands of Burt Lancaster and Katharine Hepburn, these characters are very persuasive. Others in the cast include Wendell Corey, Cameron Prud'homme, Lloyd Bridges, and Earl Holliman. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through March 23, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 24-26. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; March 24-26, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting March 27, tentative.)

The Spirit of St. Louis—James Stewart is the Lone Eagle in this account of Lindbergh's celebrated flight. Unfortunately, there isn't much in the way of subsurface content, and Mr. Stewart is occasionally too arch for comfort. Among his assistants are Murray Hamilton, Patricia Smith, Bartlett Robinson, and Marc Connelly. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through March 27.)

La Strada—A topflight Italian film whose director, Federico Fellini, demonstrates an ability to see the Italian scene steadily and whole. The leading actors—Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart—do well by the enterprise; the only difficulty, in fact, is that Giulietta Masina, the heroine, is a rather limited actress. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tempest in the Flesh—This French film sets out to explain nymphomania and doesn't get very far. Still, it is a lively melodrama, and the acting is commendable—particularly the performances of Françoise Arnoul, who plays a young lady who can't keep on the straight and narrow, and Raymond Pellegrin, who plays her upset lover. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious exegesis, cutting a colorful swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne DeCarlo are also prominent in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays, at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Audrey Hepburn is Natasha, Henry Fonda is Pierre, Mel Ferrer is Andrey, Napoleon loses, and the whole thing lasts, if anyone wants the correct time, three hours and twenty-eight minutes. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; March 24-26, tentative.)

We Are All Murderers—The case against capital punishment is presented dramatically in this French film, which is brilliantly acted by all hands, including Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin, Antoine Balpetre, and Julien Verdier. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting March 27, tentative.)

Wee Geordie—A simple and appealing little British picture that builds up some amusing episodes in the course of a tale about an undersized Scottish lad who takes a correspondence course in physical culture and winds up as the damnedest hammer thrower ever seen on earth. Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young are attractive as a covey of Scots, and the scenery in the background is beautiful to behold. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 27, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting March 27.)

Cinderella (1950)—Disney's view of the fairy tale. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Holiday for Henrietta (1955)—Julien Duvivier's French film describing how movie scripts get written. Dany Robin, Michel Roux, and Hildegarde Neff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 22-25.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 22-25.)

New Faces (1954)—A CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue. With Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, and Alice Ghostley. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 24-25.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; March 21, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through March 23: "Life Begins" (1932), with Loretta Young. . . . ¶ March 24-25: "The Awful Truth" (1937), with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1. The auditorium will be closed March 26-April 4.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Brave One," Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Men in War," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
March 21: "The Incredible Shrinking Man," Grant Williams, Randy Stuart.
From March 22: "The True Story of Jesse James," Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Tattered Dress," Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Crain.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through March 27: **THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS.**

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"3 Brave Men," Ray Milland, Ernest Borgnine.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Fear Strikes Out," Anthony Perkins, Karl Malden.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Lost Continent," an Italian documentary film on Indonesia and Malaya, with an English narration; and "The Red Balloon," a French film without dialogue.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
TEMPEST IN THE FLESH (in French).

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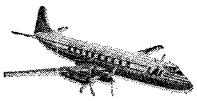

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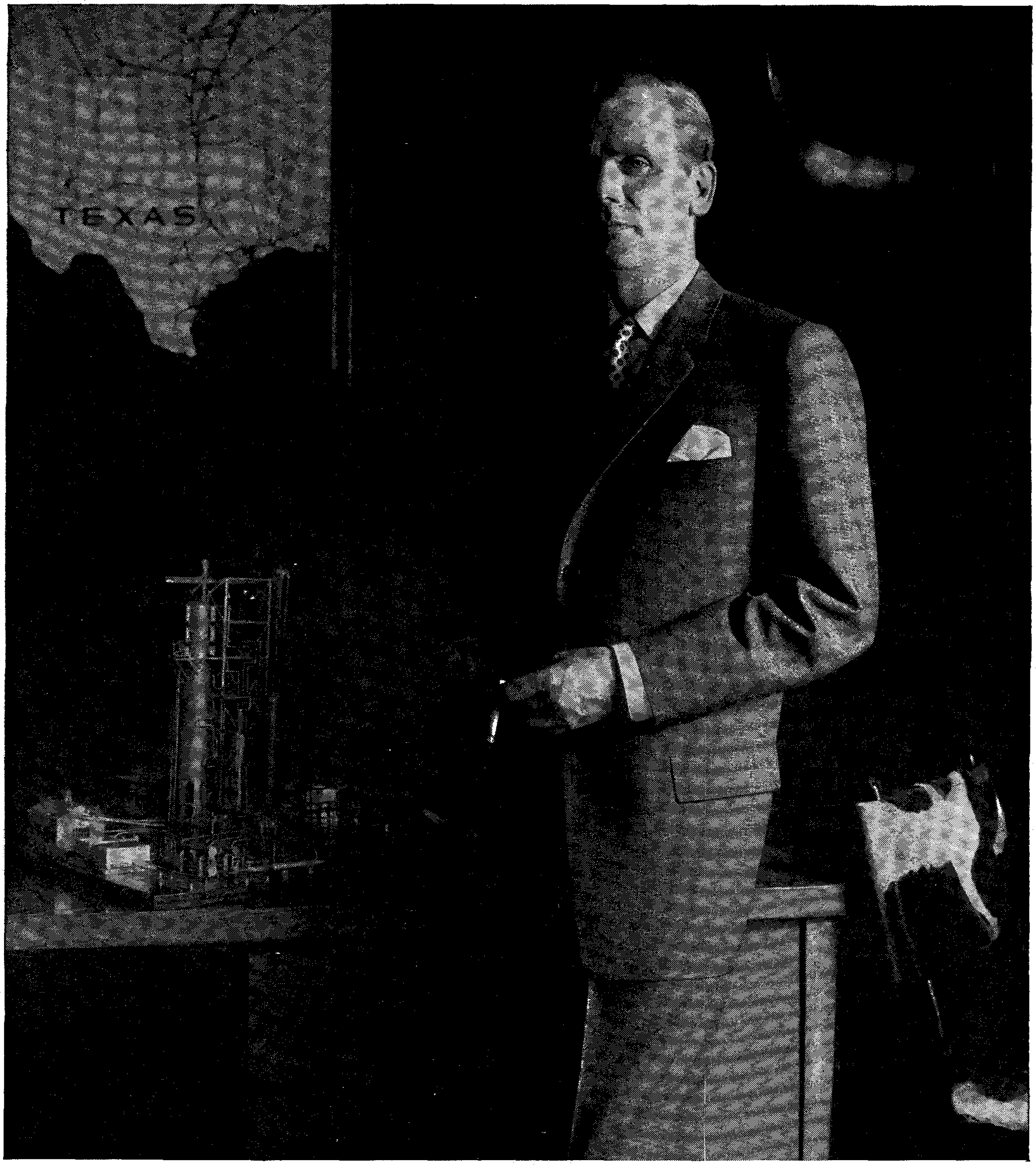

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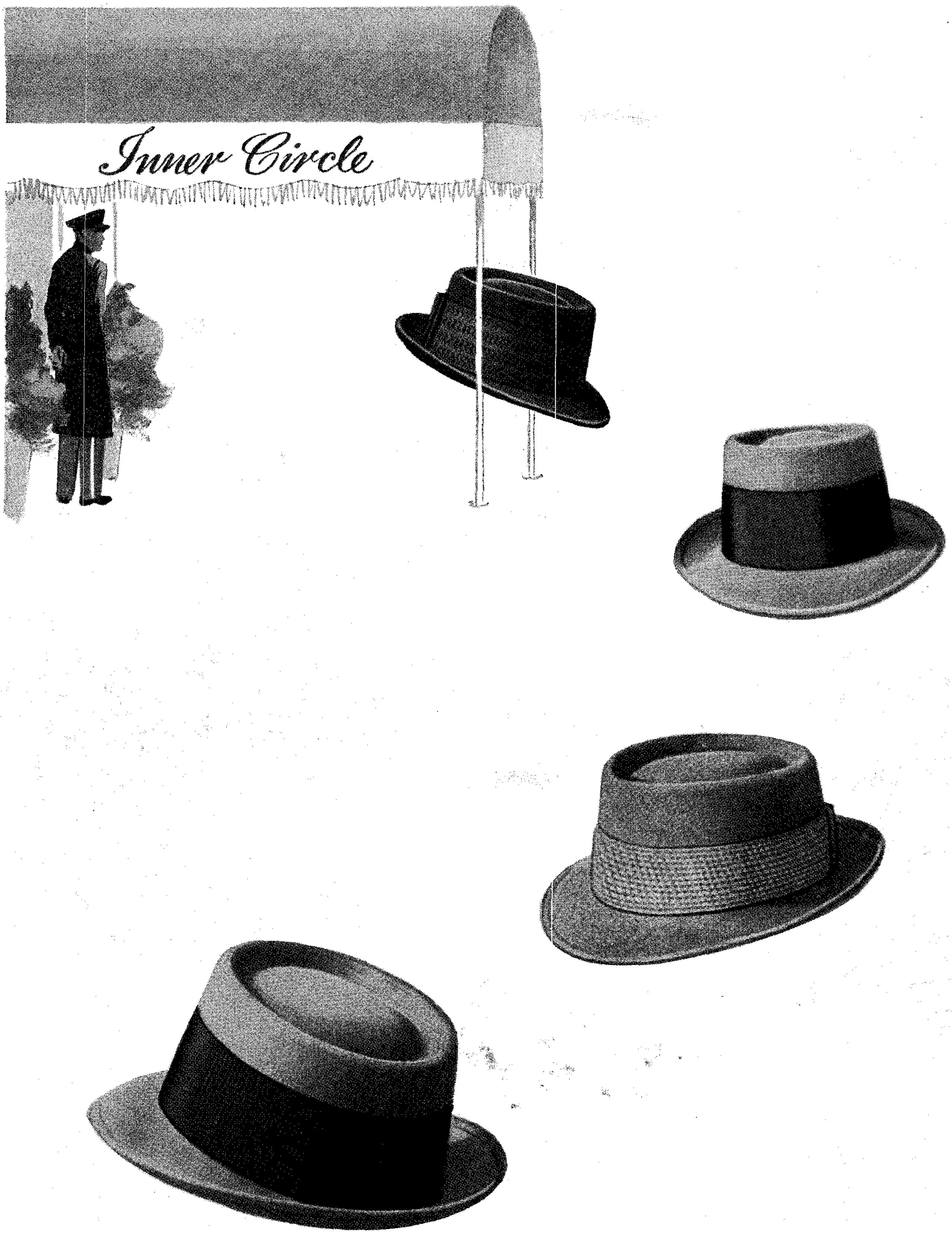

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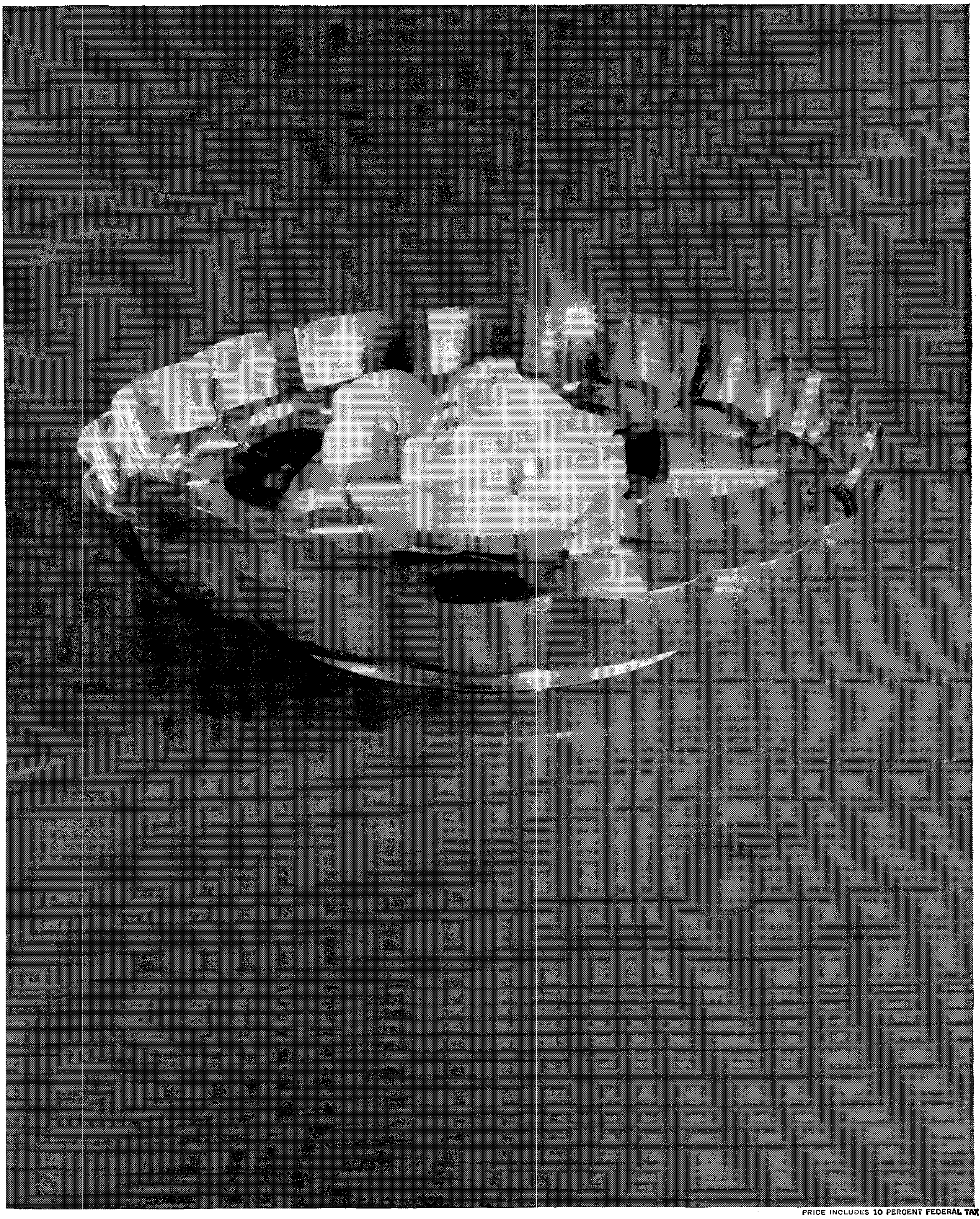

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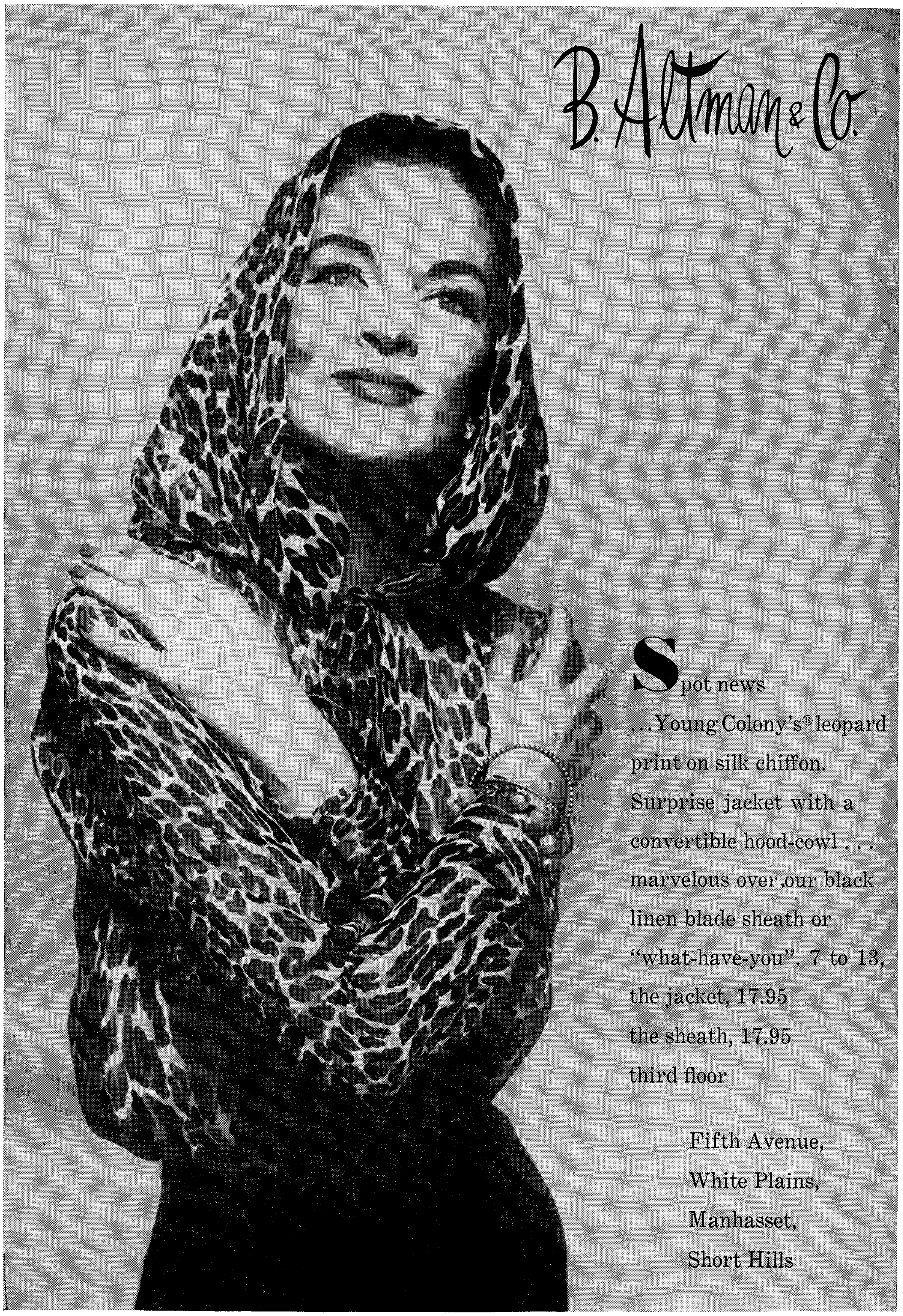

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOME of our best friends live in Wilton, which is no doubt why our eye was caught by a recent "Special to the New York *Times*" to the effect that Mr. Stowell Rounds, president of the Wilton Historical Society, objects, in his official capacity, to some of the names that are being given to streets in new local real-estate developments. Pink Cloud Lane, he says, is an example of "advanced asininity," and Thistle Lane is objectionable because the thistle is "a most pernicious weed." The *Times* special goes on to say that the Society has recommended such street names as Kobbe, Osterbank, and Hemlock.

Well, good Lordy! What's wrong with Pink Cloud Lane, conjuring up, as it does, the spectacle of a sunset visible from this road? As for Thistle Lane, it commemorates a handsome and interesting flower that attracts many handsome and interesting insects—notably, a genus of butterflies known popularly as thistle butterflies and less popularly as *Vanessa*. These include the red admiral (*Vanessa atalanta*), the painted lady (*Vanessa cardui*), and Hunter's butterfly (*Vanessa virginiensis*). "Our story of this beautiful butterfly," the late Dr. Clarence M. Weed, president of the State Teachers College at Lowell, Massachusetts, has written of *cardui* in his "Butterflies Worth Knowing," "ought really to begin with that of one of the most successful plants in the world. . . .The plant I have in mind is the thistle. . . .The brightly colored blossoms are abundantly provided with nectar and pollen, and they attract great numbers of bees, moths, and butterflies, in order to bring about cross-fertilization. . . .There has been developing along with [the thistle] one of the most beautiful of our butterflies . . . the Painted Lady. . . .The relation between the two is . . . suggestive of that mutual toleration by which two living things develop together."

As if this were not enough, the high esteem in which thistle butterflies are held is reflected by the position of *Vanessa cardui* and *virginiensis* as Figures 1 and 2, respectively, in the frontispiece, or Plate I, of Dr. W. J. Holland's "Butterfly Book." This splendid tome contains LXXVII plates, comprising fifteen hundred and ninety-six figures of butterflies; the two thistles lead them all. Fie on Mr. Rounds, Harvard '27, of Cannon Road, Cannondale, Connecticut! And fie on Mr. Morris Earle, Harvard '38, of Nod Hill Road, Wilton, chairman of the Society's anti-thistle committee, which is plumping for Kobbe, Osterbank, and Hemlock. Talk of pernicious weeds! And of pernicious weapons! And of the asinine habit of nodding! Didn't these boys learn mutual toleration at Harvard? Let them take a leaf from the hospitable, if prickly, thistle, and welcome the painted lady, if only nomenclaturally, to their splendid community.

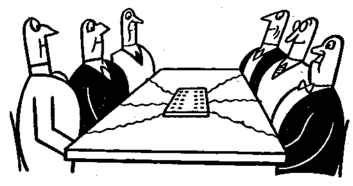
Green Grow the Yesses, O!

INTROSPECTION has been a thorn, or thistle, in the side of industry since the first man dreamed over an ill-tended cotton gin, and we are overjoyed to report that at last the offender has been rooted out, with a little scalpel called the Introspectometer. A white-trimmed ceramic disc eight inches in diameter and housing ten green and ten red light bulbs, the Introspectometer bears an inverse relation to its predecessor in interior investigation, the Lie Detector. Thus:

L. D.	INTROSPECTOMETER
Detects lies	Detects truths
Operated involuntarily, by blood pressure, etc.	Operated voluntarily, by thumb action
Attached to criminals, dregs of society	Attached to executives, cream of society

In every category, a positive approach has been substituted for a negative one. Congruent with the times, the Introspectometer is a yea-saying machine.

We were privileged—more, encouraged—to attend a trial run of the contraption, held at a conference of the department heads of the industrial-design firm of Lippincott & Margulies, specialists in "designs for livability" and creators of the interiors of the U.S.S. Nautilus, a livable old hull if ever there was one. Mr. J. Gordon Lippincott, the tall, bald, and long-faced co-head of the firm, explained, "The idea of a device whereby men in a group would register with utter secrecy their true feelings occurred in 1949 to Dr. Herbert Thelen, a professor in the Department of Education of the University of Chicago. A homemade Introspectometer—a 'breadboard' model—constructed by him has been used in numerous group programs in academic circles. Sponsors of the project have been Dr. William Henry, Chairman of the Committee on Human Development of the University of Chicago, and Dr. James Miller, chief of the Mental Health Research Institute of the University of Michigan. Dr. Miller told us of the machine, and we took on the job of designing it for production and industrial use. The design problem was to make it look like a business machine, and not a gimmick. We settled on this ceramic appearance; it is about the size and shape of an ashtray, and looks at home on a conference table. Wires lead to each chair around the table, and each participant has a small hand switch, which he holds in his lap, so no one can see what he is doing. If he pushes the switch to the right, he is happy and a green bulb lights; to the left, he is unhappy and a red one lights. The bulbs are arranged in a deliberately arbitrary way, so there



is no possibility of linking specific bulbs with individual persons. The primary purpose of the Introspectometer is to gain awareness of other people's emotions. Human beings can communicate on an intellectual level with relative ease and clarity, but on the emotional level it is dark water. When a person is unhappy, he sets up a mental filter and stops listening. He is not participating in the conference. If anything close to a majority is unhappy, the conference is inefficient. It is a failure. Today, for the first time, we at Lippincott & Margulies will use the Introspectometer to make the meetings of our own team more effective."

During this *récit*, eight other members of the team had settled around a rectangular table. The house lights were suitably dimmed, so that both the faces of the conferees and the eight green lights representing their happiness were visible. Mr. Lippincott, as chairman, was to abstain from electrical emotionalizing. The conference they all enjoyed is here presented in abridged, dramatic form:

Mr. Lippincott: A good topic to take off from in our discussion today might be "The Relative Roles of Research and Creative Intuition in Design."

Introspectometer: One red light, seven green.

Mr. L.: Who shall begin?

Mr. Walter Margulies (*his handsome, Gallic partner*): I will. Industry becomes bigger every day. Competition increases; costs rise. It costs, I believe, two hundred million dollars to tool up for a new automobile design.

Intro.: Two red lights.

Mr. M. (*noticing this hostile phenomenon and faltering*): Uh, research should be used to find out as nearly as possible what the public wants, what constitutes its conception of the ideal design. Then, when the design is produced, research should be used to check back to see if that *was* what was wanted. A good comparison might be with the state of aviation before and after World War II. In the thirties, a pilot could fly by the seat of his pants; that is, he could be his own best judge of weather conditions—

Intro.: One more red light, making three in all.

Mr. L.: Ooh! There's a lot of unhappiness!

Mrs. Barbara Capitman (*Director of Special Projects*): I think it might be the phrase "by the seat of his pants." It may be a purely semantic thing.

Mr. M. (*obviously concluding*): . . . whereas now the modern pilot needs the help of many technical advisers to help him fly the more complicated craft, at higher altitudes and so forth.

Mr. L.: Thank you, Walter. Now who would like to speak? Er, who's unhappy? Somebody is, we know. (*Blushes race around the table.*)

Mr. Norman Schoelles (*mustachioed, bespectacled Director of Package Planning*): Well, I wonder if the distinction between research and creative intuition in design might not be a rather formal one.

Intro.: Universal green.

Mr. S. (*encouraged*): I think we must proceed, for one thing, on the assumption that the research is *valid* research. There are areas in which the problems of research are unsolved. At any rate, research alone cannot produce a design. Are we taking the position that it can *supplant* or, at most, *augment* intuitive methods?

Mr. L. (*pointing to a red glow that has appeared on the ceramic disc*): Now someone's gone unhappy again.

Mr. S. (*glancing bemusedly at the switch in his hand*): Maybe I became unhappy while I was talking. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. John McDevitt (*pink, benign Director of Client Relations*): The way I conceive of it is the designer is the dot in the middle of a circle. He can literally go in three hundred and sixty different directions. Now, research provides the limit of radii in which he can take off; perhaps, after the research is in, he has forty-five degrees in which he can find his personal direction.

Mr. L.: Keep your lights on, everybody. (*Three of the lights had gone off entirely, presumably indicating that the related souls had attained nirvana.*)

Mr. Robert deVeyrac (*suave, tan Director of Hotel Design and Store Planning*): It's the old riddle: Which came first? How can you rely on research, when not infrequently the most successful methods are the most unorthodox? How could research, for instance, have determined that the way to sell shirts was to put a patch over one eye of the model?

Intro.: Five red!

Mr. deV.: It's just an example.

Mrs. C. (*as she talks, the red lights one by one yield to green, the color of hope*): I think if you use the word "taste" instead of "intuition," some of the ambiguities disappear. For instance, everybody is buying cut glass; everybody loves this old Victorian cut glass. Now, what is a designer going to do who has a nice tear-shaped bottle in mind?

Mr. deV.: I've always found that the best results are obtained when you let the designer freehand the first sketches, even if he goes quite wild.

Intro.: Three—no, four—reds.

Mr. L.: This is very interesting, but our conference time is almost used up. (*In all frankness, this is a playwright's device. In real life, lots more was said.*) Let us take some votes. Green for yes, red for no. I won't put the current on until you've all decided, so there will be no vote-switching to be with the majority. Ahem. One: Does research hamper creative design?

Intro.: Five green, three red.

Mr. L.: Is the best research-intuition mix (a) eighty parts of research to twenty of intuition? Or (b) fifty-fifty? Or (c) twenty-eighty?

Intro.: (a) Two-six. (b) Six-two. (c) Four-four.

Mr. L.: And is the best aesthetic design the most likely to sell?

Intro.: Four-four.

Mr. L.: Well, this has been very interesting and instructive.

Intro.: Six green, one red, one abstention.

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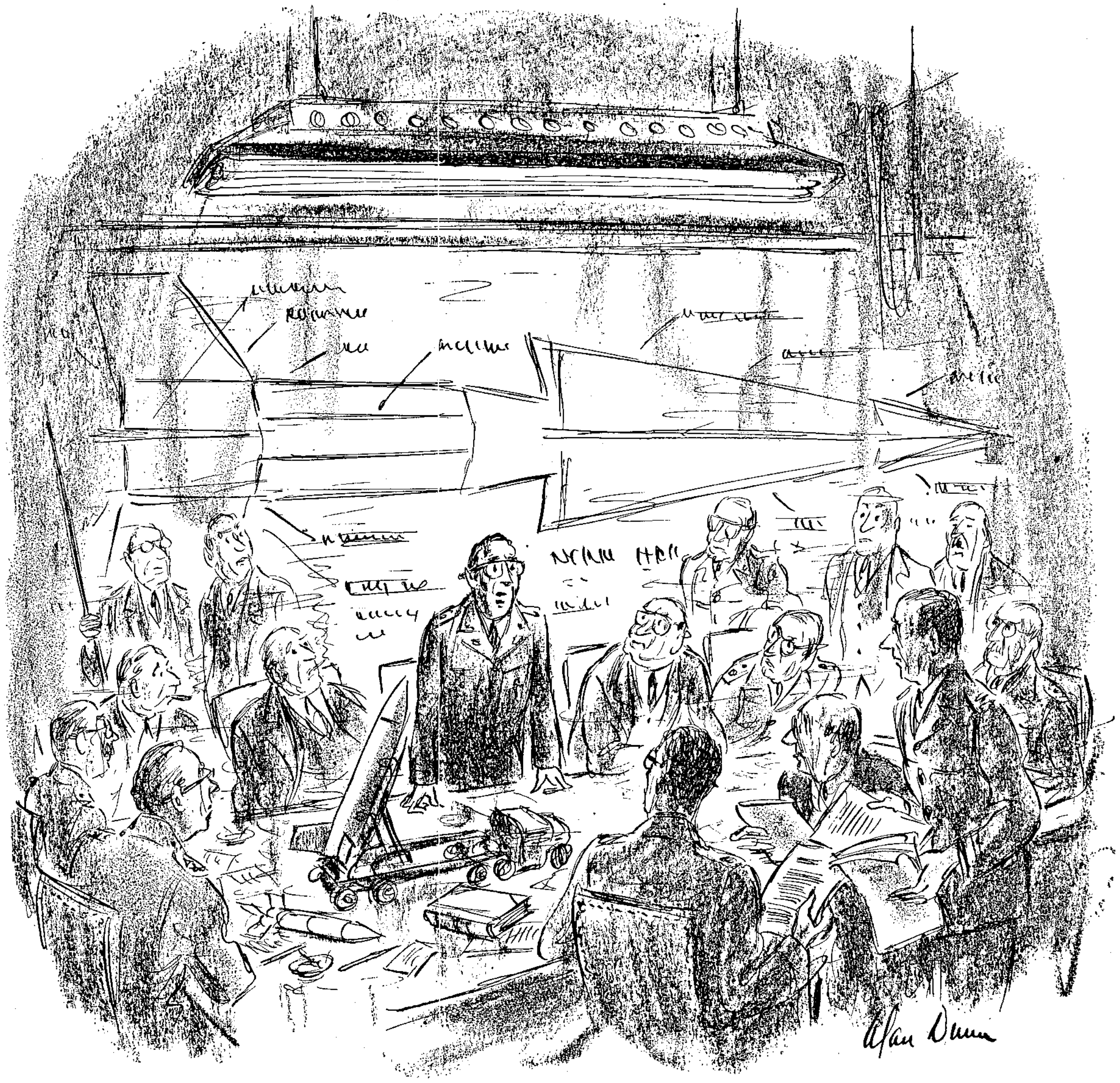
Incidental Intelligence: The March meeting of the Bar Association of the District of Columbia included on its agenda a Comparative Negligence Night.

Flow

NEWS from the Middle East nearly always contains some reference to the oil pipelines out there, and it occurred to us the other day that it was high time we learned something specific about them—where they're situated, who owns them, how much oil they carry, and so on. We started by investigating Tapline, which we'd supposed was merely a pipeline with a lot of handy faucets along the way but which we learned is also a proper name—short for Trans-Arabian Pipe Line Company. Among oilmen, it's sometimes referred to, still more shortly, as Tap. Trans-Arabian is a sister of the Arabian American Oil Company—*its* nickname is Aramco—and both of them belong to four formidable big daddies: Standard Oil of California, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Socony Mobil, and the Texas Company. Tap, the pipeline, which went into operation in 1950, is the world's largest oil-pipeline system, and is operated jointly by Tap, the pipeline company, and Aramco. It carries oil for a distance of just over a thousand miles across the Arabian peninsula, from Abqaiq, on the Persian Gulf, to the ancient Biblical port of Sidon, on the Mediterranean. It was built for the reason big daddies build everything—to save time and money. Time because carrying oil by tanker from the Gulf through the Suez Canal to the Mediterranean requires a round trip of twenty days; money because the Canal charges a toll of eighteen cents a barrel on oil, and in the case of the newer tankers this amounts to over forty thousand dollars. Tap pumps some 320,000 barrels of oil a day, or 13,440,000 gallons. Some tap.


Alan Dunn

"Gentlemen, I don't want to be an alarmist, but what if the next war isn't over in ten minutes?"

Tap is one of the two major oil-pipeline systems in the Middle East; the other, which has no nickname of its own, belongs to the Iraq Petroleum Company and is known by the company's nickname—I.P.C. Iraq Petroleum is a British company, whose shares are held largely by British, Dutch, French, and American oil interests. (The estate of that prodigious and mysterious moneybags the late Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian owns a gratifying five per cent.) The I.P.C. pipeline got under way in 1934 and has been expanding, with interruptions, ever since. It carries oil from Kirkuk, in Iraq, across the northern part of Iraq, then branches in two, with one branch ending at the ports of Banias, in Syria, and Tripoli, in Lebanon, and the other at Haifa, in Israel; a second Kirkuk-Haifa line, paralleling it, was not finished. The pipeline had to be shut down last November when Syrian political enthusiasts blew up pumping stations inside their borders as a gesture of good will toward Egypt. Iraq Petroleum recently got permission from the Syrian government to repair these stations, and now the line is in operation again.

Most pipelines are buried some three feet underground. The pipe itself is made of seamless steel and comes in thirty-foot lengths, which are generally welded together on the spot. The pipe is then covered with a tarry or asphaltic substance, to retard corrosion; wrapped in a cloth shroud; and gently lowered into its ditch. Once laid, the pipes give very little trouble. Pennsylvania oil has a paraffin base, which leaves a deposit in pipes and makes it necessary to run scrapers through them every year or so, but Mideast oil has an asphalt base, which keeps the interior of pipes clean. The I.P.C. pipeline is really four pipelines, of different ages, lying side by side in separate ditches on a right of way several hundred feet wide. Back in 1934, the biggest pipe I.P.C. could get was twelve inches in diameter, and its two twelve-inch lines provided a maximum flow of eighty-six thousand barrels a day. Immediately after the Second World War, I.P.C. began work on a new pipeline. It hoped to obtain some of the thirty-inch pipe that had been developed in this country during the war, but priorities and a dollar shortage in the sterling area made this impossible, and it had to fall back on sixteen-inch pipe, yielding a hundred and ten thousand barrels a day. In 1952, it finally got hold of some thirty-inch pipe, which more than doubled its capacity.

Tap, which consists of thirty- and thirty-one-inch pipe, is unusual in that it runs aboveground for nearly half its length. This simple and comparatively cheap arrangement is possible only because much of the country through which Tap runs is sparsely inhabited, and Tap is therefore a nuisance to practically nobody. In Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon, where the land is intensively farmed, the pipe goes underground. Two thousand American workmen and fourteen thousand Arab workmen were employed to build Tap. The Americans couldn't speak Arabic and the Arabs couldn't speak English, so things moved slowly until a sort of combined pidgin-and-sign language evolved. The Arabs found that they had to abandon their traditional free-flowing garments, which tended to get caught in the machinery. Five million barrels of oil were pumped into Tap before a single barrel could be drawn off at Sidon. A total of six million barrels of oil must be either in the pipeline or in its adjacent tanks at all times, just to keep the oil moving; that's more oil than all the oil pumped daily out of all the wells in the United States. What is the fuel used for generating the power that runs the pumps that pump the oil? That's easy. Oil.

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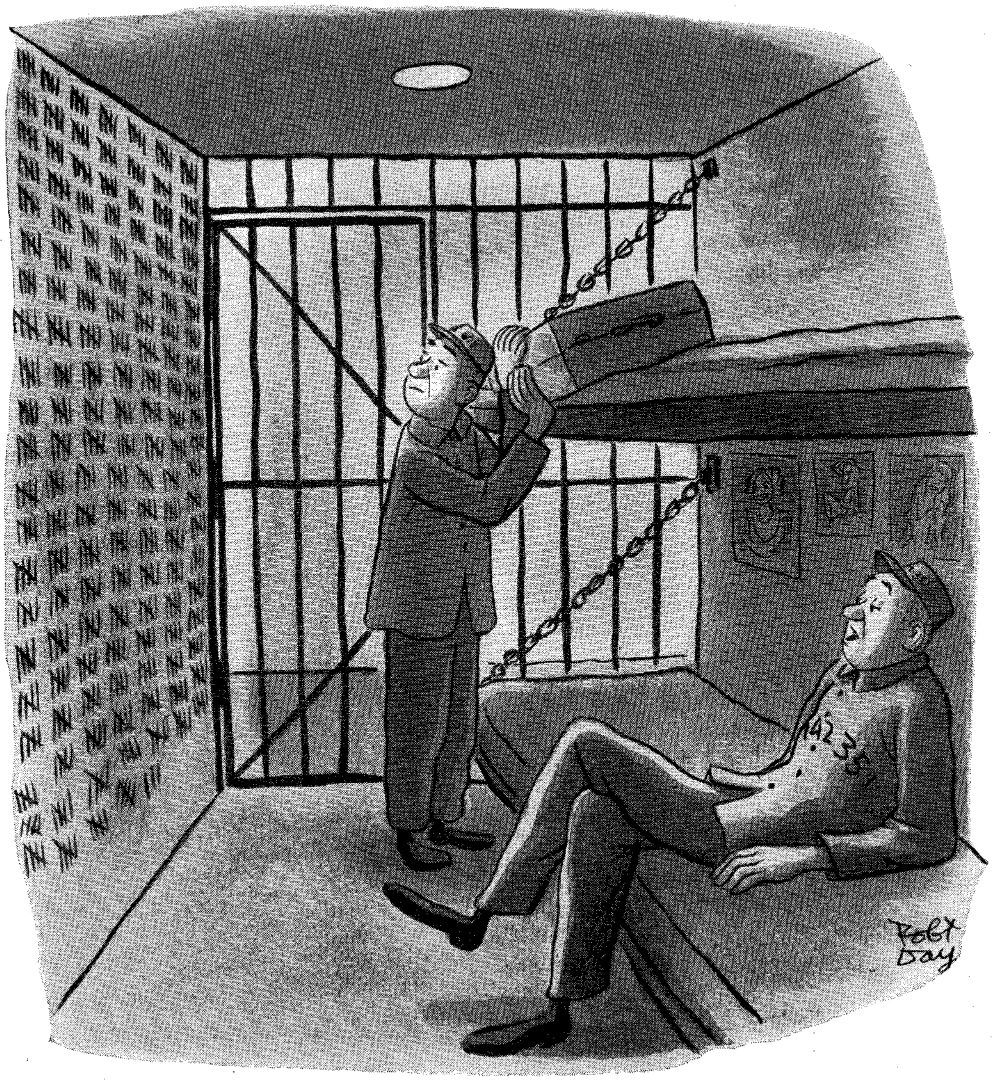
A SIGN in a shop near the Union Station, in Cleveland, undeserving of a second thought, says, "Ice cubes for rent."

Continuous

WE give you John Oveian, who for thirty solid years ate all his meals, with a few unavoidable exceptions, at the soda fountain of the Walgreen's drugstore at Forty-fourth Street and Broadway, and who, since that store was closed down on January 1st, has eaten them all at the other Times Square Walgreen's, in the Times Tower. We had chicken potpie and coffee with Mr. Oveian the other afternoon at his new haunt, which has absorbed several employees and several other regular patrons of his old one, and during lunch he got so many nods and hellos that we felt as if we were having lunch at a club with its most venerable member. Far from being decrepit, though, Mr. Oveian is, at sixty-two, so trim, keen-eyed, pink-cheeked, and flat-stomached as to be practically a walking advertisement for Walgreen's fare. Furthermore, he looks back on his career of prandial consistency, which some might regard as nothing less than hair-raising, with composure. "This place is smaller than Forty-fourth Street was, and it gets a bit crowded, but I'm starting to feel at home here," he told us. "The story of my thirty years as a Walgreen's patron is a simple one. Back in the mid-twenties, I used to eat at Liggett's. Then, in 1927, a brand-new drugstore—Walgreen's—opened up in the Paramount Building, corner of Forty-fourth. I thought I'd try it, I liked it, and— Well, that's the story. In January, right after that store finally closed, the company gave me this." Mr. Oveian took off a gold wristwatch and showed us some engraving on its back, which read:



"Then I decided the hell with it. Let it come as a surprise."

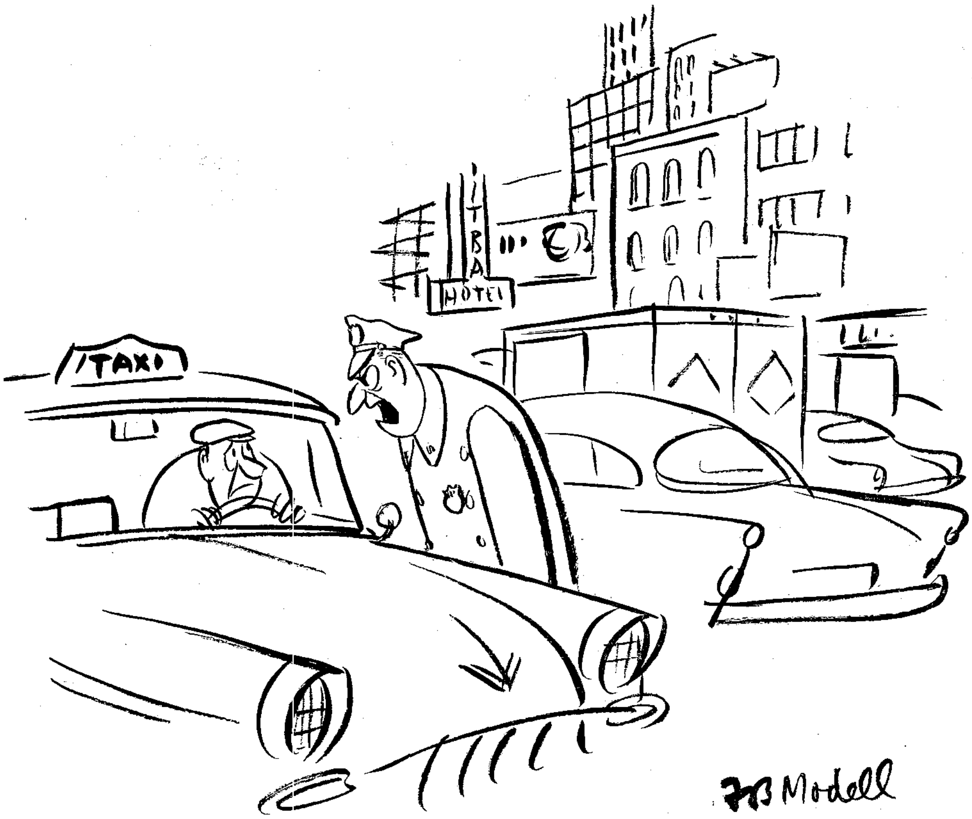
JOHN OVEIAN
IN RECOGNITION OF YOUR
CONTINUOUS FOUNTAIN PATRONAGE
1927-1957
WALGREEN'S

"Man who made the presentation, Fred Sparks, used to be a soda dispenser at the Forty-fourth Street store in the early days of my continuous patronage," said Mr. Oveian, replacing the watch. "Now he's director of fountain operations for the whole company."

We pressed Mr. Oveian for details of his continuous patronage, and for an accounting of any gaps in it. He lives alone on West Seventy-third Street, he told us, and for eighteen years he has worked at the Swank Shirt Shop, on Forty-second west of Broadway; before that, he had various other jobs around Times Square. He eats his Walgreen's breakfast every morning at about eight-thirty, his Walgreen's lunch at about two, and his Walgreen's dinner at various times. Approximately the same routine applies on weekends and holidays and during his vacations, which he spends in Times Square, seeing shows. "Far as I can remember, I never missed a single meal at the Forty-fourth Street store in those thirty years," he told us. "I was sick a few times, but never sick enough to have to stay at home. Wait a minute, now—I did miss a few meals in January, 1948, when the store was closed for remodelling. During that time, I came over and ate at *this* Walgreen's."

Mr. Oveian said "Hello, Susan" to a brunette counter girl; told us, with only the slightest air of superiority, that she had been with Walgreen's for thirteen years; and then returned to his potpie and his tale. "At one time or another, I guess I've eaten every item on Walgreen's menu, from grilled club steak to chocolate sundae with whipped cream and maraschino cherry," he said. "I like to mix 'em up. Walgreen's food has always agreed with me pretty well, except once, a few years back, when I had a spell of jumpy stomach. Well, I didn't leap to conclusions and blame Walgreen's. No, sir, I decided it was a signal to cut down on fried foods, and I haven't had a bit of trouble since.

Look, I'm not a man who's in the habit of changing his way of life without a good and sufficient reason. People ask me why I don't go away sometime. I tell them, 'What for? Right here, I've got the shows, the crowds to mingle with, and Walgreen's.' "



"*No, damn it! Up Sixth, down Seventh!*"

Common Sense

A LADY went to Altman's the other day, she tells us, and ordered a gift for a cousin in Jonesville, South Carolina. In order to check the postal charges, the salesgirl studied a rate book for a while, frowning, and then said, "I can't seem to find South Carolina on this list. Does it go by any other name?"

Lost Duckling

A STATUE of Hans Christian Andersen was put up in Central Park last year, on a terrace overlooking Conservatory Lake. The bronze figure of the writer is seated on a broad granite bench; he has a book open on one knee and is evidently reading aloud. A stovepipe hat rests on the bench beside his right hand, with which he partly supports himself as he reads. Glancing over his shoulder, one can see what the story is, for incised in the bronze page are the first few sentences of "The Ugly Duckling": "It was summer. It was lovely in the country. The wheat was yellow, the oats were green, the hay was stacked in the green meadows. . . ." On the terrace at Andersen's feet, listening with appropriate intentness, is the hero of the story, also in bronze. Perhaps he looks a trifle more pleased with himself than he should, considering how unhappy he is said to feel about his ugliness, but then he has heard the story many times by now and knows that a blissful swanhood is to come.

The Monuments Division of the Parks Department, which has charge of the six hundred and thirty-odd statues in the city, is firmly opposed, in principle, to statues' serving as jungle-gyms, but it makes an exception of Hans Christian Andersen and the Ugly Duckling. Indeed, the sculptor, Georg Lober, designed the statue to be crawled over, perched on, and embraced to the heart's content of as many children as possible, and so successful has it been in this respect that Andersen's right knee is already bright with wear and the flat top of his stovepipe hat is developing a splendid Old World patina. Even the Ugly Duckling, small as he is, has been serving as a seat for the very young. But one day recently the Ugly Duckling disappeared, just as he did in Andersen's account of him. The children who came to the Park to visit him were disconsolate. They feared he had gone away for good; they wondered if he had suffered a fate as horrible as that of the poor little match girl or the steadfast tin soldier. Luckily, nothing of the sort had taken place. Within a day or so, a Parks Department man found the Ugly Duckling lying on his side in a thicket not far from the lake, and promptly carried him off uptown, to the workshop of the Monuments Division, for examination and repair.

What had happened to the Ugly Duckling? Why had he disappeared? We put these questions to Walter Beretta, chief sculptor of the Monuments Division, and he replied that in his opinion the Ugly Duckling had been the victim not of vandalism but of too much love. "The poor little duckling wasn't as tough as he looked," Beretta said. "The children proved too much for him. Sculptors nearly always underestimate the energy and strength of children. They spend most of their time worrying about how a statue will look. Here in the Monuments Division, we worry about how much damage can be done to it. Mr. Lober is a fine sculptor, but you know how the duckling was fastened to the terrace? With three little three-eighths-of-an-inch bronze dowels, threaded into the duckling's bottom and going down about half an inch into the stone of the terrace!" Mr. Beretta shook his head at the otherworldliness of the artistic temperament. "What we've done is to weld a bronze rod an inch and a quarter in diameter to the duckling's bottom and fit it seven inches down into the stone. But even that doesn't satisfy us; we know too much about kids. To make sure they wouldn't be able to work the rod loose and set the duckling spinning around and around, we've added several smaller rods to his bottom and have sunk them into the stone as well." As for the Ugly Duckling's presence in the thicket, Beretta attributes it to guilty consciences. "What we figure happened is that some kids were fooling around with the duckling and he came loose," he said. "The kids got scared and lugged him off into the bushes—to hide the corpus delicti, you might say. No need for that to happen again. From now on, they can sit on him till the cows come home. I like stories to have happy endings. I'm glad this one does."

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CONVERSATION without hope, overheard at the Colony Club, between an attractive mother and an equally attractive daughter:

MOTHER: Well, then, where *do* bachelors go at night?

DAUGHTER: They go into bars and never come out.

DAYDREAMS

EXCEPT for occasional moments of embarrassment, I never minded being out of work. I lived at home, so I really didn't need money, and though I knew it made things harder for Mother, and though Father always put on a sour puss about having to feed and clothe me, I spent more time out-of-doors than inside, and they could not follow me on my excursions. The uneasy moments came when I saw some girl I knew on a tram and could not get on it because I could not pay her fare, or when I was walking with some fellows whose conversation I enjoyed and I had to make some excuse and leave them because I could not afford a drink with them. At times like these I was very sorry for myself and very angry with people and life.

Never for long, though, and the rest of the time I was perfectly happy, for I was free to go on with my own thoughts. I wasn't opposed to work on principle but I did think that in practice people wasted too much valuable time on it for the little it gave them back. For the short while that I had a job on the railway I had been miserable, doing work I disliked and talking to chaps I felt quite indifferent to.

We lived in an outlying district of Cork, and I walked a great deal when the weather wasn't too bad, and sometimes even when it was, and because I felt that I really had no right to these walks, I got from them something of the pleasure I felt as a kid when I went on the lang from school. There is only one element common to all forms of romance—guilt; and because I felt guilty, all the places I walked in had a curious poetic aura, as though each of them belonged to an entirely different country: the Glen to Scotland; the country north of our house, with its streams and fields and neat little farmhouses, to England; the river roads to the Rhineland. They didn't really look like Scotland, England, or the Rhineland, but for all the difference it made to me they might as well have looked like them, and it would not have surprised me in the least if the people I met in them spoke different languages.

Each neighborhood, too, had its own sort of imaginary girl: noble and tragic in the Glen; gentle and charming in the English countryside; subtle and cultivated along the river, like the big houses that sheltered behind high walls. Sometimes we just met and talked, and we both realized as we told one another the story of our lives that, different as these were, we were made for one another. She was usually rich—English or American; not because I hankered after money but because it removed any obstacles from our way. I had to persuade her about the political folly of her class, but this never seemed to offer any difficulties to her clear and sympathetic intelligence. But at other times, perhaps when the feeling of guilt was strongest in me, she would be in serious difficulty—being run away with by a wild horse, flying from kidnappers, or just drowning. At the right moment, with a coolness that was bound to appeal to any girl, I stepped in; stopped the horse, scattered the gangsters, or swam ashore with her from the sinking boat. Though modesty required that I should go away without telling her my name, leaving her to a lifelong search, it nearly always happened that I accompanied her back to the Imperial Hotel and was introduced to her father, who was naturally grateful and, besides, had just been looking for a young man like me to inherit his business. If I thought of my own position at all on those walks, it was only with a mild regret that economic conditions deprived the world of the attention of a really superior mind. And the worse my situation was, the better the mind appeared.

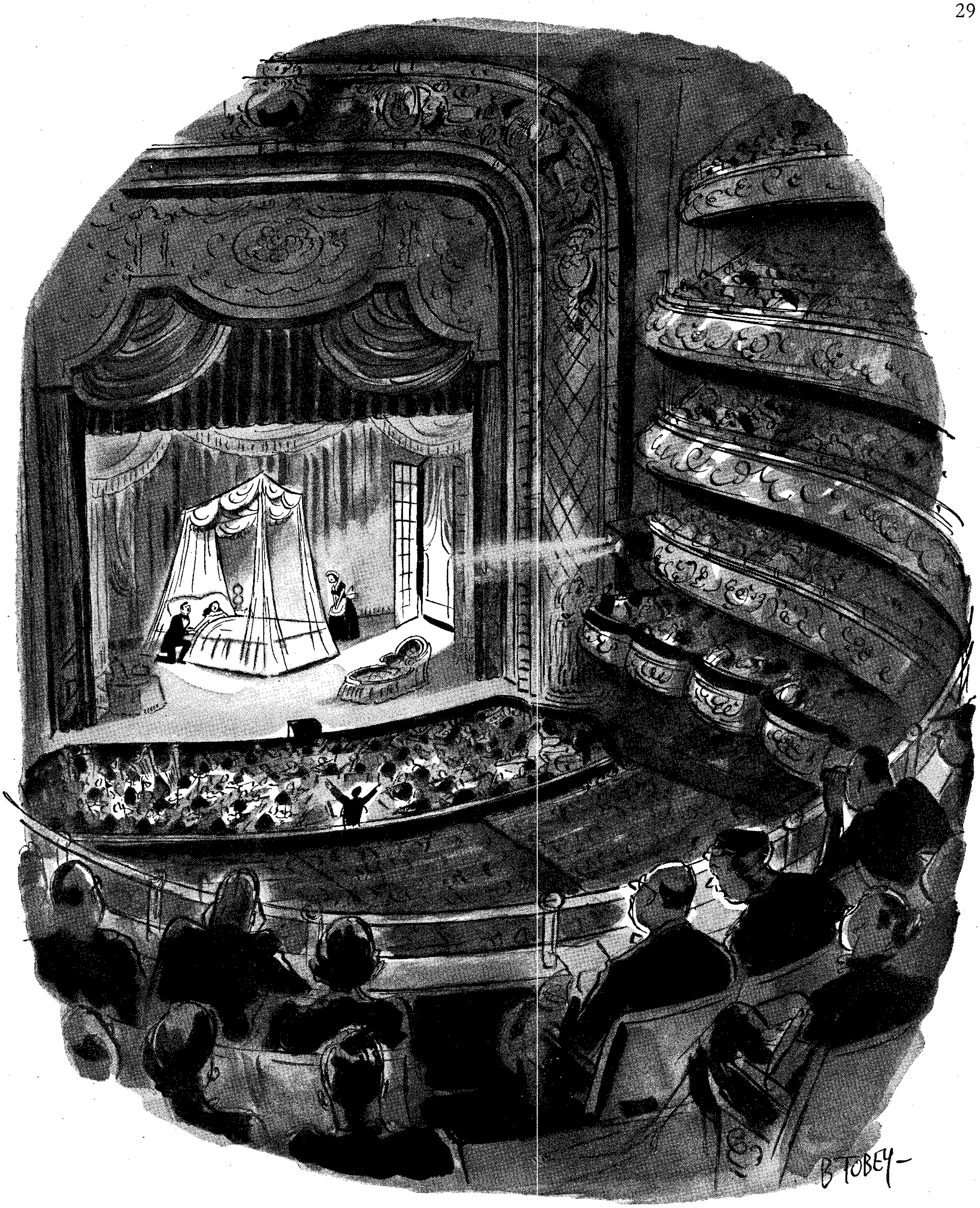
When the weather was really too bad, I sat in the reading room of the Public Library and read steadily through all the reviews and periodicals, about the crisis in British politics, penal reform, unemployment, and social security. I was strongly in favor of social security.

Though Father said that I was turning into a corner boy, and that I would never do any good, my real difficulty came not from him but from good-natured friends who didn't, as they put it, want to see me wasting my time. They were always trying to get me introductions to influential people who might be able to fit me in somewhere as a warehouse clerk at thirty bob a week. I knew they meant it well, and I did my best to be polite, but they hurt me far more than Father did with his scowling and snarling, or any of the handful of enemies I had in the locality, who, I knew, talked of me as a good-for-nothing or a half-idiot. "Well, Larry," some old friend would say sagaciously, "you're getting on, you know. It won't be long now till you're twenty, and, of course, even if it was a small job, it would be better than nothing." And I would look at him sadly and realize that he was measuring me against whatever miserable vacancy he knew of and seeing no disparity. Naturally, I interviewed the influential people they sent me to, and pretended a lifelong interest in double-entry bookkeeping, and tried to look like a quiet, hard-working, religious boy who would never give any trouble. I could scarcely tell the manager of a big shop that I liked being out of work. Anyway, I doubt if there was any need, because any jobs they had didn't come to me.

One night I went all the way to Blackrock, a little fishing village down the river from Cork, to see a solicitor who was supposed to have an interest in some new factory, and for two solid hours he talked to me about the commercial development of the city, and at the end all he said was that he'd keep me in mind in case anything turned up. I left his house rather late and discovered to my disgust that I hadn't the price of the tram. This was one of my really bad moments. To feel guilty and have to walk is one thing; to feel as virtuous as I did after talking for hours about reclamation schemes and still have to walk is another. Besides, I had no cigarettes.

There were two ways in to town, one through the suburbs, the other, a little shorter, along the riverbank, and I chose the latter. It was a pleasant enough place by day—a river walk called the Marina, with a beautiful road called Tivoli on the other side, and above Tivoli were the sandstone cliffs and expensive villas of Montenotte, all named with the nostalgia of an earlier day. The Marina Walk had an avenue of trees, a bandstand, seats for the nursemaids, and two guns captured in the Crimean War, over which the children climbed. It was part of the Rhineland of my daydreams, but by night the resemblance was not quite so clear. As it approached the city, it petered out in jetties, old warehouses, and badly lit streets of sailors' lodging houses.

I had just emerged into this section when I heard a woman scream. It startled me out of my reverie, and I stood and looked about me. It was very dark. Then under a gas lamp at the corner of a warehouse I saw a man and woman in some sort of a cling. The woman was screaming her head off, and, thinking she had been taken ill, I ran toward them. As I did, the man broke away and walked quickly up the quay, and the woman stopped screaming and began to sob, turning her face to the wall in a curiously childish gesture of despair. Obviously, she wasn't sick. I didn't know what to do, so I stopped and raised my cap.



"Isn't it a pity they didn't have drugs like streptomycin in those days?"

• •

"Can I help you, Miss?" I asked doubtfully.

She shook her head several times without turning to me.

"The dirty rat!" she said, rubbing her face with her hand, and then she poured forth a stream of language I had never heard the like of and some of which I didn't understand at all. I didn't even know men knew words like that. "All I earned the last two nights he took from me, the rat! the rat!"

"But why did he do that?" I asked, wondering if the man was her husband, and she gaped at me in astonishment, the tears streaming down her little painted face. It wouldn't have been a bad face if only she had let it alone.

"Because he says 'tis his beat," she said, and sniffled. "All the girls has to pay him. For protection, he says."

"But why don't you tell the police about him?" I asked in surprise.

"The police?" she echoed. "A hell of

a lot the police care about the likes of us. Only get more out of us, if they could."

"But how much did he take?" I asked.

"Five quid," she replied, and began to sob again, taking out a dirty little handkerchief to dab her eyes. "Five blooming quid! All I earned the past two nights! And now there won't be another ship for a week, and the old landlady will be after me for the rent."

"All right," I said, coming to a quick decision. "I'll ask him about it."

Which was exactly as far as I proposed to go. It was still all beyond my comprehension. I quickened my step and went off after the footsteps I heard retreating up the quay. Like all dreamy and timid people who avoid rows on their own account, I have always taken an unnatural delight in those that other people thrust on me. It never even crossed my mind that I was in a dangerous locality and might quite well end up in the river with a knife in me.

Some of my doubts were dispelled when the man in front of me looked backward and began to run. This seemed like an admission of guilt so I ran, too. Since I walked miles every day, I was in excellent condition, and I knew he had no chance of getting away from me. He soon realized this as well, and stopped with his back to the wall of a house and his right arm lifted. He was a tall, thin fellow with a long, pasty, cadaverous face, a mustache that looked as though it had been put on with an eyebrow pencil, and sideburns. He was good-looking, too, in his own coarse way.

"Excuse me following you," I said, panting but still polite, "the lady behind seems to think you have some money of hers."

"Lady?" he snarled. "What lady? That's no lady, you fool!"

I did not like his tone and I strongly resented his words. For the first time, I understood what the girl behind me was, but that made no difference to me. I had been brought up to treat every woman as a lady, and had no idea that a crook is really as sensitive about respectability as a bank manager. It really pains him to have to deal with immoral women.

"I didn't know," I said apologetically. "I'm sorry. But I promised to ask you about the money."

"Ask what you like!" he said, beginning to shout. "That money is mine!"

"Oh, you mean she took it from you," I said, thinking I was beginning to see the truth at last.

"Took it from me?" he asked, frowning. "I didn't say she took it from me. She owes it to me."

"Oh!" I said again, not feeling quite so sure that I understood. "You mean you lent it to her?" But that only seemed to make him mad entirely.

"What the hell do you think I am—a moneylender? She agreed to pay me to look after her down here, and now she's trying to rob me."

"But how do you look after her?" I asked—quite innocently, as it happened, though he did not seem to think so.

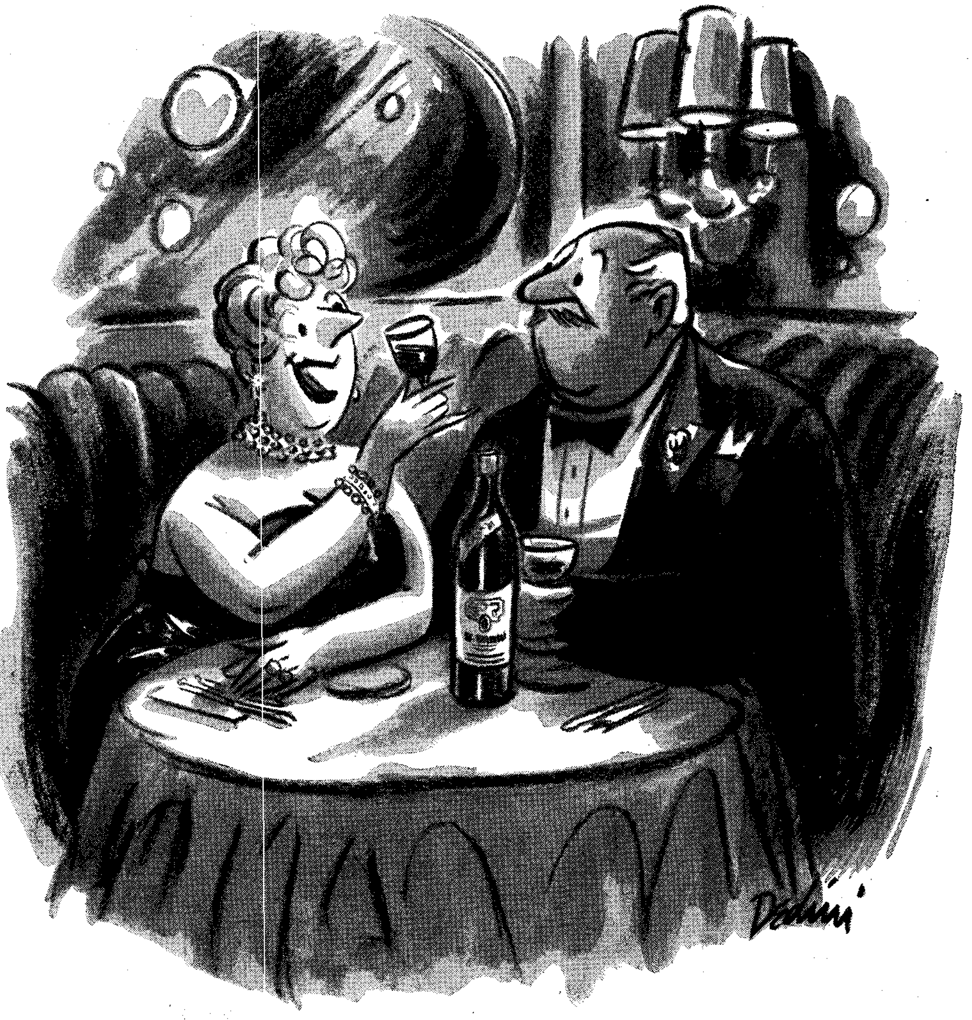
"How do I look after her?" he repeated angrily. "My God, man, a woman would have no chance in a place like this without a man to look after her. Or have you any idea what it's like?"

I hadn't, and I regretted it. It struck me that perhaps I wasn't really justified in interfering—that people had their own arrangements and she might have tried some sort of sharp practice on him. I did not realize at the time that every crook has to have a principle to defend; otherwise he would be compelled to have a low opinion of himself, which is something no crook likes. It was the fellow's manner I distrusted. If only he had been polite, I wouldn't have dreamed of interfering.

"But in that case, surely you should let her look after herself," I said.

"What the hell do you mean?" he snarled.

"I mean, if she broke a bargain you just refuse to look after her any more," I explained reasonably. "That ought to bring her to her senses, and if it doesn't, anything that happens is her own fault."



"Nineteen-twenty-six—that was a great year for *me*, too."

• •

He looked at me incredulously, as if I was an idiot, which, recollecting the whole incident, is about the only way I can describe myself.

"If I were you," I went on, "I'd simply give her back the money and have nothing more to do with her."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," he said contemptuously. "That money is mine. I told you that."

"Now, look," I said, almost pleadingly. "I don't want to have a row with you about it. It's only the state she's in."

"You think you can make me give it back?" he asked threateningly.

"Well, I promised the girl," I said.

I know it sounds feeble, but feeble was what my position was, not knowing right from wrong in the matter. He glanced up the quay, and for a moment I thought he was going to make a bolt for it, but even this much he hadn't nerve for. God knows why! I am quite sure I don't look formidable. Then he drew himself up to his full height, the very picture of outraged rectitude, gave me a couple of pound notes, and turned on his heel and started to walk away. I counted the notes and suddenly became absolutely furious.

"Come back here, you!" I said.

"What the hell is it now?" he said, as though this were the last indignity.

"I want the rest of that money."

"That's all she give me," he said. "What's this? A holdup?"

"That's what it's going to be unless you hand over what you stole, God blast you!" I said. I knew that a man who had tried to deceive me when I was giving him the benefit of the doubt and trying in every way possible to see things from his point of view was only too capable of deceiving a defenseless girl, and I was determined that he should deceive her no longer. He gave me the rest of the money, a bit frightened in his manner, and I added bitingly, "And the next time you interfere with that girl, you'd better know what's going to happen to you. For two pins I'd pitch you in the river, sideburns and all, you dirty, lying little brute!"

For a moment he looked at me, measuring me up, but then he went off up the quay, muttering to himself. The girl had crept nearer as we stood arguing, and now she rushed up to me, still weeping.

"God bless you, boy! God bless you!" she said wildly. "I'll pray for you the longest day I live, for what you done for me."

And then, suddenly, I felt very weak, and realized that I was trembling all over, trembling so that I could scarcely move. Heroism, it seemed, did not come naturally to me. All the same, I managed to muster up a smile.

"You'd better let me see you home now," I said. "I don't think you'll have any more trouble with that fellow after tonight, but just at the moment it might be better not to meet him alone."

"Here," she said, and tried to give back two of the five bank notes I had handed to her. "Take these. For yourself!"

"I will not, indeed," I said, laughing. "For what?"

"That's all you know, boy," she said bitterly. "That fellow have the heart scalded out of the poor unfortunate girls here. A hard life enough they have without it, the dear God knows!"

"If he attacks you again, tell him you'll put me on him," I said. "Delaney is my name. Larry Delaney. Tell him I'm a middleweight champion. I'm not, but he won't know." And I laughed again, out of sheer relief.

"Go on, Larry!" she said determinedly, trying to give me the notes. "Take that!"

"I'll do nothing of the sort," I said. "But I'll take a fag if you have one. I'm dying for a hale."

"God, isn't it the likes of you would be without them?" said she, fumbling in her handbag. "Here, take the packet, boy! I have tons."

"No, thanks," I said. "It's just that I get a bit excited." Which was a mild way of describing the way my hands jumped when I stood to light that cigarette. She saw it, too.

"What brought you down here at all?" she asked inquisitively.

"Oh, I had to walk from Blackrock."

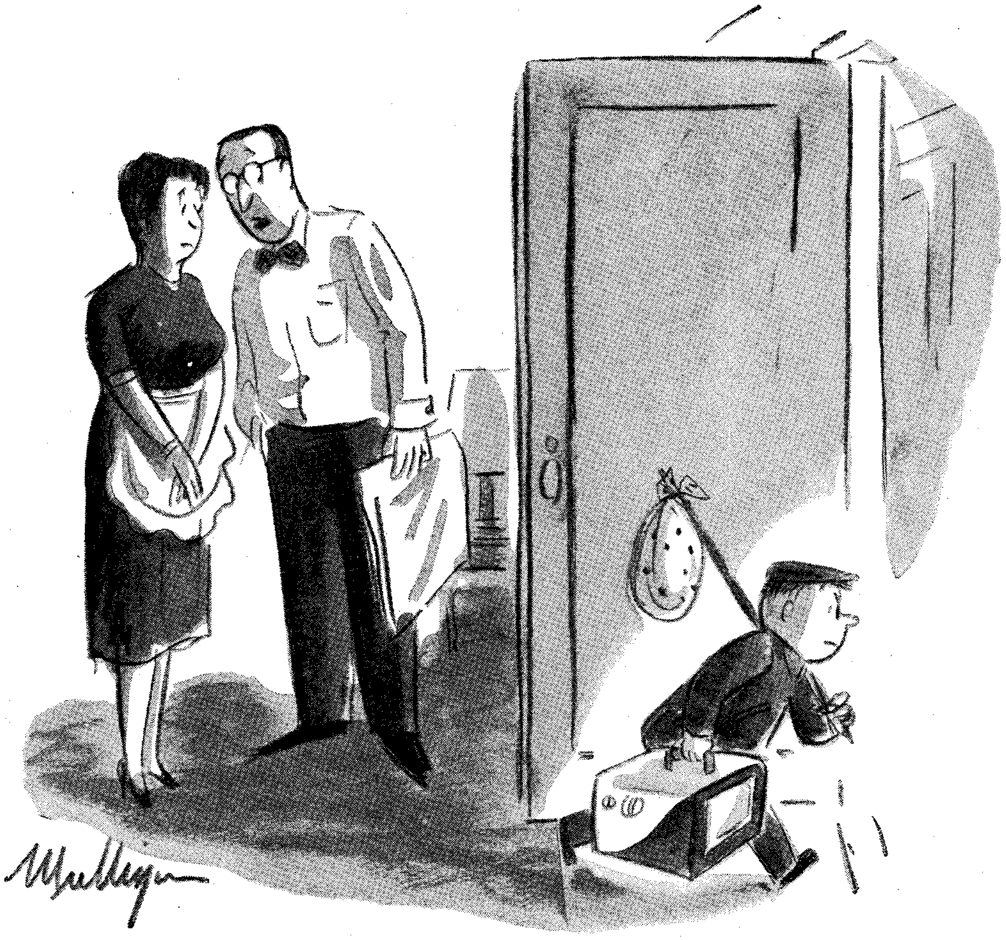
"And where do you work? Or are you still at school?"

"I'm not working anywhere at the moment," I said. "That's what took me to Blackrock, looking for a job."

"God help us, isn't it hard? But you won't be long that way, with God's help. You have the stuff in you, Larry, not like most of them. You're only a boy, but you stood up to that fellow that was twice your age."

"Oh, him!" I said with a sniff. "He's only a blowhole."

"Them are the dangerous ones,



"This time I think he really means it."

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boy," she said shrewdly with a queer trick she had of narrowing her eyes. "Them are the ones you'd have to mind, or a bit of lead piping on the back of your head is what you'd be getting when you weren't looking." Frightened by her own words, she stopped and looked about her. "Look, like a good boy, take the old couple of quid!" she went on eagerly. "Go on! Ah, do, can't you! Sure, you're out of a job—don't I know damn well what 'tis like? I suppose you had to walk from Blackrock because you hadn't the price of the tram. Ah, go on, Larry, boy! Just for fags, can't you? From me!"

She stuffed the money into the pocket of my jacket, and I suddenly found I wanted it. Not only for its own sake, though it meant riches to me, but because she was that sort of woman—warm and generous and addlepated—and I knew it would give her a feeling of satisfaction. Because I was in an excited, emotional state, her emotion infected me. All the same, I put a good face on it.

"That's all right," I said. "I'll borrow it, and be very grateful. But I'm going to pay it back. And I don't know your name or where you live."

"Ah, for God's sake!" she exclaimed with a joyous laugh. "Forget about it! So long as I have enough to keep the old landlady's puss off me. But if you want to see me, my name is Molly Leahy, and I have a room here. But they all know me. You have only to ask for me."

We shook hands, and I promised to see her soon again. Mind, I meant it. I went over the bridges in a halo of self-satisfaction. I felt I had had a great adventure, had added a whole new area to my experience, and had learned things about life that no one could ever have taught me.

That mood of exaltation lasted just as long as it took me to reach the well-lit corner by the cinema in King Street, and then it disappeared, and I stood there in a cold wind, unable to face the thought of returning home. I knew the reason without having to examine my conscience. It was the damned money in my pocket. It had nothing to do with the girl or how she had earned it; nothing even to do with the fact that she needed it a great deal more than I did and probably deserved it more. It was just that I realized that the great moment of my daydreams had come to me without my recognizing it; that I had behaved myself as I had always hoped I would behave, and I had then taken pay for it and in this world need never expect more. Someone passed and looked back at me curiously, and I realized that I had been talking to myself.

Outside the Scots Church at the foot of Summerhill an old woman in a shawl was sitting on the low wall with her bag beside her.

"Gimme a few coppers for the night, sir, and that the Almighty God may give you a bed in Heaven," she whined.

"Here you are, Ma'am," I said with a laugh, handing her the two bank notes.

Then I hurried up the hill, pursued by her clamor. Of course, the moment I had done it, I knew it was wrong—the exhibitionistic behavior of someone who was trying to resolve the conflict in himself by a lying, dramatic gesture. Next day, I would be without cigarettes again and cursing myself for a fool. I was really destitute now, without either money or self-respect.

AFTER that, I could find no pleasure in my solitary walks; the imaginary girls were all gone. I took the first job I was offered, but by the time I had saved up two pounds and started to look down the Marina for Molly Leahy, she had disappeared—I suppose to Liverpool or Glasgow or one of the other Limbos where we pious folk consign those troublesome shades that disturb our daydreams.

—Frank O'Connor

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MARCH TWILIGHT

This light is loss backward: delight by hurt and bias gained,
Nothing we know about, and all that we shan't have.
It is the light which brings to the loser luck,
And cowardice to the brave;

The hour when the oldest and the youngest thoughts begin;
Light shed for the most desperate and kindest embrace.
A watcher, in these new, late beams, might well see another face
And look into Time's eye, as into a strange house, for what lies within.

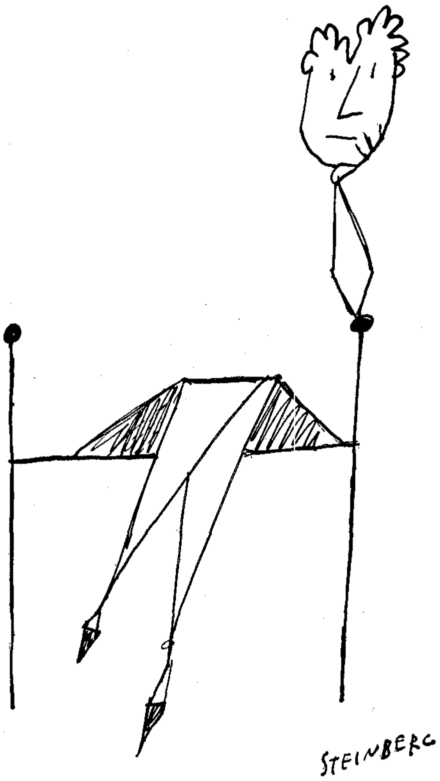
—Louise Bogan

ASK ME NO QUESTIONS

THERE was something strange, abnormal, about my bringing-up; only now that my grandmother is dead am I prepared to face this fact. When she died, she had not divulged her age; none of her children knew it, and whatever birth date they found in her papers has remained a secret to me. She was well over eighty, certainly, and senile when she finally "passed away," three years ago, in her tall Seattle house—under her gold taffeta puff, doubtless, with her rings on her fingers and her blue-figured diamond wristwatch on her puckered wrist. Probably she herself no longer knew how old she was; she was confused the last time I saw her, six years ago, when I flew West to be with her after she had broken her hip. Going over family photographs, which we spread out on her bed, she nodded and smiled eagerly, sitting up among her pillows like a macaw on its perch, in her plumage of black hair and rouge and eyebrow pencil and mascara. She recognized the faces—her husband, Grandpa Preston, with a mustache, her husband clean-shaven, her son in a World War I uniform, her nephews, her younger son in a sailor suit, my mother dressed as a Spanish dancer, my mother in a ball gown—but she was vague about the names. "My father," she decided after studying an obituary photograph of Grandpa, clipped out of a newspaper. "Son," "husband," and "father" were all one to her. She knew who I was, right enough, and did not mix me up with my dead mother, but this was not very flattering, since it was usually the people she had loved that she could not keep apart, melting them into a single category—father-son-husband—like the Mystery of the Trinity. One relation whom she had quarrelled with she picked out instantly, while I was still fumbling for the name. "That's Gertrude!" she proclaimed victoriously. Then she made a face—the same face she made when the cook brought her something she did not like on her tray. I reminded her that she had made up with Gertrude years ago, but she shook her head. "Bad," she said childishly. "Gertrude said bad things about me."

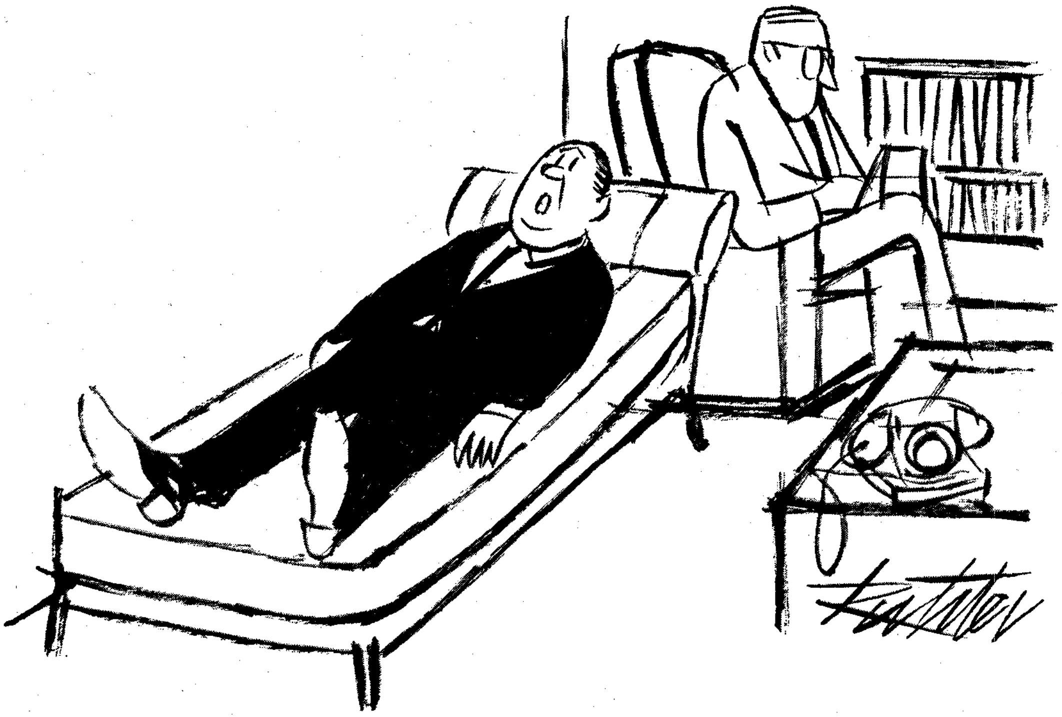
"You," she said one day, suddenly pointing. "You wrote bad things about me. Bad." It was not true; I had never written about her at all. But when I told her so, she would not listen, nor would she say where she had derived her notion. This was exactly like her; she collected stray grudges like bits of colored ribbon and would never tell where they came from. Nobody had ever known, for instance, the exact cause of her falling-out with Gertrude. That day, sitting by her bed, I tried to coax her into a better frame of mind. She turned her head away on the pillow and shut her eyes; long, sharp lines ran down, like rivulets of discontent, from her nose to the corners of her mouth. A hopeless silence followed. It troubled me to see her like this; those deep, bitter lines were new to me, yet it must have taken years to indent them. I did not know whether to leave or stay, and I wished the nurse would come in. "You wrote about my husband," she abruptly charged, opening her eyes and frowning over her high-bridged nose. This was a sign that she was far away; in her clear moments she spoke of him to me as "Grandpa." "Yes," I agreed. "I wrote about Grandpa."

It transpired that this had made her very angry, though she had never alluded to it in any of her letters. But why, precisely, she was angry, I could not find out from her. Certainly I had not said anything that she could call "bad" about Grandpa. It occurred to me that she was jealous because she had not been included in these writings; moreover, my grandfather had been shown with other women—a Mother Superior, a fictional aunt, myself. When she accused me of putting her in, did she really mean that she felt left out? She was capable of such a contradiction even before her mind had clouded. Or did she suppose that *she* was the aunt—a disagreeable personage? Hopeless, hopeless, I repeated to myself. It had always been like this. You could never explain anything to her or make her see you loved her. She rebuffed explanations, as she rebuffed shows of affection; they intruded on her privacy, that closely guarded preserve—as sacrosanct as her bureau drawers or the safe with a combination lock in her closet—in which she clung to her own opinion. "Look, Grandma," I began, but then I gave it up.



I was going to say that (a) I had not written about her in any shape or disguise, and (b) if I had not, it was not because I considered her unimportant but because I knew she would hate to have her likeness taken. For nearly forty years, she had refused to be photographed. The last picture made of her, a tinted photograph, stood on her chiffonier; it showed an imperious, handsome matron in a low-cut beaded evening dress and a gauzy scarf, with her hair in a pompadour and her young son at her knee. This remained her official image, and nothing would persuade her to let it be superseded. In the four-generations pictures made when my brothers and I were children—my great-grandfather, my grandfather, my mother, and the babies—my grandmother is absent. The last time I had come to visit her, with my own baby, in 1939, just before the war, I had begged her to let us take pictures of this new family group. But she would not allow it. In the snapshots I have of that summer, my grandmother again is absent; a shadow on the lawn, near the playpen, in one of them may indicate where she was standing. Yet I dared not draw these facts to her attention, for there was a story behind them, the story of her life—a story that was kept, like her age, a secret from those closest to her, though we all guessed at it and knew it in a general way, just as we all knew, in a general way, calculating from our own ages and from the laws of Nature, that she had to be over eighty when she died.

Starting to tell that story now—to publish it, so to speak, abroad—I feel a distinct uneasiness, as though her shade were interposing to forbid me. If I believed in the afterlife, I would hold my peace. I should not like to account to her in whatever place we might meet; Limbo is where I can best imagine her, waiting for me at some Victorian stairhead, with folded arms, and cold cream on her face, as she used to wait in her



"I'm forty-six and I'm still driving one of the 'low-priced three.'"

pink quilted Japanese bathrobe or the green one with the dragons when I turned my key softly in the front door at two or three in the morning, with a lie, which I hoped not to need, trembling on my lips. She would never forgive me for what I am about to do, and if there is an afterlife, it is God who will have to listen to my explanations.

MY first recollection of her is in her gray electric, her smartly gloved hands on the steering bar, or tiller. How old I was, I am not sure, but it was long before my family left Seattle when I was six. The gray box would glide up to the curb in front of our brick house on Twenty-fourth Avenue, and we would see her step out, wearing a dressy suit, braided or spangled, and a hat with a dotted veil that was pulled tight over her high-bridged nose, so that the black furry dots against her skin looked like beauty patches. On her feet, over her shoes, were curious cloth covers fastened with pearl buttons; my father said that they were called "spats," and that some men wore them, too. She had come to see my mother, and smelled of perfume. The electric would be parked for a long time outside our house; one day my brothers and I climbed in and got it started rolling. My mother spanked us with her tortoise-shell comb, but my father boasted of the exploit. "How did the little tykes do it?" he would say, laughing; we must all have been well under six.

Next, I think I see her in our bathroom, telling my mother that we must each have our own towel with our name above it, so that we would not keep catching colds from each other. When she left that afternoon, there was a brand-new towel for each of us hanging folded on the towel rack, with our name written out on a little label pasted on the wall behind each towel: "Roy" and "Tess" for our parents, and "Mary," "Kevin," and "James Preston" for us children; my littlest brother, Sheridan, was too young to have one. I was impressed by this arrangement, which seemed to me very stylish. But the very next day my father spoiled it by using one of our towels, and soon they were all scrambled up again and the labels fell off. This was the first (and, I think, the only) time I felt critical of my debonair Irish father, for I knew that the strange lady would be cross with him if she could see our bathroom now.

On Sundays, sometimes, we were taken to lunch at her house, out by Lake Washington. Two things we loved to do there. One was to crawl under the table while the grownups were still eating and find the bulge or little mound in the carpet where there was a bell she stepped on when she wanted the maid to come in. The bulge in the carpet was rather hard to locate, with all the feet and the women's skirts in the way, but eventually we found it and made the bell ring. It was nice under there, with the white tablecloth hanging down all around us like a tent. The carpet was thick and soft and furry, and if we peered out, we could see exotic birds on the wallpaper. I don't remember anyone's telling us not to get under the table, but one Sunday, perhaps the last time we went there, we could not find the bulge at all, and I remember the strange, scary feeling this gave me, as though I had been dreaming or making up a story and there had never been any bulge or bell in the first place. It did not occur to us that the bell must have been removed to keep us from annoying the maid, and the mystery of its disappearance used to plague me, long after we had left Seattle, like some maddening puzzle. I would lie awake in my new bed, thinking about the bell and wishing I could be given another chance to look for it. Five years later, when I was brought back to that house to live, a girl of eleven (and it remained my official home until I was twenty-one), I had the great joy, the vindication, of finding the bell just where I thought it should be, between her feet and mine.

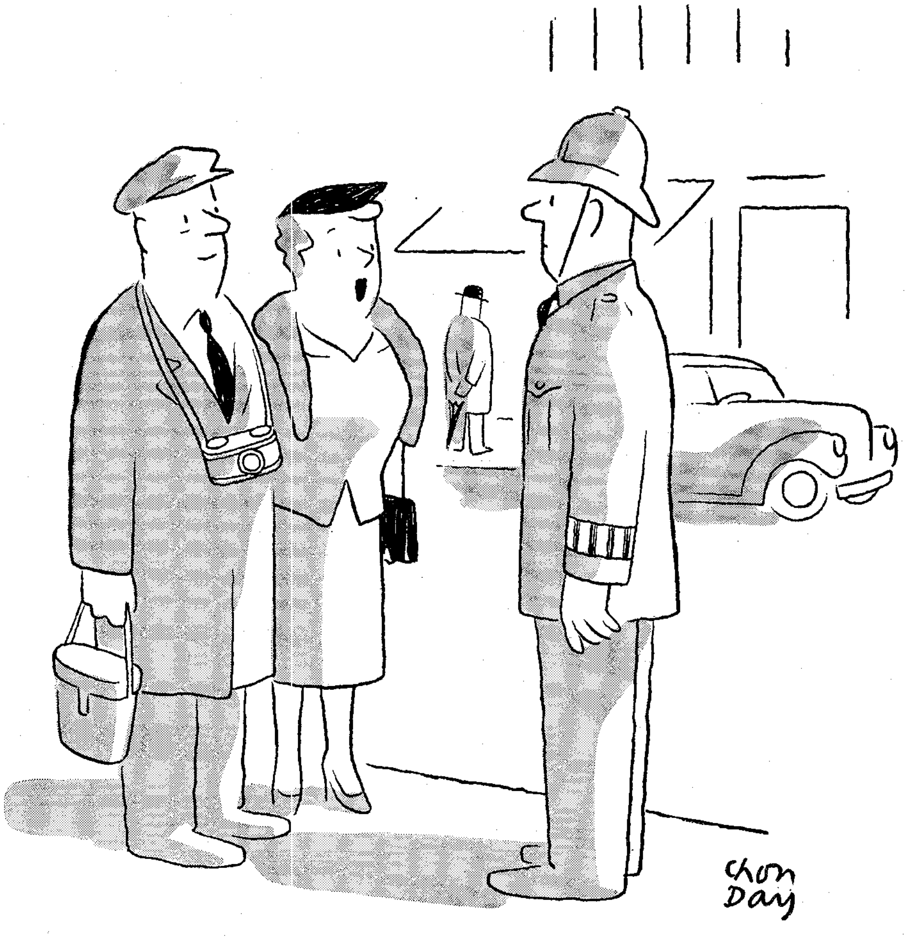
The other thing we liked to do was, after lunch, to roll down her terraces, which dropped in grassy tiers from her tall house all the way, I remembered, to Lake Washington. We rolled and rolled, almost into the water, it seemed, and nobody stopped us until it was time to go home, our white Sunday clothes smeared with green stains. The grass was like velvet, and there were flower beds all around, and a smell of roses; a sprinkler was going somewhere, and there were raspberries that we ate off bushes. Alas, when I came back, I found I had been dreaming. The grounds did not go down to the lake but only to the next block, below, and there was only one grass terrace; the second one was wild, covered with blackberry prickers, and it had always been so, they said. I rolled a few times down the bank, but it was not the same; only five or six turns and I had reached the bottom; I could not recapture the delicious dizzy sensation I remembered so well. And the raspberries, which I had been looking forward to eating, did not belong to us but to the people next door.

The strange lady was supposed to be my grandmother, but I did not think of her that way when I was little. She did not have white hair, for one thing, like my other grandmother—the real one, as I considered her. Nor did she do embroidery or tapestry work, or stare at us over her glasses. She did not have glasses—only a peculiar ornament on a chain that she put up to her eyes when she wanted to look at something. With her queer electrical car that ran soundlessly and was upholstered inside in the softest gray, like a jewel case, her dotted veil, her gloves, which had bumps in them (made by her rings, I discovered later), her bell, and her descending terraces, she was a fairy-tale person who lived in an enchanted house, which was full of bulges, too—two overhanging balconies, on the lake side, and four bays and a little tower. (She had a fairy-tale sister, different from herself—tall, with white hair piled on top of her head in a long, conical shape, a towering mountain peak or a vanilla ice-cream cone. We were taken to see her one day, and her house was magic also. She had a whole polar bear for a rug, and her floor shone like glass and made you slip when you walked on it; her house was like a winter palace or like the North Pole, where Santa Claus came from.) I did not love the strange lady in the electric, but I loved the things she had.

The last time I saw her, in this pristine, fairy-tale period, was in the Hotel Washington, where we were staying because our house had been sold and we were moving away from Seattle. She was riding in the elevator, wearing a funny white mask, like the one the doctor had worn when they took my tonsils out; I heard the word "epidemic," and I think she told my mother that we should have masks, too, when we rode up and down in the elevator—a thing we were fond of doing. But I did not like the masks.

We were very sick on the train and they took us off with stretchers and wheelchairs. I was still sick when I saw her again, in a place where she did not belong—a place called Minneapolis, where my other grandmother lived. Lying in an iron bed in my other grandmother's sewing room, I watched the door open, and the strange lady came in, with a different kind of veil on—a black one, which hung all the way down over her face. She flung it back, and her face looked dreadful, as if she had been crying. Then she sat down on my bed, and her husband, Grandpa Preston, sat on a straight chair beside it. She sobbed, and her husband patted her, saying something like "Come now, Gussie," which appeared to be her name. She wiped her tears with a handkerchief; they went away on tiptoe, telling me to be a good girl. I did not understand any of this; my reason was offended by her turning up here in Minneapolis when I knew she lived in Seattle. No one enlightened me; I heard the word "flu," but it was months before it dawned on me that the occasion had been my parents' funeral. Yet when I surmised, finally, that Mama and Daddy were not coming back, I felt a certain measure of relief. One mystery, at least, was cleared up; the strange lady had come and cried on my bed because her daughter was dead. I did not see her again till five years later, when she was standing in the depot in Seattle, in a hat with a black dotted veil pulled tight across her face, which was heavily rouged and powdered. By this time, I knew that she was my grandmother, that she was Jewish, and dyed her hair.

THE last of these items was a canard. Her hair was naturally black, black as a raven's wing and with a fine silky gloss, like loose skeins of embroidery thread. When she was over eighty and bedridden, the first sprinkling of white hairs began to appear in her thick, shining permanent. Brushing it, the nurses used to marvel ("Wonderful, isn't it? You'd swear, at first, it was dye"), but this triumph over her calumniators came too late. The nurses could testify, my uncles and their wives could testify, I could testify, but whom were we to tell? Within the immediate family, we had always given her the benefit of the doubt, though I recall my grandfather's uneasy face when she went to have her first permanent, for in those days dyed hair did not take well to the process and was reputed to turn green or orange. It was the outsiders—the distant in-laws, the ladies who bowed to my grandmother in the shops and then turned aside to whisper something—whom I should have liked to make eat their words now, and in particular my other grandmother, with her reiterated, crushing question "Who ever saw natural hair *that* color?" But she was in her mausoleum, unavailable for comment, and the others were gone, too. My grandmother had outlived them all—an unfortunate state of affairs. Moreover, she herself was no longer in a condition to appreciate or even understand her victory; on her energetic days she would ask me to fetch her hand mirror from her bureau, and, frowning into it, would set herself to plucking out those stray white hairs, not realizing that they were the proof



"Where's the nearest pageantry?"

she had long been needing to show that her hair was truly black.

She had been a beautiful woman—"the most beautiful woman in Seattle," my friends' mothers used to tell me, adding that my mother, in her day, had been the most beautiful woman in Seattle, too. I can see it in the case of my mother, but my grandmother does not appear beautiful to me in the few photographs that exist of her as a young woman. Handsome, I would say, with a long, narrow, high-nosed, dark-eyed, proud, delicate face, the pure forehead topped by severe, somewhat boyish curls, such as the Romantic poets used to cultivate. A Biblical Jewish face that might have belonged to the young Rachel when Jacob first saw her. Her ears were pierced, and in one photograph she is wearing a pair of round, button-style earrings that lend her, somehow, a Russian appearance; in another, where she is posed with my mother as a little girl, her hair is caught in a big dark hair ribbon that gives her the air of a student. She has a gentle, open, serious mien—qualities I would never associate with the sharp, jaunty woman I knew or with the woman of the mature photograph on her chiffonier. Perhaps fashions in photography are responsible for the difference or perhaps her character changed radically during the early years of her marriage. The long, dreamy countenance became short, broad, and genial; the wide eyes narrowed and drew closer together. The change is so profound as to evoke the question "What happened?" The young woman in the photographs looks as though she could be easily hurt.

She came to Seattle from San Francisco, where her father had been what she called a "broker." Whether or not she meant a pawnbroker, I never could discover. He was a Forty-niner, having gone out to California in the gold rush, after a year in Pennsylvania. He had left Europe during the troubles of '48, and I like to think he was a political émigré, but I do not know. I do not know, though I once asked her, what part of Europe he came from. Poland, I suspect; her name, however, was German: Morganstern. Her first name was Augusta. These few sketchy facts were all she seemed to know of her early life and family history, and it puzzled her that anyone should want to find out more. "All those old things, Mary," she would say to me half grumpily. "Why do you keep asking me all those old things?" Like many great beauties, she had little curiosity; for nearly ten years she did not know the name of the family who had moved into the house next door to us.

SQUATTER'S CHILDREN

On the unbreathing sides of hills
they play, a specklike girl and boy,
alone, but near a specklike house.
The sun's suspended eye
blinks casually, and then they wade
gigantic waves of light and shade.
A dancing yellow spot, a pup,
attends them. Clouds are piling up;

a storm piles up behind the house.
The children play at digging holes.
The ground is hard; they try to use
one of their father's tools,
a mattock with a broken haft
the two of them can scarcely lift.
It drops and clangs. Their laughter spreads
effulgence in the thunderheads,

weak flashes of inquiry
direct as is the puppy's bark.
But to their little, soluble,
unwarrantable ark,
apparently the rain's reply
consists of echolalia,
and Mother's voice, ugly as sin,
keeps calling to them to come in.

Children, the threshold of the storm
has slid beneath your muddy shoes;
wet and beguiled, you stand among
the mansions you may choose
out of a bigger house than yours,
whose lawfulness endures.
Its soggy documents retain
your rights in rooms of falling rain.

—Elizabeth Bishop

• •

Her parents had died when she was quite young—in her teens—and she and her younger sister, my Aunt Rosie, came to live in Seattle with an older sister, Eva, who had married a fur importer named Aronson; this was the lady with the polar-bear rug. The girls had had some private education; my grandmother, at one time, used to play the piano—rather prettily, I imagine. She had a pleasing speaking voice and a surprising knowledge of classical music. "Were you rich or poor?" I asked her once, trying to learn the source of these accomplishments. "My father had a nice business," she replied. She had read the Russian novelists; when I sought to introduce her to Tolstoy and Dostoevski, she gave her dry laugh and said they had been the popular writers of her youth. All her life, she retained a taste for long novels that went on from generation to generation, on the model of "War and Peace." She hated short stories, because, she said, just as you got to know the characters, the story ended; it was not worth the trouble. Her sister Rose was fourteen when the two arrived in Seattle; Aunt Rosie went out and inspected the University of Washington, which had just been started, and decided she knew more than the professors did—a fact she faced up to ruefully, since she had been yearning for a higher education.

Aunt Rosie was a very different person from my grandmother, yet they talked together on the phone for nearly an hour every day and often went "downtown" together in the afternoon, my grandmother stopping by at her house to pick her up in the

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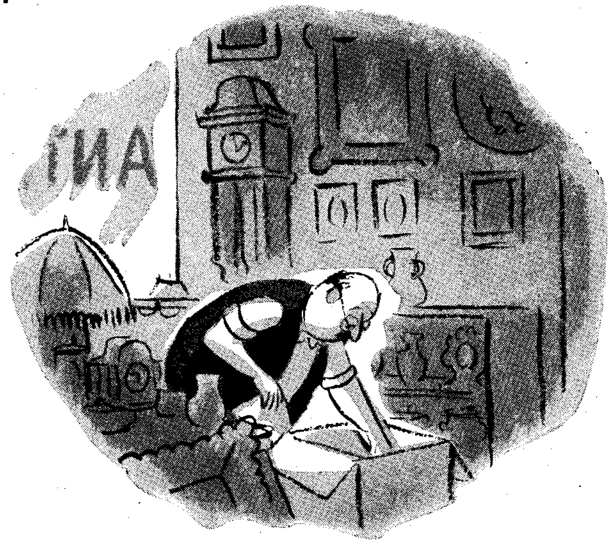

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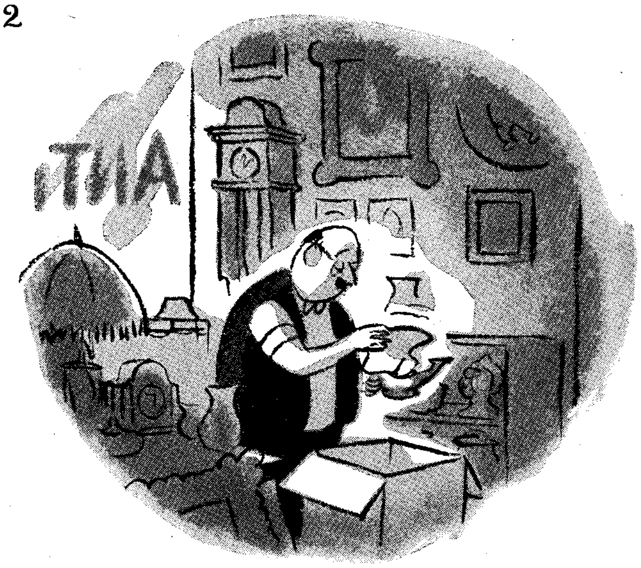

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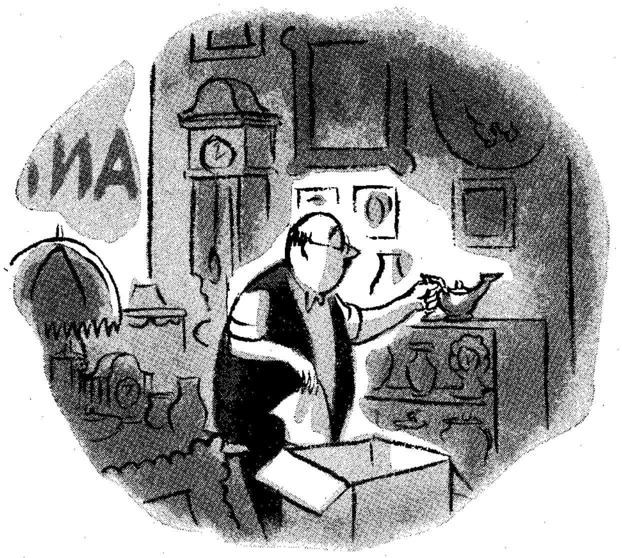

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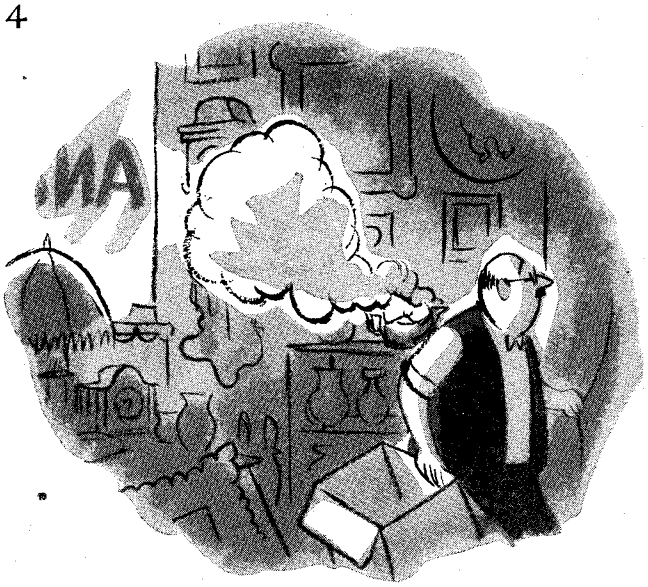
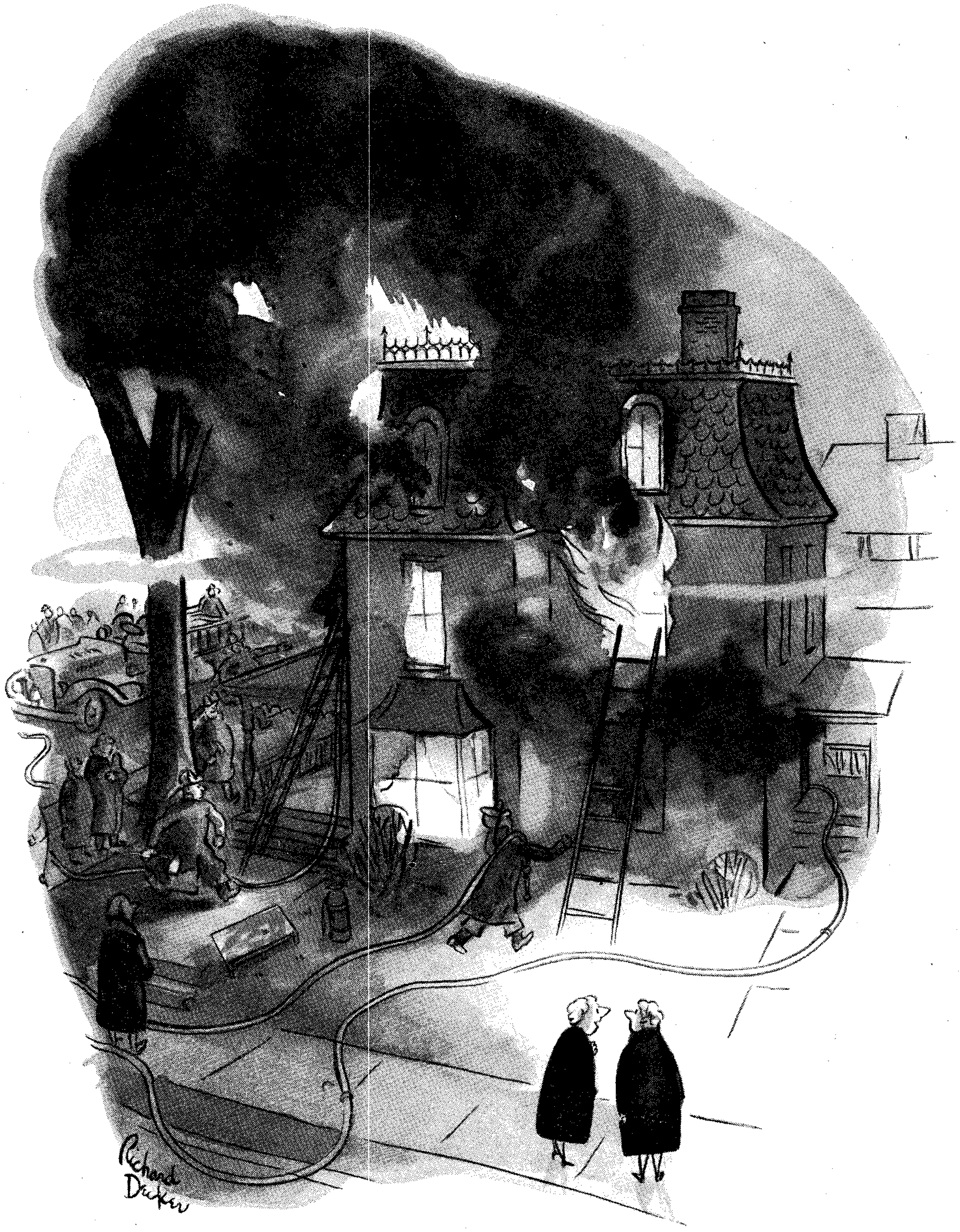


the musical world. The cookbook of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Temple de Hirsch, a volume got up for charity and much used in our family—I still own a copy—has many recipes contributed by Mrs. M. A. Gottstein. Her chicken stewed with noodles, hamburger in tomatoes, and rhubarb pie are quite unlike the recipes contributed by Mrs. S. A. Aronson, my other great-aunt, which begin with directions like this: "Take a nice pair of sweetbreads, add a cup of butter, a glass of good cream, sherry, and some foie gras." Or her recipe for baked oysters: "Pour over each caviar and cream, and dot with bits of butter. Serve hot."

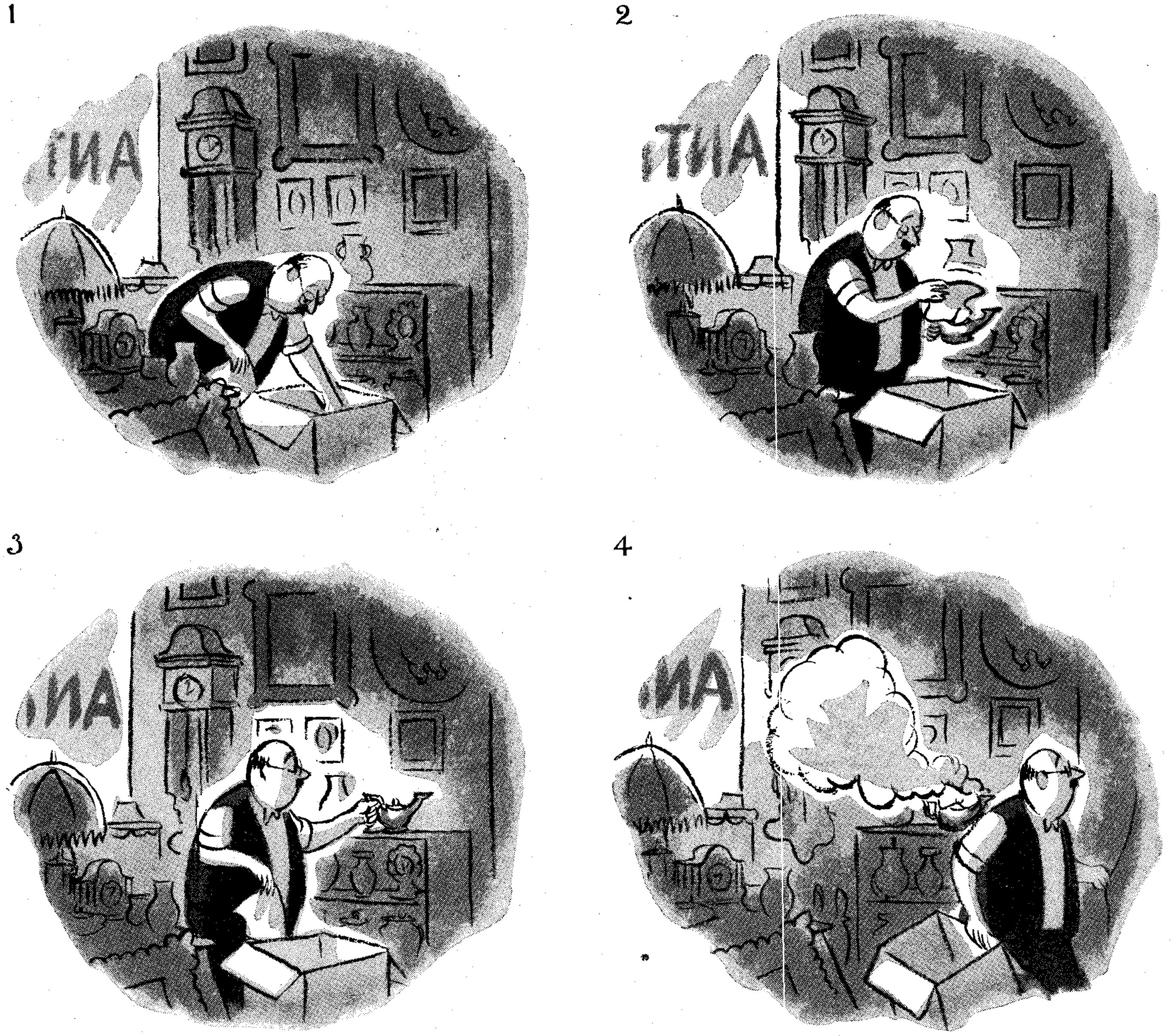
Aunt Rosie, with her energy, her good heart and rattling, independent tongue, was a popular woman in Seattle, among all classes and kinds. Society ladies fond of music gushed over "the wonderful Mrs. Gottstein;" poor Jewish ladies in the temple praised her; Protestant clergymen respected her (they used to try to convert her when she was younger, she told me, because she sang their anthems with such feeling); judges, politicians, butchers, poor tailors, clerks in bookstores all knew Aunt Rosie. She had not let the Protestant ministers tempt her away from her religion, but she was a truly open person, able to cross barriers naturally because she did not notice they were there. Most of the Jews in Seattle lived a life apart, concerned with *bar mitzvahs* and weddings, and family and business affairs; a few, with German-sounding names, managed to cross into the Gentile world and get their sons pledged to regular fraternities at the University, leaving temple and observances behind them. Aunt Rosie was a unique case. Her Jewishness—that is, her bounce and volubility—was a positive asset to her in her dealings with the Gentile ascendancy. If my grandmother's marriage (to a Gentile) had made it a little easier for Aunt Rosie to get around, Aunt Rosie, I think, never suspected it; she had a lively self-conceit and no social envy or ambition. To her good-humored mind, being Jewish was simply a matter of religion.

Each of the three sisters had a different attitude toward her Jewish heritage, perhaps in each case conditioned by the man she had married. Aunt Eva—Mrs. Aronson, whose husband, Uncle Sig, had long since passed on—was a typical wealthy widow of Jewish high society. She travelled a good deal, with a rather hard, smart set who had connections in Portland, San Francisco, and New York, and even in Paris; she gambled, and went to resorts and fashionable hotels in season; when she was in Seattle, she was a habitué of the Jewish country club, where they golfed in the daytime and played bridge for very high stakes at night. The scale of living of these people—widows and widowers, bachelors and divorcees, for the most part—was far beyond anything conceived of electric, later in the Chrysler or the La Salle. Aunt Rosie was a short, bright, very talkative, opinionated woman, something of a civic activist and something of a bohemian. She had married an easygoing New York Jew, Uncle Mose Gottstein, a juicy, cigar-smoking man who ran a furniture store, subscribed to the New York *Times*, and liked to chat about current events, his cigar tilted at a reflective angle, upward, in his cherry-red mouth. He and Aunt Rosie often sat up all night in their first-floor bedroom, with its big walnut double bed, Uncle Mose in his nightgown reading the newspapers, and Aunt Rosie playing a solitaire, which she would not leave till it came out. Uncle Mose had fond recollections of Lüchow's (Jimmy Durante, he said, used to be a singing waiter there), and their big bedroom, strewn with newsprint and playing cards and smelling of cigar smoke, was like a club or a café. Aunt Rosie and her husband and their two sons always sat there, even in the daytime, instead of in the living room or the little parlor, which was lined with signed photographs of opera stars and violinists and pianists. Aunt Rosie had "known them all;" in her youth, she had been a vocal soloist, much in demand for weddings and special services in Seattle's Protestant churches. Later, she had managed the musical events at Seattle's Metropolitan Theatre; the high point of her life had been a trip she took to Vancouver with Chaliapin, about whom Uncle Mose liked to twit her, his small, moist eyes (he later developed cataracts) beaming behind his glasses, his apple cheeks flushed. Aunt Rosie had met other artists besides Chaliapin and the various divas, including Mary Garden and Galli-Curci, who had inscribed their photographs to her; thanks to her theatre connection, she had known Houdini and The Great Alexander and could explain the magicians' acts by the fact that there was a trapdoor on the Metropolitan Theatre's stage. When I knew her, she was running the Ladies' Musical Club.



"I don't want to insinuate anything, but lately Ethel has become crazy about modern."

Aunt Rosie was poor—compared to her sisters. Her husband was the kind of man who is chronically unsuccessful in business—the genial uncle nearly every Jewish family possesses who has to be helped out by the others. Aunt Rosie had a plain "girl" to give her a hand with the housework; she dressed very unmodishly and lived in a somewhat rundown section, in a smallish frame house that needed painting. She was active in the temple as well as in



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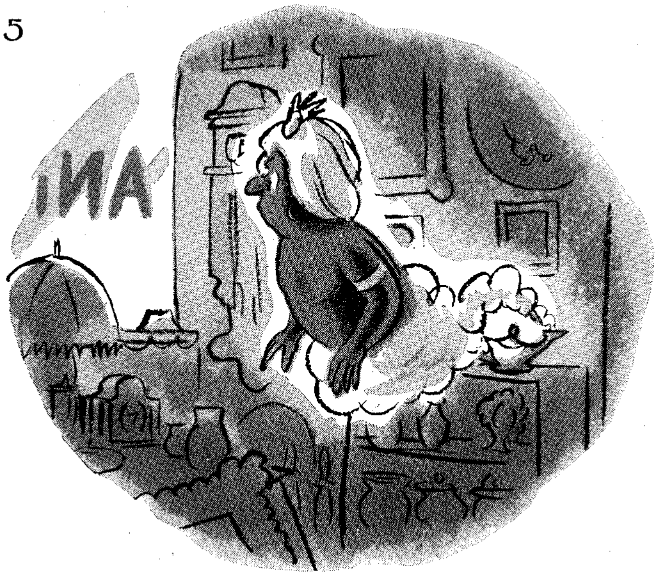

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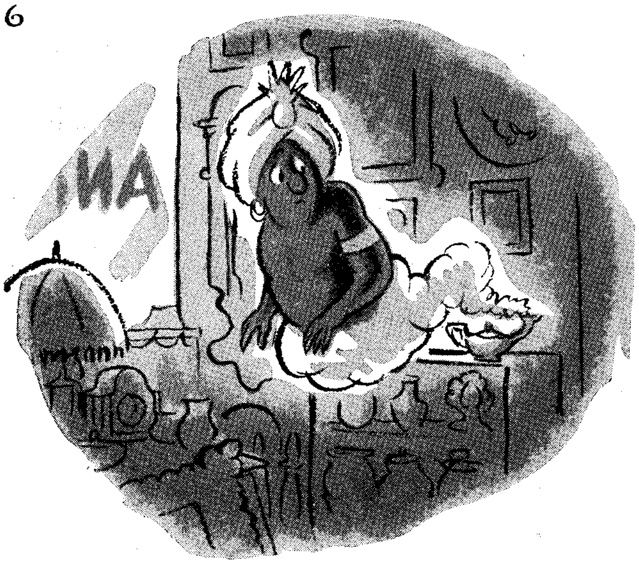

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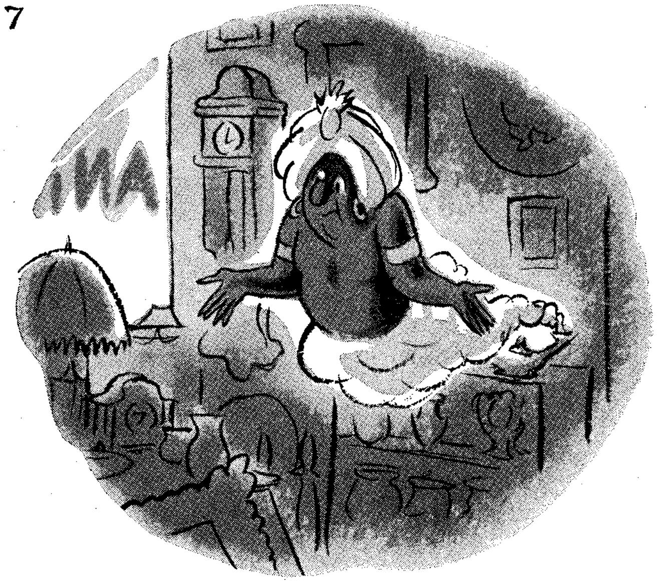

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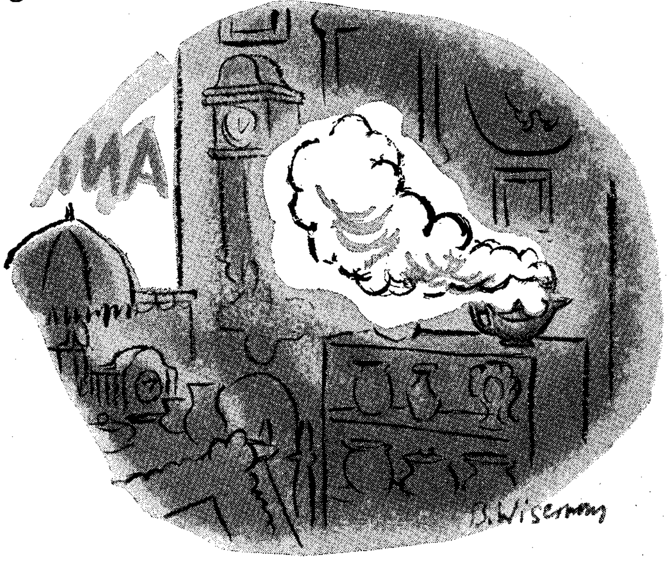


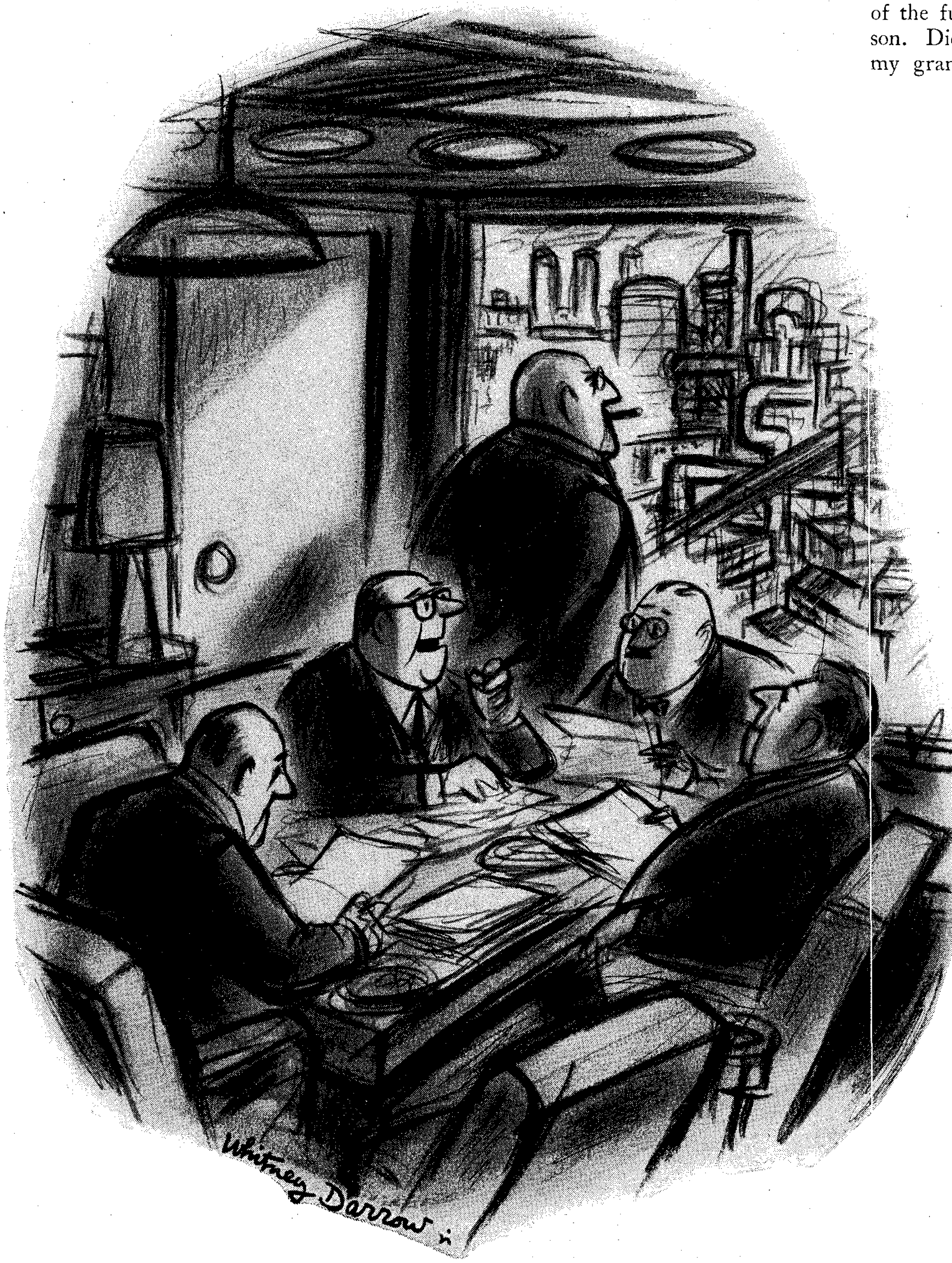
by the local Christian *haute bourgeoisie*, which was unaware of their existence. This unawareness was mutual, at least in the case of Aunt Eva, who, gyrating with perfect aplomb on her roulette wheel of hotels, yachts, race tracks, and spas, her white hairdress always in order, seemed ignorant of the fact that there was a non-Jewish society right under her nose, whose doings were recorded in the newspapers, daily and Sunday, whose members were "seen lunching" at the Olympic Hotel on Mondays, or golfing at the Seattle Golf Club, near The Highlands, or sunning at the tennis club on the lake.

Aunt Eva, I think, hardly realized that the world contained persons who were not Jewish. She, too, never knew envy; her nature was serene and imperturbable. My grandmother's mixed marriage never seemed to give Aunt Eva a qualm; her tall unawareness was sublime, a queenly attribute. If my grandfather was not "of the tribe," as my Irish relations used to call it suggestively, she did not give any sign of perceiving it. The "unpleasant" was barred by Aunt Eva, who seldom read anything and talked in magnificent generalities. She was fond of the theatre, and when she was not travelling, she used to go every week to see the Henry Duffy stock company in Seattle. My grandmother, Aunt Rosie, and I had strong opinions about these players ("He's a perfect stick," my grandmother almost invariably complained of the leading man), but to Aunt Eva there were no distinctions. Every play she saw she pronounced "very enjoyable." And the actors "took their parts well." We used to laugh at her and try to get her to acknowledge that the play was better some weeks than others. But Aunt Eva would not cross that Rubicon; she smelled a rat. To her, all the plays and players were equal, and equally, blandly good.

Toward the end of her life, she suffered cruelly from indigestion (the foie gras and the cup of butter, doubtless), and it was an awful thing to watch her, after a Sunday luncheon at our house, majestic and erect, walk about our back living room, her lips bubbling a little and her face pale-vanilla-colored and contorting slightly from spasms of pain. "Gas," she would say, with dignity. It tortured me to see this highly aristocratic lady reduced by her stomach to what I felt must be a horrible embarrassment for her, but her unawareness seemed to extend to the "unpleasant" aspect of her sufferings; she entertained them, as it were, graciously, like a hostess. My grandfather showed her great sympathy during these ordeals of hers; she was his favorite, I think, among my grandmother's relations. Having helped her with her business affairs, he must have come to realize that Aunt Eva, unlike her sisters, was extremely stupid. Perhaps this regal stupidity, like that of a stately white ox, elicited his chivalry, for he was a gallant man, or perhaps the slow, measured pace of her wits allowed him to forget that she was one of the Chosen (another classic epithet dear to my Irish relations).

HOW did my grandfather feel about the Jews? Again, I do not know; this was one of the many mysteries that surrounded our family life. He almost never attended church, except to be a pallbearer at a funeral, but he was by birth a Presbyterian Yankee, the son of a West Point man who was head of a military college in Norwich, Vermont, commanded a Negro regiment during the Civil War, and was retired as a brigadier general. Simon Manly Preston was my great-grandfather's name (wife: Martha Sargent, born in New Hampshire), and he lived to be ninety-nine; his last years were passed in Seattle, where he was one of the local curiosities. All his progeny, including Uncle Ed, another West Point man, who died in his fifties, were eventually drawn to Seattle: my grandfather, Harold; my Great-Uncle Clarence; and my Great-Aunt Alice, who married a law partner of my grandfather's, Eugene H. Carr, and lived for a time in Alaska. My grandfather first came West working as a geodetic surveyor during his college vacation (he started at Cornell and finished at what is now Grinnell College, in Iowa), and when he had his A.B. degree, he decided to read law in Seattle. It was then that he must have first met my grandmother, aged circa seventeen, who was living in the house of the fur importer, Sigismund Aronson. Did this name ring strangely in my grandfather's Yankee ears? Possibly not. Seattle was a frontier town, where you could expect to meet all kinds—French and Dutch and Germans, aristocrats and plebeians. Many of our first families had aristocratic pedigrees (the de Turennes, the von Phuls), yet it used to be said of every first family that the great-grandfather "came here with his pack on his back." My grandmother was courted by a number of suitors, including one, George Preston, who had the same last name as my grandfather. She had Jewish beaux also, I discovered, and, as far as I could make out, she did not distinguish between the two kinds. They were assorted young men who took her driving; that was all.

"As far as I could make out"—this matter was impossible to probe with my grandmother. I don't think I ever used the word "Jewish" in any connection when talking with her. I sensed she would not like it. I used to think about the word a lot myself, when I first came back to Seattle and was sent as a five-day boarder to a Sacred Heart Convent. I thought about it partly because of the ugly innuendoes dropped by my father's people, but chiefly because I was in love with my cousin, Aunt Rosie's tall, ravishing son Burton, who was twenty-one, ten years older than I, and I worried, being a Catholic,


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"There must be some way we could effect this merger without the Attorney General or anyone noticing."

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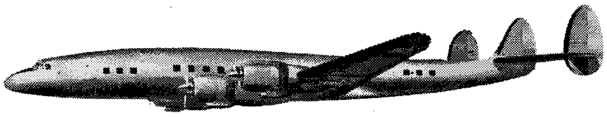

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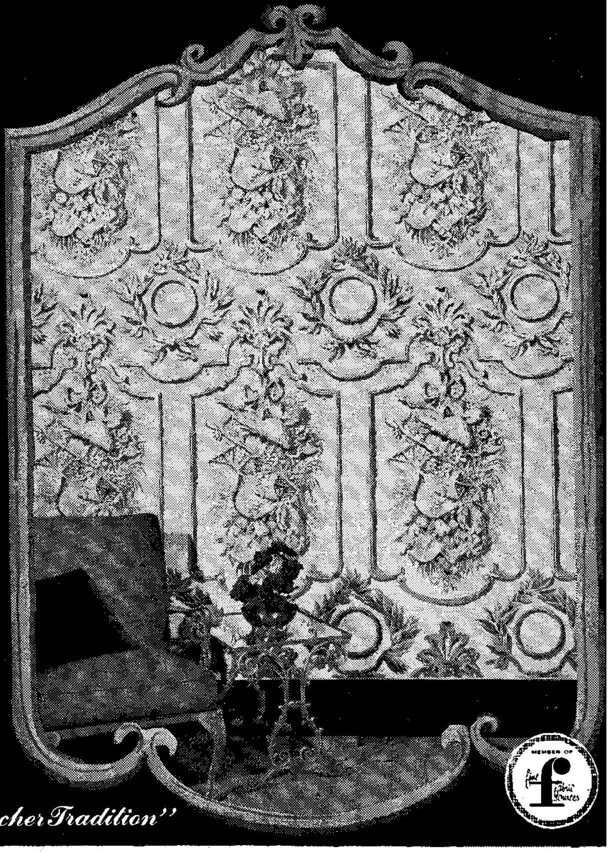

about the impediments to our marriage: the fact that he was my first cousin once removed, and the difference in religion—would he have to be baptized? This passion of mine was secret (or at least I hope it was), but even if it had not been, I could not have discussed the problem with my grandmother because of that unmentionable word.

I myself had a curious attitude, I now realize, in which the crudest anti-Semitism ("Ikey-Mose-Abie," I used to chant, under my breath, to myself in the convent) mingled with infatuation and with genuine tolerance and detachment. I *liked* Uncle Mose and Aunt Rosie far better than any other older people I knew, and "Ikey-Mose-Abie" represented what I supposed others would think of them. It was a sort of defiance. If I identified a little bit of myself with those others, my dead mother had gone much further; one day I found a letter she had written to my Grandmother McCarthy in which she spoke of an evening "with the Hebrews." Finding this letter was one of the great shocks of my adolescence. It destroyed my haloed image of my mother, and the thought that her mother must have read it, too (for there it was, in my desk, put away for me with other family keepsakes), nearly made me ill.

Perhaps I was too sensitive on my grandmother's behalf. No secret was ever made of the family connection with Aunt Rosie and Aunt Eva, and whenever my grandmother gave a tea, it always appeared in the paper that Mrs. M. A. Gottstein and Mrs. S. A. Aronson poured. I used to hear about some distant cousin's having a *bar mitzvah*, and once I was taken to a Jewish wedding, which fascinated me because it was held at night in a hotel ballroom. Nevertheless, there was *something*, a shying away from the subject, an aversion to naming it in words—so persistent that I was startled, one morning, when I was about sixteen, to hear my grandmother allude to "my faith." I had been talking to her about my disbelief in God, and to my surprise she grew quite agitated. She no longer practiced her faith, she declared, but she was certain that there was a kind God who understood and who watched over everything. She spoke with great feeling and emphasis—a rare thing in our relationship.

It was characteristic of her queer, oblique nature that I should have chanced to find out that she had had Jewish suitors by idly asking her the names of the young men she had driven out with. She gave them with perfect

**The man's suit tailored by Charles Glanzrock and the woman's suit by Glen Hunt.*

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readiness, but without any indication that such a name as Schwabacher or Rosenblatt would tell a story to me. If it had been a major step to marry outside her own people, she did not seem to recall this any more, and, of course, I could not ask her.

Yet in other respects she was remarkably frank. "How did you come to marry Grandpa?" I asked her one night, when I was home on a visit after I myself had married. "Rosie and I didn't get along with Uncle Sig," she answered matter-of-factly.

So that was all; I could hardly believe my ears, and wondered whether she realized the enormity of what she was saying. "But why did you pick Grandpa instead of one of the others?" I pressed her, determined, for Grandpa's sake, that she should answer that it had been because of his eyes or his mustache or his intellect. She appeared to search her memory, in vain. "Oh, I don't know, Mary," she said, yawning. "You *must* know," I retorted. She thought he would be good to her, she finally conceded.

This archaic view of the function of a husband astonished me. But for her, as I soon learned, it was the prime, the only, consideration. "Is he good to you?" she asked me, another night, on that same visit, speaking of my new husband. I had to stop and think, because marriage had never presented itself to me in this light. "Why, yes, I suppose so," I said slowly. "Yes, of course he is." My grandmother nodded and reopened her evening newspaper. "That's all right, then." The subject of my new husband was closed. "Grandpa was always good to me," she resumed tranquilly, turning to the racing column and beginning to mark her selections for the next day's pari-mutuel.

What did these words mean? Kindness, patience, forbearance—or fur coats and jewelry? Or was it all the same thing? Love, evidently, was as foreign a concept to her as this "goodness" was to me. She did not want to hear about love; it irritated her. The words "I love him" were meaningless sounds to her ears; if I uttered them in her hearing, which at length I had the sense not to do, I might as well have been talking Chinese. She did not care for love stories, which she pronounced trash, and she used to make fun of the movie actors who were my heroes as a young girl. "He has such thick lips," she used to say of Ronald Colman, mimicking his expression by thrusting out her own lower lip. "And that mustache! Think of kissing that bristly

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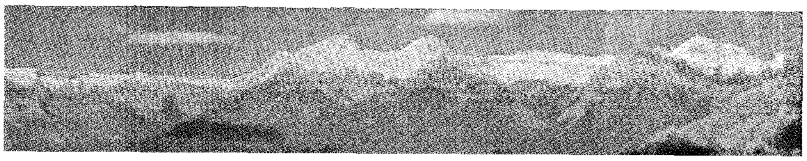

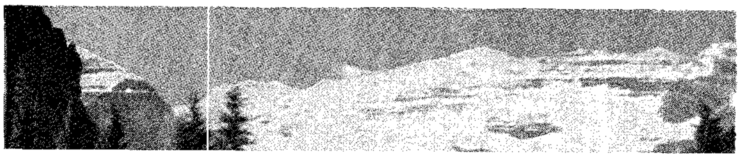

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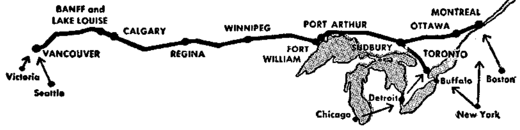
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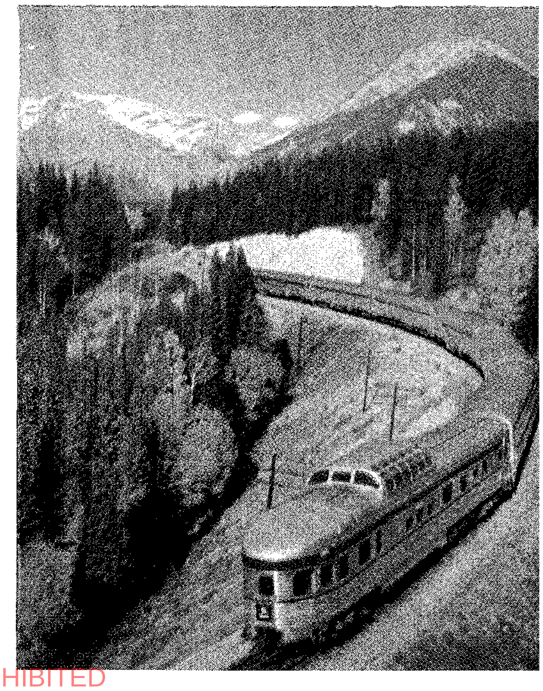

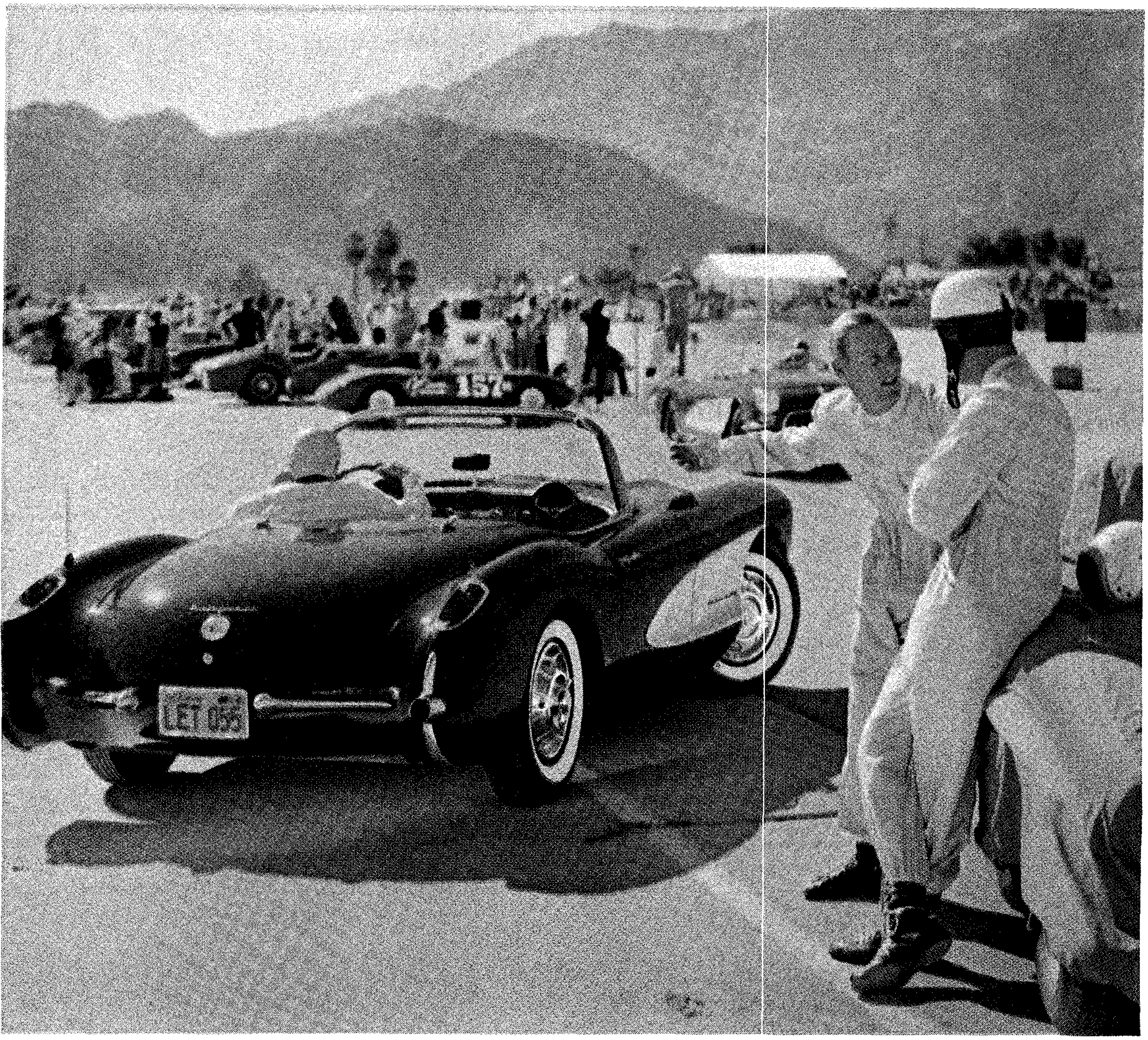

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True, the new Corvette has given some distinguished visitors a rude shock. On the other hand, think how pleasant it is for us to have a *real* American sports car . . . one that has proved itself in the classic test of competition.

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mustache!" Ricardo Cortez, she said, mimicking his expression, "looked as if he had a stomach ache." Yet her own favorite was Adolphe Menjou. My grandfather liked Lewis Stone.

She was not so much cynical as prosaic. She made fun of the young men who used to come to take me out when I was home from college on vacations by seizing on some small detail of their appearance and relentlessly exaggerating it: curly hair, rosy cheeks, full lips, large ears. This was not done maliciously but in high-humored jest, as though *she* were the young girl mocking her suitors behind their backs to her audience of sisters. I never minded it (though I had minded about Ronald Colman), but it struck me as unfair in the abstract; the part was always greater to her than the whole, and some of the things she noticed would have escaped the attention of anyone but a phrenologist.

Her marriage had been successful, and she attributed this to a single simple recipe, like one of the Household Hints in the back of the Temple de Hirsch cookbook, on how to clean ermine (rub with corn meal) or how to extract grease from papered walls (flannel and spirits of wine). She had never let a quarrel continue overnight. No matter how mad she was at Grandpa, she told me, she always kissed him good night. And, a corollary, no matter how mad she was in the morning, she always kissed him goodbye before he went to the office. She passed this recipe on to me gravely after I had been divorced; if I would just follow it, I would never have any more trouble, she was certain. This advice made me smile; it was so remote in its application to my case. But she shook her head reprovingly as she stood in front of her mirror, undoing her pearls for the night. "Remember, Mary," she enjoined. "All right," I said lightly. "I'll remember. 'Always kiss him good night.' " She had felt the moment as a solemn one, like the time she had spoken of "my faith," yet in an instant she, too, was smiling broadly. An anecdote had occurred to her, and she began to tell me, acting out both parts, of a morning when Grandpa had left for his office without the usual morning salute. . . . From one point of view, her entire married life was a succession of comic anecdotes, of which she was both butt and heroine.

THESE anecdotes began before her marriage, with the time the horse ran away with her and George Preston

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in the buggy, and Grandpa was terribly jealous. Then there was her honeymoon: how he had taken her back to Iowa to visit his family, who had settled there after the Civil War. It was winter, and before they left, my grandfather kept asking her whether she had enough clothes. She answered yes each time, but the question puzzled and offended her, for she took it as a criticism of her wardrobe. "I had very nice clothes," she explained. What he meant, it turned out, was long underwear, but he was too delicate to name it, so she went ignorantly on to Newton, Iowa, in her fine batiste-and-lace underclothing; she could never tolerate anything else next to her skin—silk was too coarse. In the barbarous Midwestern climate, she nearly froze to death, she declared, and she came out in chilblains all over. She nearly died of boredom also.

The provinciality of her in-laws horrified her. She had never met people like this, whose idea of a social evening was to stand around the stove, clad in long underwear and heavy dark clothing, the men cracking one joke after another. She could see that her in-laws, with the exception of Great-Grandpa Preston, did not like her. "They thought I was fast and stuck-up." She could not eat their food or put on the union suit they offered her. They were displeased by her elegant clothes and by her smiles and laughter. They only laughed, shortly, at the humorless jokes they told. Alone in her bedroom with her husband, she cried and cried, and finally she made him have a telegram sent to himself calling him back to Seattle. After the telegram came, her father-in-law, the General, took them to Chicago, which was supposed to be a treat. But they put up at an awful boarding house, where she could not eat the food, either. The two men stayed out all day, looking at sights like the stockyards, and the other boarders scared her, they were so rough and crude in their manners. That was the end of her honeymoon, and on the train going back she made my grandfather promise that he would never take her to Newton again.

Later, they went to Chicago for the World's Fair with my Aunt Eva, and this was the subject of another anecdote. She and Aunt Eva were left at a stop in Montana, when the train drew out unexpectedly while they were buying postcards in the station. Another passenger, a man, seeing their predicament, jumped out of the train and said to my grandmother, "Can I be of assistance to you,

Morley Barnard

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"I've been in a lot of gas stations," he said, "but nothing like this ever happened."

I bragged a little: "Service is what separates the boys from us Minute Men."

"Aren't you ever tempted to take short cuts?" he asked.

I allowed as how we sometimes were. But there were two big reasons we didn't.

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You know, I think he liked my answer almost as much as the service. Just the other day he stopped in for a credit card. "Go ahead," he said with a smile as we started our service routine. "Spoil me!"

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Madam?" Somehow (I forget the details), he managed to get the train to come back for them or to wait at the next station for them to arrive by carriage. But my grandfather was terribly jealous; as soon as he saw them again, he accused my grandmother of having got off the train to be with the strange man. And she never could convince him differently all the rest of her life.

There was the time the house caught on fire while my grandmother was downtown shopping. When she boarded the Cherry Street trolley to go home (her house was way out, almost in the country, then), the conductor said to her, "Mrs. Preston, your house is on fire," and she arrived on the scene to find the fire engine there and their one-eyed maid, Tilda (yes, so my grandmother swore), carrying the piano out of the house balanced on one hand, like a tray; all the little boys in the neighborhood were sitting on the lawn reading her love letters from my grandfather, which they had found in a bureau drawer. There was the time her riding horse ran away with her, down in Gearhart, Oregon, and there was an incident, I think, with a rowboat. There was the time she came to our house, when my mother had been taken to the hospital to have our little brother, and found the three of us sitting on the floor of the living room making a bonfire of my father's lawbooks and pointing his loaded revolver at each other.

My grandmother was a gifted *raconteuse* when she could be induced to tell one of her stories. She acted out all the parts zestfully, particularly her own, and short trills of unwilling laughter proceeded from her as she spoke; when she had finished, she would have to wipe her eyes with a handkerchief. This power of being amused at herself, this perpetual dismay, made one see her in these disconcerting situations, which had a classic plot—the plot of a nightmare, really.

Someone, usually a man, laconically breaks her an untoward piece of news, or fails to break it successfully, as in the case of the long underwear. Or it is a runaway horse, a runaway train, a runaway buggy, a rocking boat, a loaded revolver; my grandmother is always helpless while some uncontrollable event unfolds before her eyes. (There was the story of the crazy piano tuner who without a by-your-leave walked into her parlor and took the piano apart as my grandmother watched, unable to stop him, bewitched by his flow of talk: "A beautiful instrument, Madam. . . . So you have neglected your lovely musical gift [an imitation of him shaking his head]. Believe me, Madam, you owe it to the world and to your husband and family to take up the instrument again. . . ." At the end of the story, naturally, the dismembered piano was lying on the floor; he had forgotten how to put it together again.) She is always the loser in these anecdotes; she never gets the better of the situation with a biting retort, as she often did in real life. But because she is the heroine, she is usually rescued, in the nick of time.

In my grandmother's narratives, it is the other person who is self-possessed, full of an almost supernatural assurance—the stranger alighting from the moving train in a single airy bound, like an acrobat sliding down a rope to bow at her feet. She is forever disconcerted, put out of countenance, dumb-struck. In reality, *she* was the disconcerting one, short of speech when she was not telling a story (and to get her to tell a story usually took a lot of coaxing), impassive, forbidding. Most people, including all my friends, were afraid of her.

THE first thing that would have struck an outsider about her in her later years—that is, when she was in her sixties and seventies—was the oddity of her appearance. If you saw her downtown, shopping in Frederick's or Magnin's—and she never did anything but shop any afternoon of her life, excluding Sundays, matinée days, and the days of the race meetings—you would probably ask the salesgirl who she was: a woman of medium height, a little plump but not fat, wearing a small, high-crowned hat topped with ribbons or feathers, pumps with Cuban heels, fabric gloves, an onyx-and-diamond *lorgnon*, a smart dress in black or navy, printed or solid-color, with a fur piece over it—silver fox or baum marten. This would be in summer. In the fall, she might be wearing a dark-green wool ensemble, or a black one trimmed with monkey, or a beige one trimmed with beige broadtail or caracul. In the winter, she would have on her mink or her Persian or her squirrel or her broadtail. She would be proceeding at a stately walk through the store, stopping to finger something at a counter, smiling at the salespeople, nodding. Her clothes in themselves should not have attracted attention. She disliked bright colors and never wore anything but black, navy, dark green, beige, or wine. Nor were the styles youthful or extreme. She was careful about her skirt

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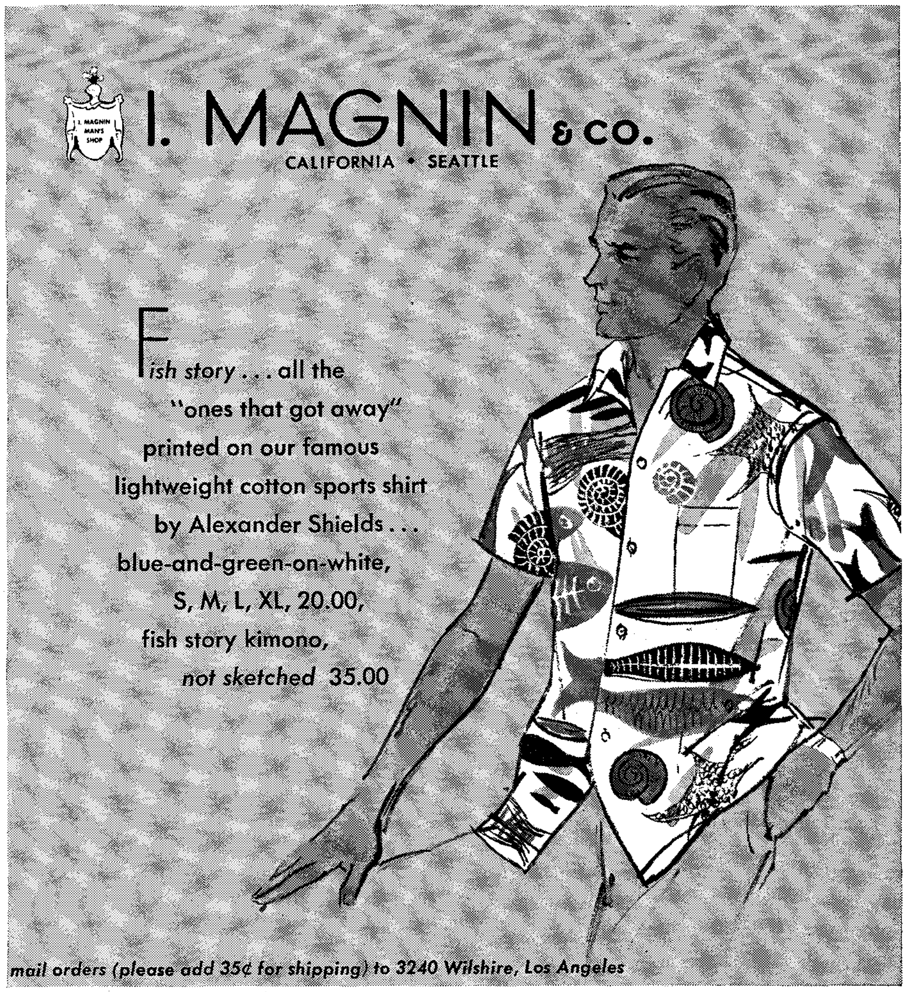
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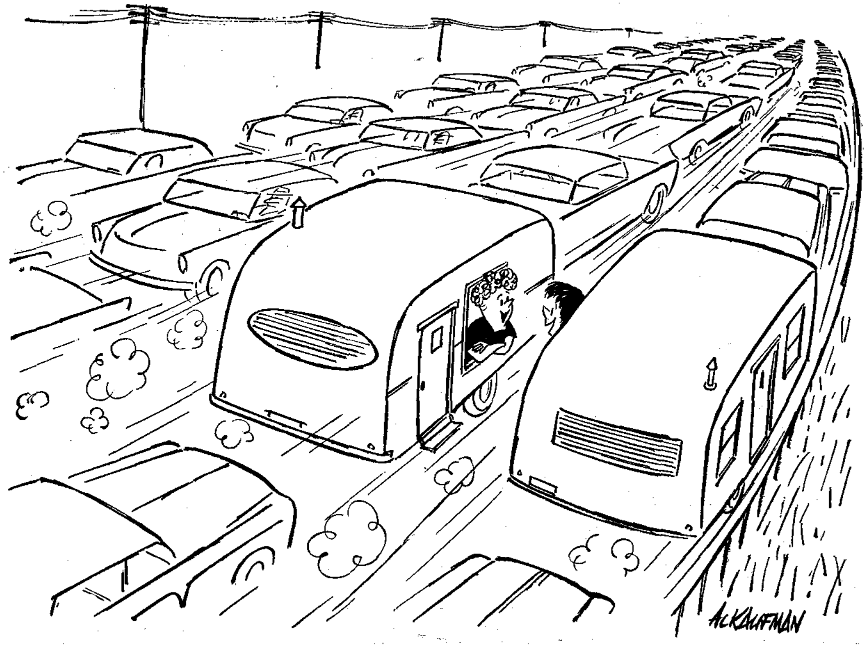

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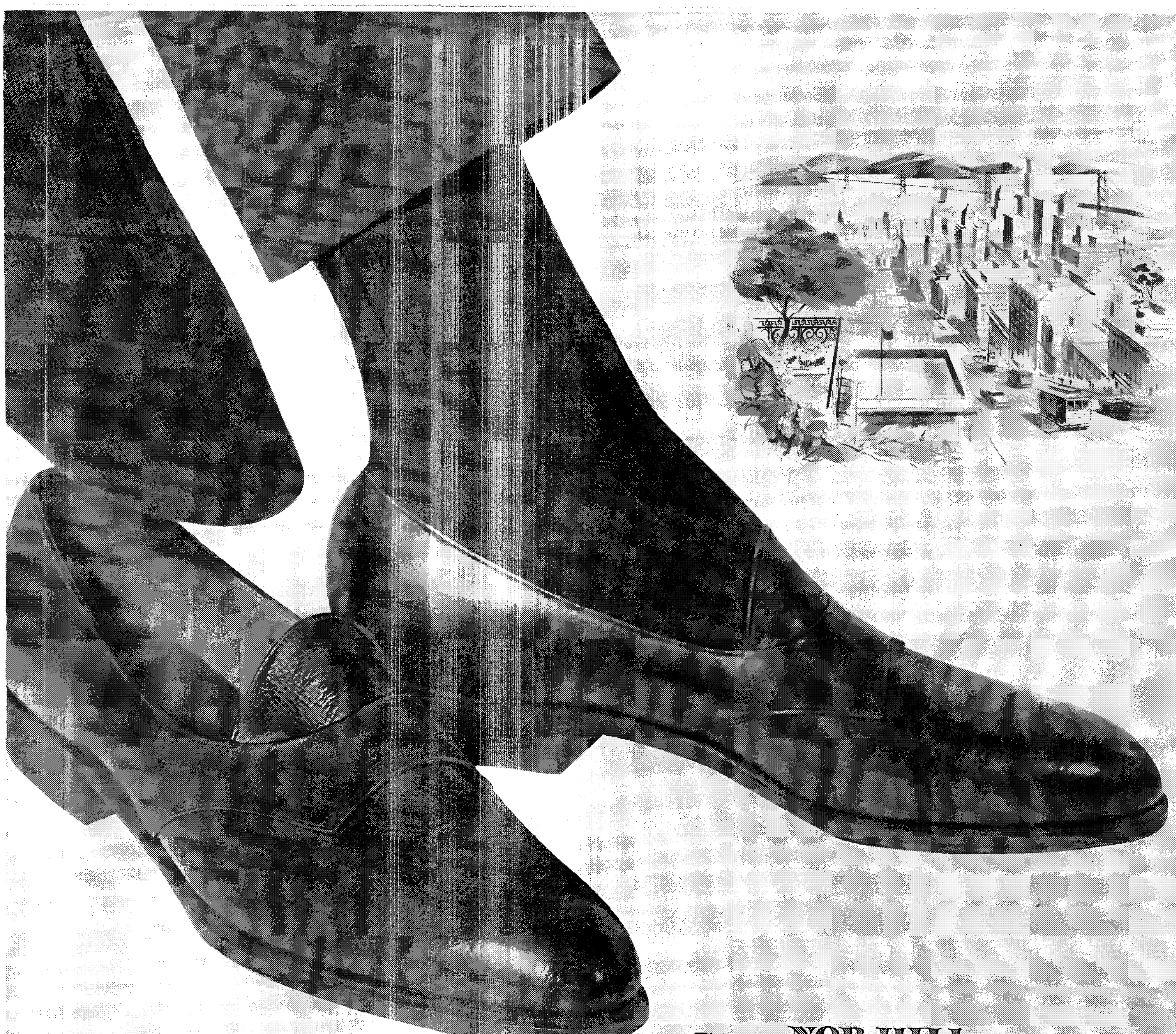
lengths; her dresses were lavish in tucks and shirring, but the cut was simple and discreet. She wore small pearl earrings and a short string of pearls; her rings were concealed by her gloves. Underneath the gloves, her nails were natural-color, polished with a buffer. Nor did her toilet table contain a lipstick. Yet the whole effect she made was of an indescribable daring.

It was partly the black hair, so improbably black and glossy. It was partly the mascara and the eyeshadow surrounding her narrow black watchful eyes, though these aids to beauty were not applied carelessly but with an infinite discretion. It was the rouge, perhaps, most of all, the rouge and the powder and the vanishing cream underneath. When she perspired, on a warm day, the little beads of sweat on her eagle nose under her nose veil and on her long upper lip would produce a caked look that seemed sad, as though her skin were crying. Yet not even her cosmetics and the world of consummate artifice they suggested could account for the peculiarly florid impression she made as she moved across the store, peering through her *lorgnon* at the novelties and notions, and vanished into the elevator, up to the lending library or the custom-made or the hat department—her favorite purlieus—where elderly salespeople, *her* salespeople, would hurry up to greet her, throwing their arms around her, just as though they had not seen her the day before.

"Have you got anything for me?" my grandmother would demand of Mrs. Slaughter, the red-haired hat lady at Frederick's, surveying the premises with a kind of jesting coquetry, a hand on her hip. This was the same tone she took with the clerks in the circulating library or with the butcher on the telephone—a tone of challenging banter, as though she defied these people, her suitors, to please her.

On a good day, Mrs. Slaughter would bring out two or three hats she had "put away" for my grandmother in a special cupboard. "They just came in," she would whisper. "I've been saving them for you." My grandmother would try them on before the mirror, tilting her head sidewise and back in an odd way she had, at once vain and highly self-critical. If she liked one of them well enough, she would walk to the full-length mirror and assay herself, thrusting one small foot forward and balancing back and forth, seeming to weigh herself and the hat in the scales of judgment. To my disappointment, watching her, she never bought



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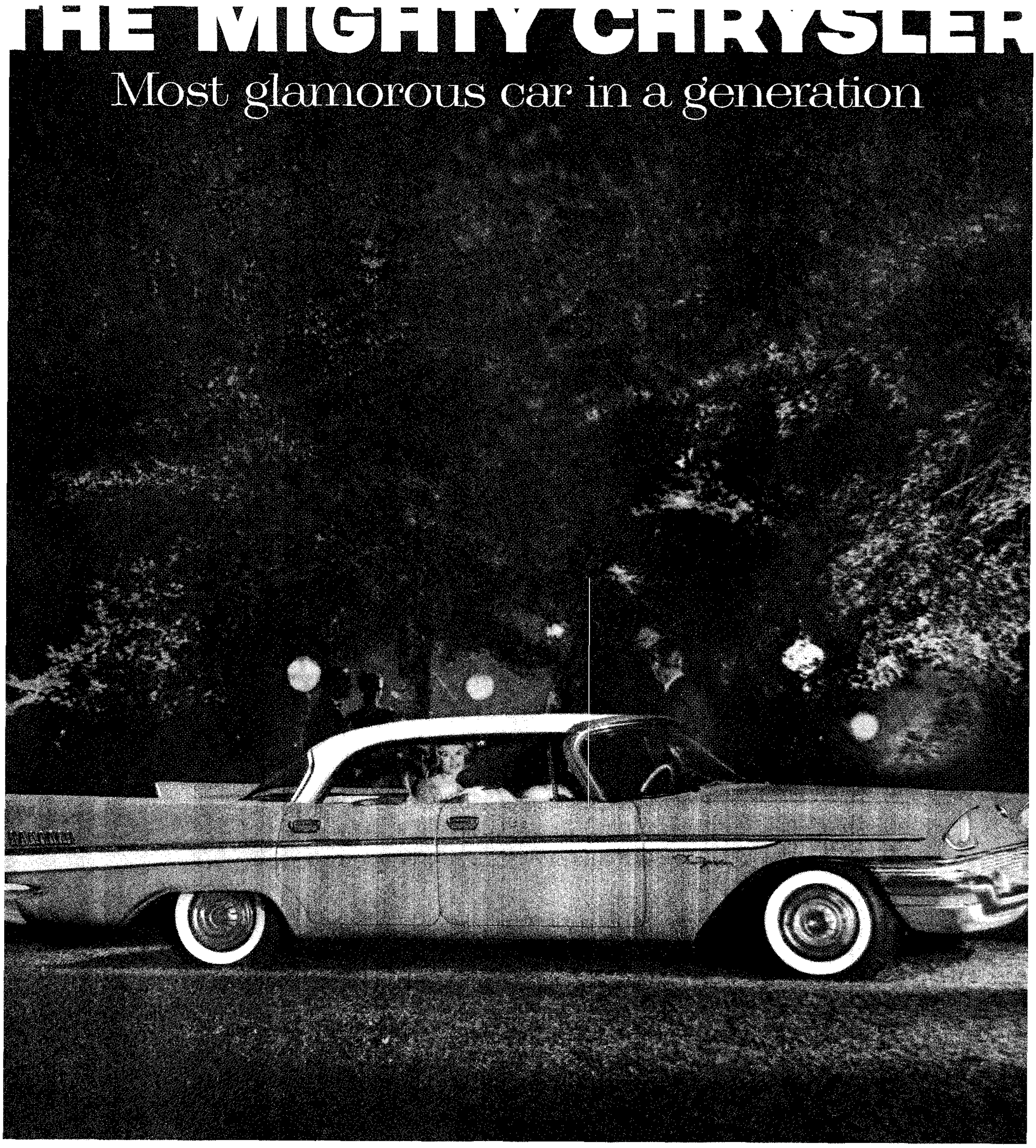
on the spot. She would set the hat or hats down on the table, as if she were through with them, and Mrs. Slaughter, who seemed to be a mind reader, would whisk them back into the special cupboard, where they would wait, out of sight of other customers, for several days or even a week, while my grandmother arrived at a decision. She was the same with her shoes and dresses; she would even coquette with a piece of meat. It was as though she would not give these things the satisfaction of letting them see that she liked them. To her, every piece of merchandise, suing for her favor, appeared to enter the masculine gender and to be subject, therefore, to rebuff. Yet the salespeople were all eager to oblige her, for she was a good customer and, more than that, underneath her badinage, always good-humored.

It pleased her to pretend to be cross with them; indeed, in all her dealings she had an air of just consenting to be mollified. Her veteran salespeople would flatter her ("You're looking younger every day, Mrs. Preston. Nobody would believe this young lady was your granddaughter. Make her pass for your daughter"), and my grandmother would hide her gratification in a short, tart, scathing laugh. Actually, they were proud of her, for she did look remarkably young, despite her blazonry of makeup; she *could* have passed for my mother. They were genuinely fond of her. "Take care of yourself," they would call after her, and some of them used to kiss her. My grandmother pretended to be suspicious of these manifestations; a muscle moved, like a protest, in her cheek while the kiss was being planted.

She was lonely. That was the thing that made her seem so garish and caused people to turn their heads when she went by. Loneliness is a garish quality, and my grandmother's wardrobe and elaborate toilette appeared flamboyant because they emphasized her isolation. An old woman trying to look young is a common enough sight, but my grandmother was something stranger and sadder—a hermit all dressed up for a gala, a recluse on stubborn parade. Tagging along, I was half conscious, even as a little girl, of the bizarre figure my grandmother cut, and if I had not known her, my imagination might have woven some story around her for a school composition—the holocaust, at the very least, of all her nearest and dearest, her husband gone to prison, her children branded as traitors. . . .

But in fact, during the years I knew



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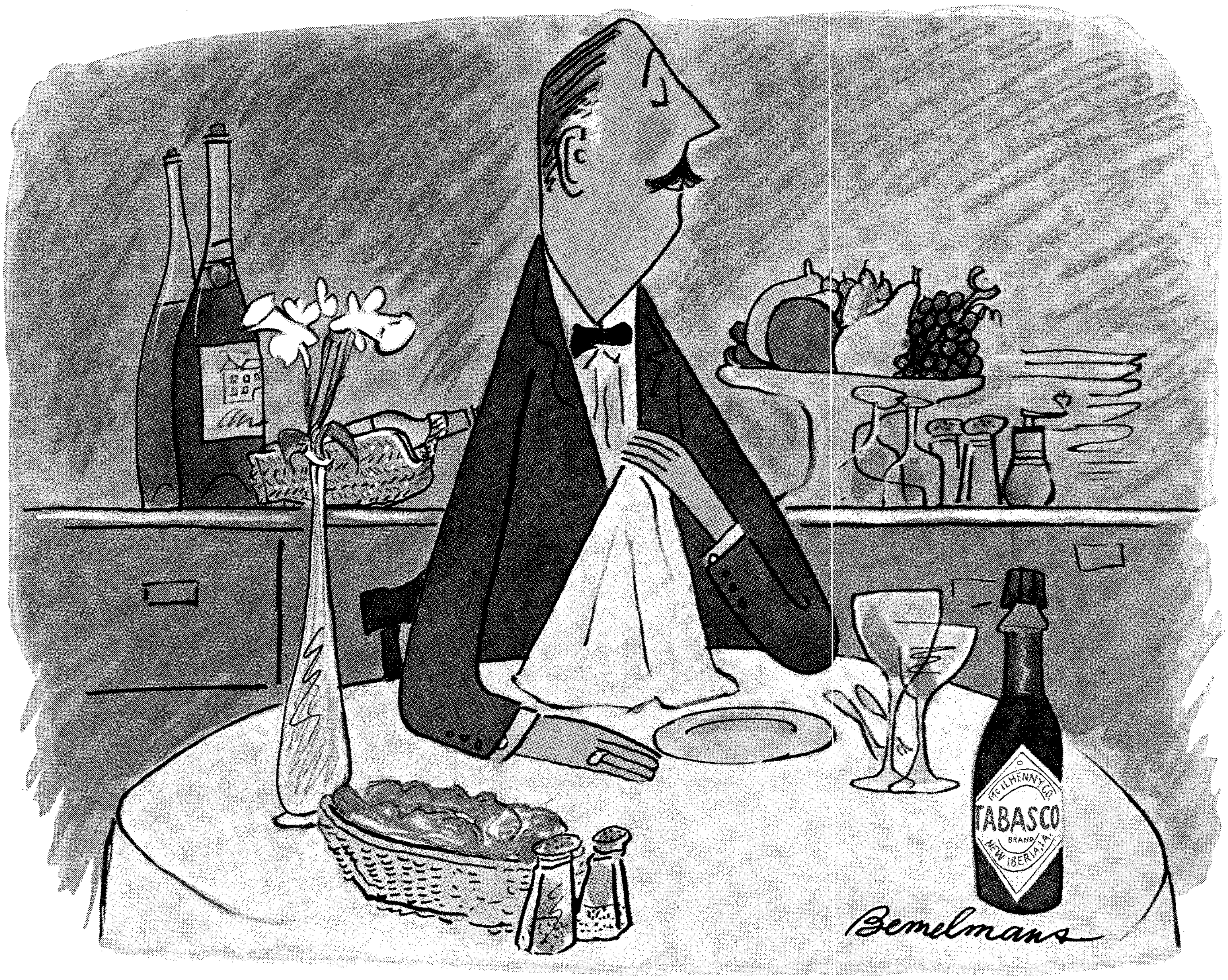
A well-seasoned traveler's guide to Tabasco



The sauces and gravies of Paris

The tourist long remembers the sights of Paris. But, like as not, he remembers with equal fondness a certain recipe he savored in this enchanted city.

It was such a sauce I tasted in a little out-of-the-way inn of the type Frenchmen consider their own. The specialté of the house was "*Tournedos Béarnaise*" . . . beef tenderloin served on sautéed croutons and garnished with a superlative sauce. The latter included a subtle something that seemed familiar, yet elusive. So I asked my host about it.

"That," he smiled, "is American. It is Tabasco pepper sauce, the liquid seasoning from Louisiana."

I was ashamed. For I have visited Avery Island, home of Tabasco*. I have seen with my own eyes the bright red peppers being aged and mellowed in ancient casks to liquid perfection. "The cooks of Paris," I thought, "have nothing on the homemakers of America. For, right in our own land, we have Tabasco. Ready to give everyday dishes a Parisienne flair."

**TABASCO is the registered trademark for the pepper sauce made by the McIlhenny Company, Avery Island, Louisiana.*

Drawn Butter Sauce Tabasco—Ideal for shrimp, steak, broccoli! Melt ¼ lb. butter, add ½ to 1 teaspoon Tabasco and stir. Serve in individual dishes.

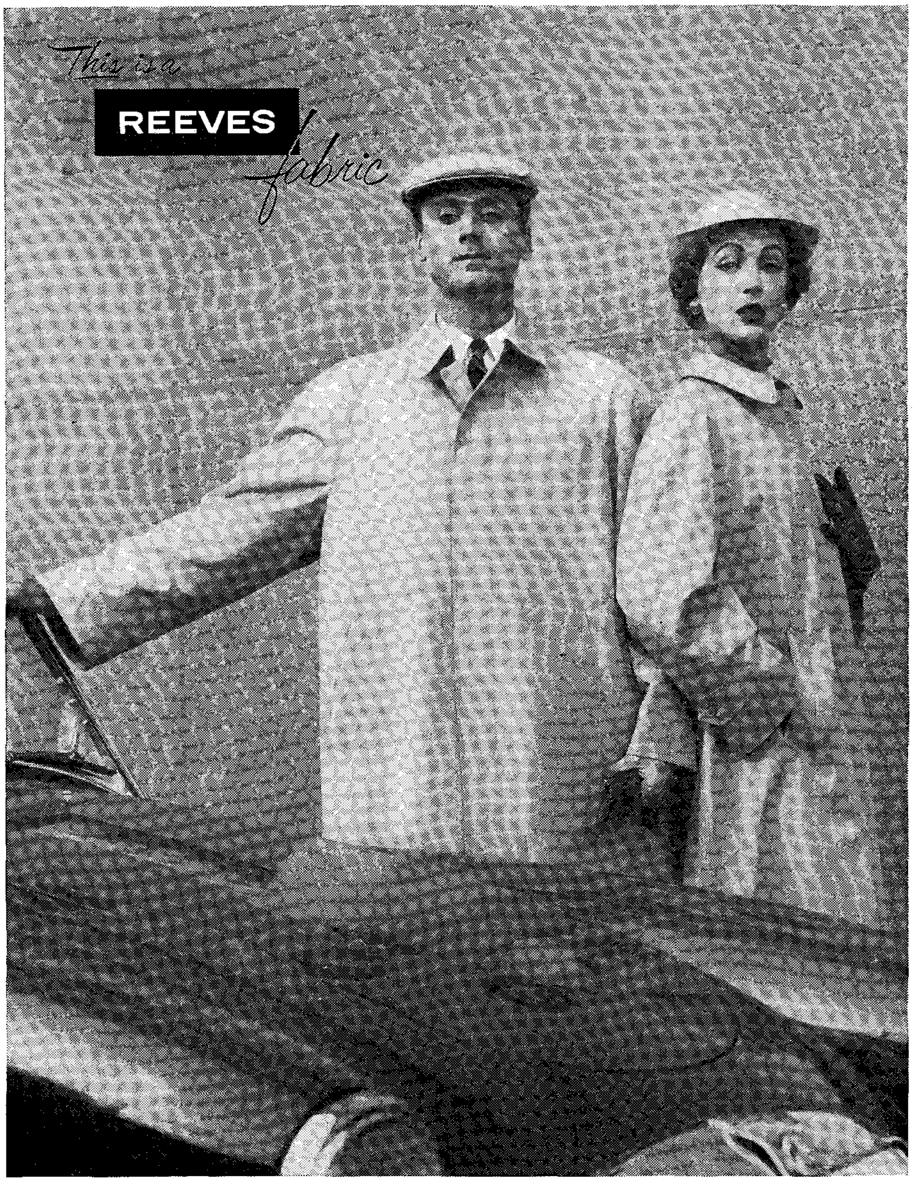
Pot Roast Gravy Parisienne—Add ¼ teaspoon Tabasco to liquid while cooking. For that "gourmet touch," add a few extra drops just before serving. *Magnifique!*

French Dressing Supreme—A few drops of Tabasco work wonders in French dressing, gives it a flavor that is *distingué.*

her best—the years after I had left the convent and was in boarding school in Tacoma—she had a husband; two sons, whom she saw every day (one of them lived at home and went to the University, and the other lived across the street with an exemplary wife); two sisters, whom she saw nearly every day; a sister-in-law, Aunt Alice Carr, who lived downtown in the Sorrento Hotel; a granddaughter (myself) who came home from school for vacations; a cook; and an old gardener who had been with her twenty-five years—the original family coachman. All these people were devoted to her. She was independent; she had her own investments and drove her own car. Every winter, my grandfather took her to California, where they ate at the best restaurants and lived at the best hotels and went to the races at Tijuana, over the border. He was a distinguished citizen, with a prosperous law practice, a reputation for immense integrity, and countless friends and cronies. During my sophomore year in boarding school, he took her to New York, where they saw nearly every play on the boards and she had an outfit made by a smart new designer in a new color called "kasha," an exact copy of an outfit worn by Katharine Cornell in "The Green Hat," and he took her to Washington, where they had an interview with Calvin Coolidge.

She had nothing to complain of in life. There was nothing wrong with her health, except for a mild diabetic condition, which the best local specialist was controlling, and a high blood pressure that was not dangerous but that gave her headaches in the afternoons. Nor did she complain; she was a little fretful sometimes when she was having her headaches, but she possessed an equable temper—the result, no doubt, of self-discipline. She and I used to quarrel, and she had much to find fault with in my conduct. She worried a good deal about her younger son's late hours. But she was never cross or nagging. It was only much later, when she grew senile, that she became difficult to deal with, capricious and fault-finding, sending the cook downtown to return a mascara applier that dissatisfied her, pushing her food away, soughing and making faces.

But until she reached her second childhood she seemed, on the surface, a contented woman, well situated in life, self-contained, unemotional. The only blights she had suffered, so far as I knew, were the unseasonable death of my mother and a mastoid operation that



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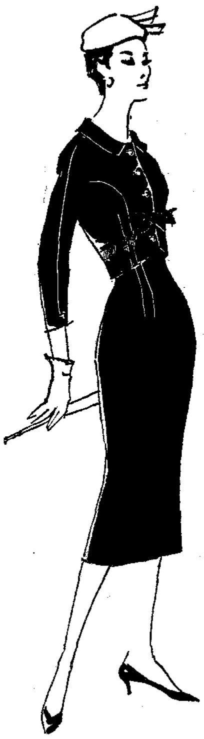
had left her with some scars just under her ears, in her neck and lower cheeks. If she was cold to me for a few days, or stopped speaking, abruptly, to Gertrude, or feuded with my grandfather's brother, Uncle Clarence, these were mere quirks—the privileges of beauty—that did nobody any harm. She was not a demonstrative person, but neither were her sons or her husband or her daughter-in-law; they all seemed to have been cut from the same bolt of cloth. I was the only member of the family—not counting Aunt Rosie—who was excitable.

WHEN I was brought back from Minneapolis to live with my grandparents, I was impressed by our house and its appurtenances, much as I had been as a young child—the bay-window seat in the parlor, the cabinet with opaline Tiffany glass and little demitasse cups, all different, the grass wallpaper, the pongee-silk curtains, the sleeping porches upstairs, the hawthorn tree in front of the house, the old carriage block with the name "PRESTON" carved on it, the date "1893" over the front door, the Kelvinator in the kitchen, the bell system, the generator in the garage that charged the electric, the silver samovar, the Rhine-wine glasses (never used), with green bowls and crystal stems. To me, the house was like a big toy, full of possibilities for experiment and discovery; I was constantly changing my sleeping quarters—out to the sleeping porch behind my bathroom, upstairs to the little room under the eaves on the cook's floor, back again to my green-and-violet bedroom. Once I even got permission to sleep outdoors, in the moonlight, on the back lawn, overlooking the lake.

The room I was given had been redone for me; I had lots of pretty new clothes, made by my grandmother's own dressmaker; the gardener drove me about in the electric and let me practice steering; I did not have to wear glasses any more, as I had had to in Minneapolis, and I could read anything I wanted to in my grandfather's library: Dickens and Frank Stockton and Bulwer-Lytton and Sienkiewicz, and the Elsie Dinsmore books, which had belonged to my mother. I could look through the stereoscope, or play an old record of "Casey at the Bat" on the new Victrola. Everything we had seemed superior to anything anyone else had—the flowers in our garden, the vegetables on the table, which we grew ourselves in the lower garden instead of getting them from the store, as other people did. We had straw-



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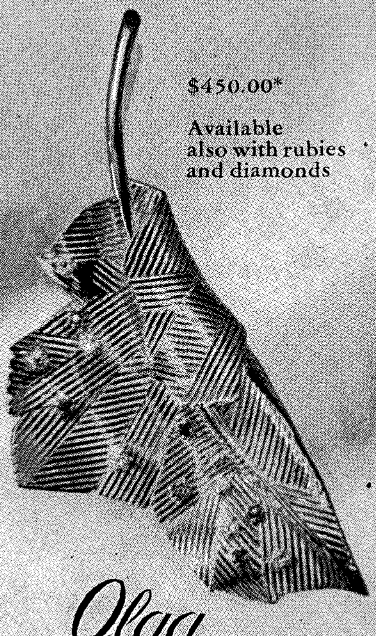

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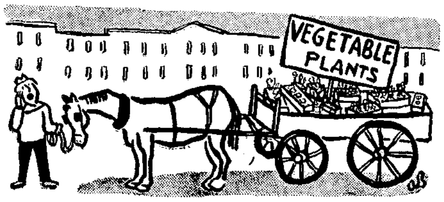
berry beds, too, and rows of currant bushes, a crab-apple tree and two kinds of cherry trees, black and Royal Ann, and—something very special for Seattle—my grandmother's favorite, an apricot tree. At Christmas, we had our own holly, cut from a tree in the front yard; the idea that this was better than other holly persisted in my grandmother's mind to the very end, for every year until she died, a box would arrive for me, just before Christmas, in New England, from Seattle, packed full of holly from the Preston tree. My grandmother's gardening was a distinguished, personal thing; she never joined a garden club or pored over seed catalogues, or exchanged slips or compared notes with other gardeners. Every morning after breakfast, she gave directions to the old gardener, descending from the back porch in a farmer's straw hat and a smock, with a basket over her arm, to pick flowers for the day's bouquets and supervise the new asparagus bed he was laying out or the planting of the new variety of sweet corn they were trying.

She was greedy, in a delicate way, picking daintily at her food, yet finishing off a whole bowl of fresh apricots or a dozen small buttered ears of the tenderest white corn. She had a cormorant's rapacity for the first fruits of the season: the tiniest peas, the youngest corn, baby beets cooked with their greens. This emphasis of hers on the youth of the garden's produce made her fastidious appetite seem a little indecent—cannibalistic, as though she belonged to a species that devoured its own young. "Take a spring chicken," many of her recipes began, and the phrase often salted her conversation. "She's no spring chicken," she would say of another woman. Baby beets, new potatoes, young asparagus, embryonic string beans, tiny Olympia oysters, tiny curling shrimps, lactary ears of corn—like my grandmother's clothes, our food was almost too choice, unseemly for daily use. The specialties of our table were like those of a very good hotel or club: Olympia-oyster cocktail and devilled Dungeness crabs; a salad, served as a first course, that started with a thick slice of tomato, on which was balanced an artichoke heart containing crabmeat, which in turn was covered with Thousand Island dressing and sprinkled with



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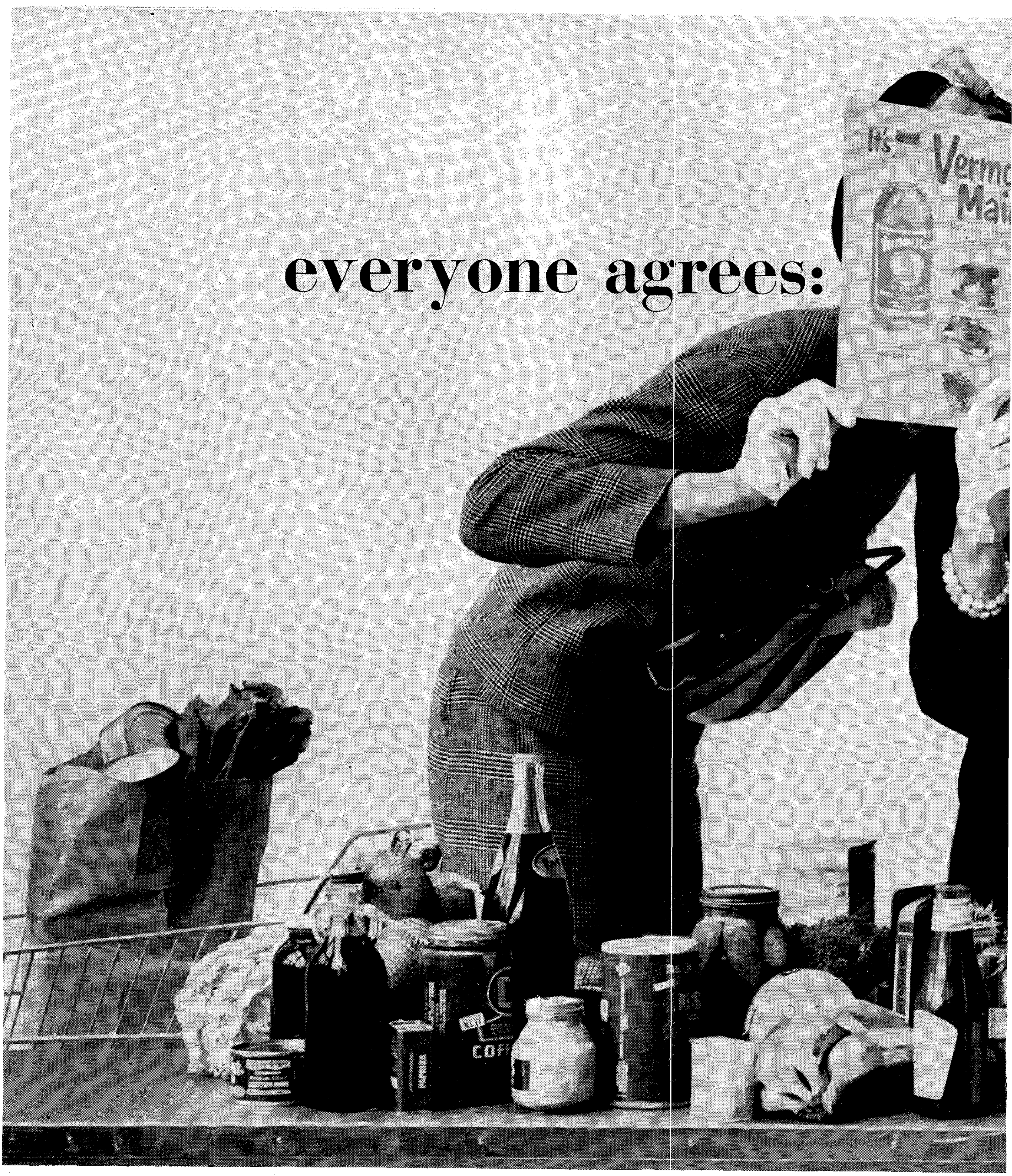

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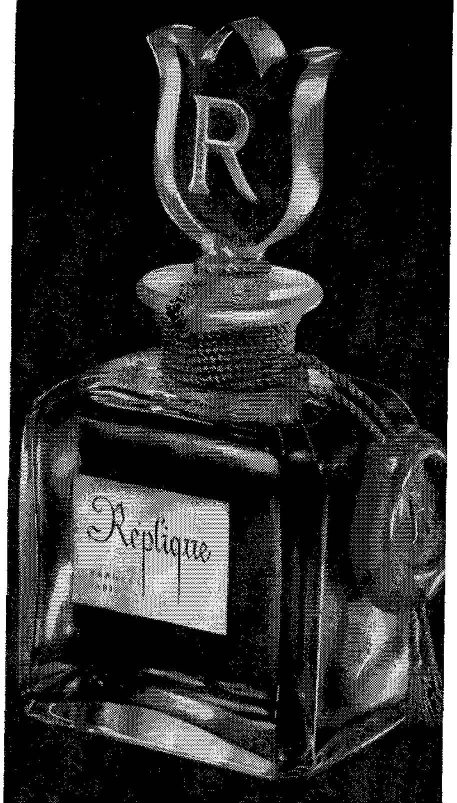

the essence

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riced egg yolk; a young salmon served in a sherry sauce with oysters and little shrimps; eggs stuffed with chicken livers. We ate this company food every day; every meal was a surprise, aimed at pleasing some member of the family, as though we were all invalids who had to be "tempted." On Sundays, the ice cream, turned by the gardener in the freezer on the back porch, was chosen to suit me; we had strawberry (our own strawberries), peach, peppermint (made from crushed candy canes), and the one I was always begging for—bisque. Our icebox always contained a bowl of freshly made mayonnaise and a bowl of Thousand Island dressing, and usually a chicken or a turkey and a mold or *bombe* with maraschino cherries, whipped cream, and macaroons or ladyfingers in it. My grandmother's own palate was blander than the rest of the family's. I associate her with sweetbreads, with patty shells, and with a *poulette* sauce.

Or, if I shut my eyes, I can see her at the head of the table, on a summer morning, wearing her horn-rimmed reading glasses, the newspaper before her on a silver rack; there is a dish of fresh apricots in the middle of the table, and as she reads, her bare, plump white arm, as if absently, stretches out toward this dish; her slender, tapering fingers pinch the fruit, and she selects the choicest, ripest one. The process is repeated until the dish is empty, and she does not look up from her paper. I had a tremendous appetite myself ("If she assimilated all she ate, she'd be a mountain," my older uncle's wife used to comment after a Sunday-night supper), but my grandmother's voracity, so finical, so selective, chilled me with its mature sensuality, which was just the opposite of hunger. I conceived an aversion to apricots—a tasteless fruit anyway, I considered—from watching her with them, just as though I had witnessed what Freud calls the primal scene. Now I, too, am fond of them, and whenever I choose one from a plate, I think of my grandmother's body, full-fleshed, bland, smooth, and plump, cushioning in itself, close held—a secret, like the flat brown seed of the apricot.

THIS body of hers was the cult object around which our household revolved. As a young girl, I knew her shoe size and her hat size and her glove size, her height and weight, the things she ate and didn't eat, her preferences in underwear and nightgowns and stockings, the contents of her dressing table in the bathroom, down to the pumice stone that she used for removing an occasional hair from under her arms; one of her beauty attributes was that her white, shapely arms and legs were almost totally hairless, so that she never had to depend on a depilatory or a razor. No other woman has ever been known to me in such a wealth of fleshly, material detail; everything she touched became imbued for me with her presence, as though it were a relic. I still see her clothes, plumped to her shape, hanging on their velvet-covered hangers in her closet, which was permeated with the faint scents of powder and perfume, and the salty smell of her perspiration; she comes back to me in dress shields, in darned service-sheer stockings (for morning), in fagoting and hemstitching, in voile and batiste, in bouclé and monkey fur, in lace dyed écru with tea.

I never saw her undressed. Once, when she was in her seventies, I did catch a disturbing glimpse of her thighs, which were dazzling, not only in their whiteness and firmness but in the fineness of the skin's texture—closer to a delicate chiffon than to silk or satin. Disturbing because I knew she would not want to be looked at, even in admiration. She shared with my grandfather the mysteries of the big bathroom, but until she became bedridden, no one else, I think, ever saw her in less than her corset, camisole, and petticoat.

The big bathroom, which had a sofa covered with worn Oriental carpeting and an old-fashioned deep tub with claw feet, was the temple of her beauty, and I never went into it, even as a grown woman, without feeling as if I were trespassing. For me, as a young girl, it had all the attractions of the forbidden, and as soon as my grandmother left the house in the afternoon, I would fly in to examine her salves and ointments, buffers and pencils and swabs, brushes and tweezers, her jars and bottles from Elizabeth Arden, Dorothy Gray, Marie Earle, Helena Rubinstein, and Harriet Hubbard Ayer, her skin food, neck lotion, special astringent, and anti-wrinkle emollient, Hinds Honey and Almond, cucumber lotion, Murine, special eye lotion, Velva Cream, mascara, eyeshadow, dry rouge, paste rouge, vanishing cream, powders, chin strap, facial mask. One day, I found a box of something called Turkish Delight, which I took, from its name, to be a beauty preparation used in harems.

The room had a queer, potpourri smell; my grandmother seldom threw anything away, and some of her cosmetics were so old they had gone rancid. Another odor, medicinal, sometimes

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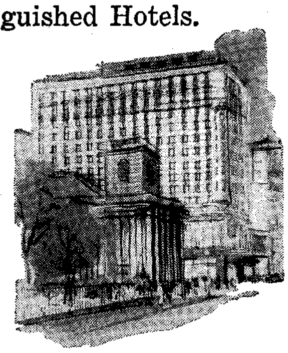

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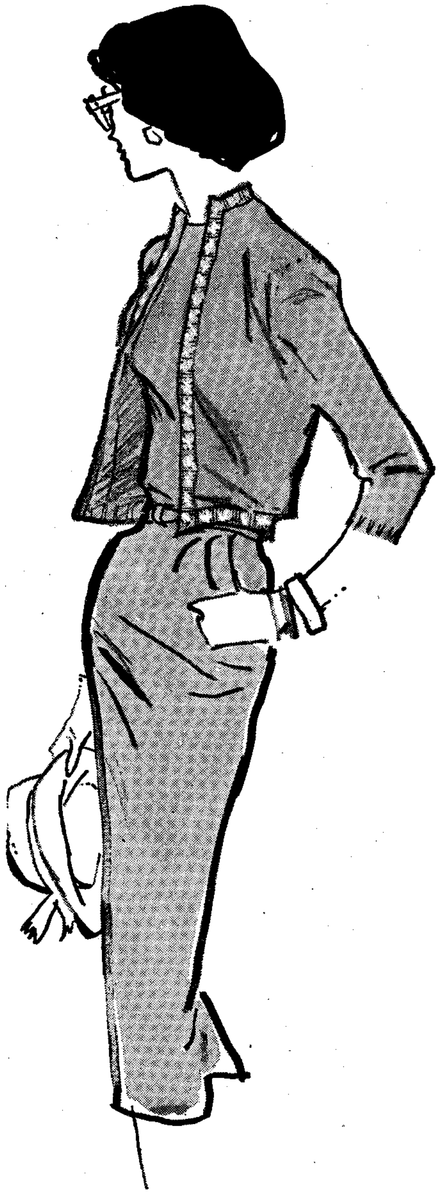

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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER AND WHITE PLAINS

hung about the room in the morning; I smelled it on the days when I was allowed to have my hair washed in the basin there, by my grandmother's "woman." Actually, as I learned many years later, what I smelled was bourbon whiskey; my grandfather, though a temperate man, was accustomed to have two shots of bourbon before breakfast. The only other signs of his presence were a bottle of Eau Lilas Végétal—a purple cologne—on my grandmother's dressing table and some corn plasters in one of its drawers. He kept his shaving things, as I recall, in a small dressing room that opened off the big bathroom. You could find almost anything there: medicine, bath salts, an unopened bottle of Virginia Dare, family photographs, fishing tackle, Christmas presents that were being hidden, newspaper clippings that dated back to the time when my grandfather had been running for United States Senator. (He was defeated by Levi Ankeny, of Walla Walla.)

The temptation to try out some of my grandmother's beauty aids got the better of me when I was twelve. Unfortunately (like her Household Hint for a successful marriage), most of them had no bearing on my particular problems. "Not for the Youthful Skin," cautioned one astringent, and there was nothing in her crowded drawers for freckles. I did not need eyebrow pencil; my eyebrows were too thick already, and I had recently performed the experiment of shaving half of them off in the convent, while my grandparents were in California. My nose was my chief worry; it was too snub, and I had been sleeping with a clothespin on it to give it a more aristocratic shape. Also, I was bowlegged, and I was wondering about having an operation I had heard about that involved having your legs broken and reset. The dressing table offered no help on these scores, and, failing to find a lipstick and being timorous of the curling iron, I had to be satisfied with smearing a little paste rouge on my lips and putting dry rouge on my cheekbones (to draw attention away from the nose) and pink powder all over my face. I myself could see little change, but my grandmother could, and as soon as she came home that afternoon, a terrible scene took place, for I felt so guilty at what I had done that I would not admit I had been "into" her dressing table, even when confronted with the proof in the disarrayed drawers and the rouge that came off on the handkerchief she applied firmly to my cheek.

She did not actually, as I learned

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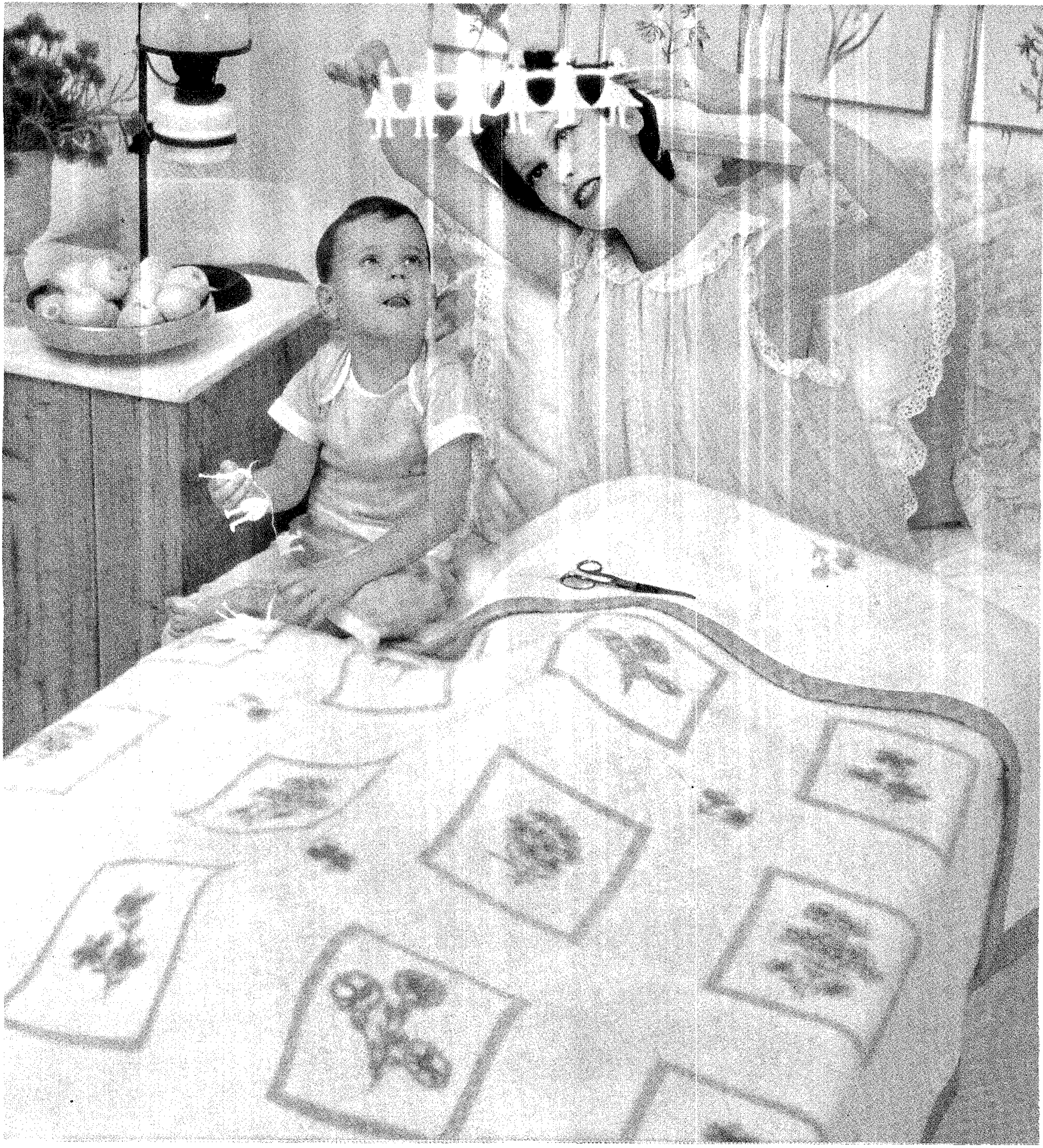

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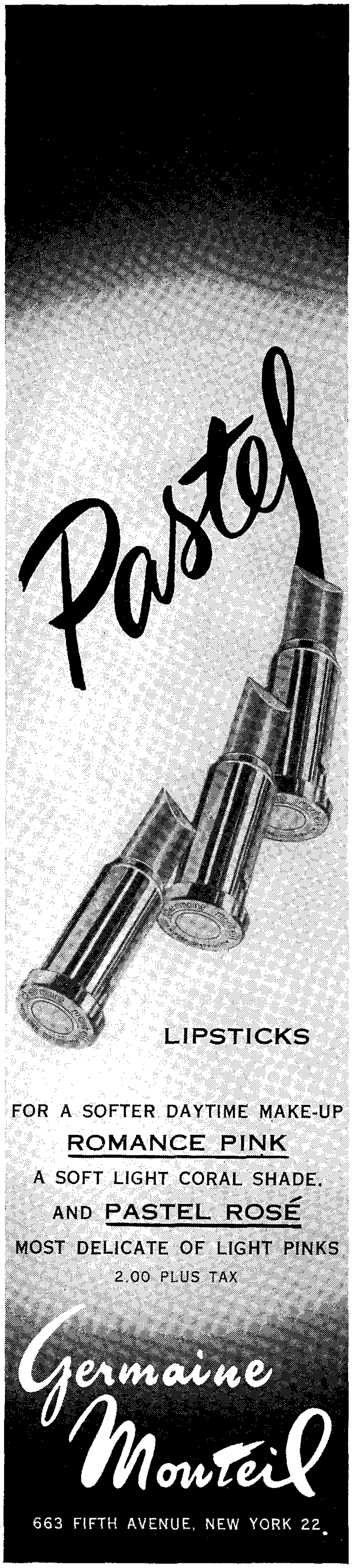
later, think that what I had done was so bad; it was the lying that offended her. But I was convinced that I had committed a real crime, so terrible that I might be sent away from home. The idea that I was not to touch my grandmother's things had impressed itself on my excitable mind like a Mosaic commandment. I had left the well-codified Catholic world in which my young childhood had been spent, and in this new world I could no longer tell what was a mortal and what a venial sin. The bathroom figured to me as the center of everything in the Preston family life from which I was excluded. I had begun to wonder about this family life a little; it was not as much fun as I had thought at first. In spite of the glamour that lay on it like a spell, I was not having as good a time, nearly, as my schoolmates had. Yet when I tried to determine what was different, the only thing I could put my finger on then was that, unlike other people, we did not have a regular lunch at home, and that at the time most people were lunching my grandmother was in the bathroom with the door shut.

THIS seems a small complaint, but the clue to everything was there. When I think of our house now, the strongest memory that comes back to me is of shut doors and silence. My young uncle, five years older than I was, had his own apartments, reached by a dark set of stairs that branched off the main staircase at the landing; my grandmother and grandfather had their separate chain of rooms, connected by a series of inner doors; the cook had her own, on the third floor, though she had to tiptoe down to share my bathroom; the gardener lived over the garage in rooms I never saw. There was no guest room.

During the greater part of the day, the upstairs hall was in gloom, because every door opening off it, except mine, was shut. The common rooms downstairs—the library, parlor, and living room—were seldom used in the daytime by anyone but me. The rest of the family kept to their own quarters; you would have thought the house was empty when everyone was home. I remember those summer mornings during school vacations. The mornings of the long years of my teens were so alike that they might have been one morning. The silence was profound. Every member of the family, except me, was taciturn—the cook and the gardener, too. After a wordless breakfast (my grandfather had already gone



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to the office), I was left to my own devices while my grandmother went out to the garden, picked flowers, then arranged them in the pantry; every vase in the house was renewed daily, but I was not allowed to help with the bouquets. Then she climbed the stairs to her bedroom; the door was shut and stayed shut for an hour or more while she talked on the telephone to her sisters and the butcher. During this period, the stillness was broken only by the hum of the vacuum cleaner and the sound of the mail dropping through the slot in the front door.

There was never any interesting mail, just the *National Geographic*, *Vogue*, and the *American Boy* (which my grandfather, for some reason, had subscribed to for me), some ads and charitable appeals addressed to "The Honorable Harold Preston," and perhaps a letter from Aunt Eva or Aunt Alice Carr. After a time that seemed interminable, while I lay on the sofa reading and waiting for something to happen, the door to the old nursery upstairs, where my grandfather slept and my grandmother did her sewing, would open—a signal to me that I could come up if I wanted. Then, for another hour, we would sit opposite each other in the bay window, my grandmother mending, or looking through the latest copy of *Vogue*, I staring out the window and trying to start a conversation.

"What did Aunt Rosie have to say?" I would begin. "Oh, nothing," she would answer. "Just talk. You know Rosie." Or "Uncle Mose isn't feeling so well." Or "She had a letter from Mortie in New York." Silence. When she was finished with the magazine, she would pass it on to me, and I would study the society notices of weddings and engagements, but there was never anything from Seattle. New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco—that was all. You would think, to read *Vogue*, that nothing ever happened in Seattle, a supposition that, from where *I* sat, was true. Yet I never lost hope; I think I somehow expected to find my own name in those columns, just as I somehow expected that, down below, a roadster would turn the corner with a boy in it who had discovered that I existed. My interest in boys was one of the many subjects I could not discuss with my grandmother; I was not supposed to be aware of them until I was in college. Indeed, the only topics we had in common were clothes and movie actors and actresses. She disliked the kind of books I read and would have disliked the girls I saw if she had had any inkling of what

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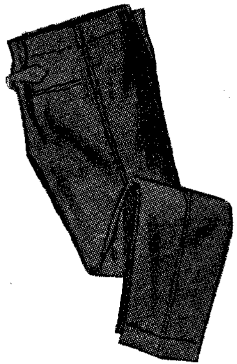

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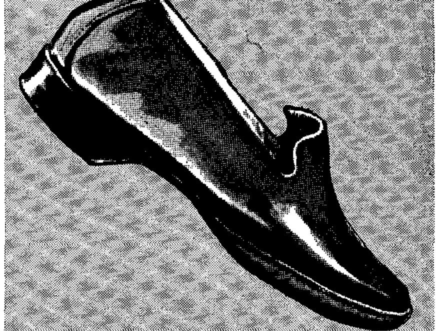

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they were like. She would never give her opinion of any member of the family, including those she was "mad" at. For all my fishing, I could never find out even a simple thing, such as what she thought of me.

The liveliest time we had, in all the mornings we sat opposite each other in the nursery, was when I wrote in for a Vogue pattern to make a tennis dress. If I could have learned to sew, or she had had the patience to teach me, we might have found a medium in which we could communicate. The tennis dress, thanks to her help, did not come out too badly, and, encouraged, I wrote for another pattern—a model far too old for me, in tiers of crêpe de Chine that were supposed to shade from a pale yellow, through apricot, to flame. This dress was never finished; I found the blushing remains of it in a hall cupboard on my last visit home.

The dressmaking phase, of which my grandfather entertained great hopes, was a failure. We could never be "like mother and daughter" to each other, in spite of what people said. She could not bear to watch me sewing without a thimble and with a long thread that had a slightly dirty knot on the end of it. If I started on a piece of mending, my ineptitude always drove her to finish it.

MUCH of my adolescent boredom and discontent sprang from the fact that I had absolutely nothing to do but read and play the Victrola. I was not allowed in the kitchen, except to fix a sandwich for my lunch, because of a historic mess I had made with a batch of marshmallows; as with the dawn-colored dress, I had been too ambitious for a beginner. All I know today of sewing I learned in boarding school and, earlier, from the nuns in the convent, and the only person who was willing to show me anything about cooking was the old gardener-chauffeur, who used to come in and make German-fried potatoes for his lunch. On the cook's day out, he would let me watch him and then try it myself. In our family now, we have a dish called, in his memory, chauffeur-fried potatoes; they are very good.

My grandmother herself did not eat lunch as a regular thing, and at twelve o'clock, or sometimes earlier, my audience was over. She would get up from her chair and retire to the bathroom, shutting the door into the hall behind her. In a minute, her bedroom door closed, the nursery door closed. From then on till a time that varied between two and three o'clock, she was invisible; no one was allowed to disturb her. She

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Edith Asbury is a "typical" New Yorker, born in Ohio, schooled at Western College for Women, educated at the University of Tennessee and at Columbia. Before coming to New York she worked for newspapers in Cincinnati and in Knoxville. Before coming to The Times in 1952 she was a reporter for the New York Post and The Associated Press, information director for the New York City Housing Authority, assistant women's news editor for the World-Telegram and Sun.

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was getting ready to go downtown. This sortie was the climax of her day. Her bedroom door would open, revealing her in festive array; every outfit she wore, like every meal, was a surprise. The car would be waiting in front of the old carriage block, and we would set off, sometimes stopping for Aunt Rosie. The next two or three hours would be spent in the stores, trying on, ransacking counters. My grandmother was not much interested in bargains, though we never missed a sale at Helen Igoe's or Magnin's; what she cared about was the "latest wrinkle" in dresses or furs or notions—news from the fashion front. During these hours, she reached her highest point of laconic animation and sparkle; she shopped like an epigrammatist in top form, and the extravagance of her purchases matched her brilliant hair and bobbing feathers and turkey walk and pursy pink cheeks.

But at a quarter of five, wherever we were, my grandmother would look at her watch. It was time to pick up Grandpa in front of his club, where he always played a rubber of bridge after leaving the office. At five o'clock, punctually, he would be on the sidewalk, anxiously surveying the traffic for us. The car would draw up; he would climb in and kiss my grandmother's cheek. "Have a good day?" he would ask. "All right," she would reply, sighing a little. We would get home at five-thirty; dinner was at six, punctually. During the meal, my young uncle would be queried as to how he had passed his day, and he would answer with a few monosyllables. My grandmother would mention the names of any persons she had seen on her shopping tour. My grandfather might praise the food. "Allee samee Victor Hugo," he would say, referring to a restaurant in Los Angeles. After dinner, my married uncle would drop in with his wife, perhaps on their way out to a party. My other uncle, yawning, would retire to his quarters. The doorbell might ring. I would run to answer it, and two or three of his friends would tramp past me upstairs to his rooms. The door on the landing would shut. In a little while, he would lope down the stairs to say that he was going out. He would kiss his mother and father, and my grandfather would say to him, "Home by eleven, son." My grandfather and grandmother, having finished the evening papers, would start playing double Canfield, at which my grandmother nearly always won. "I'll have to hitch up my trousers with a safety pin," my grandfather would say to me, jesting, as he paid over her win-

I was a captive dancing girl at the court of Sennacherib. Prized for my comeliness, showered with costly gifts—what I remember best is the luxuriant wool depth of the

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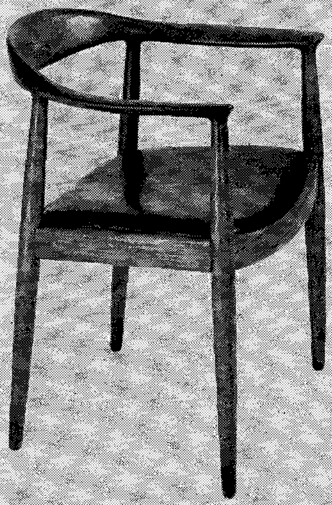

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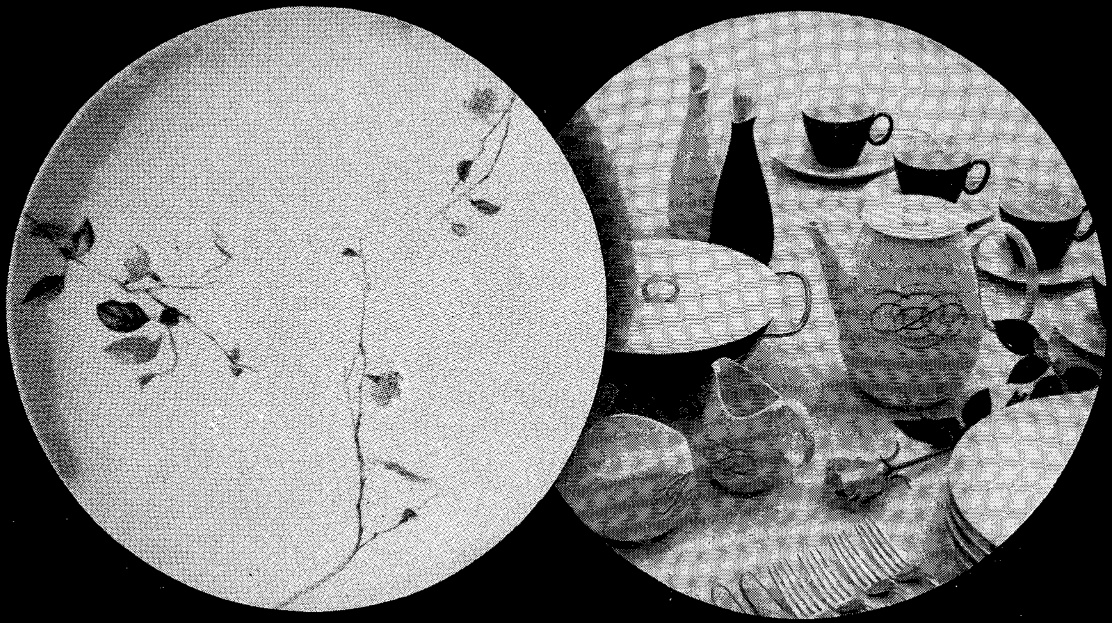

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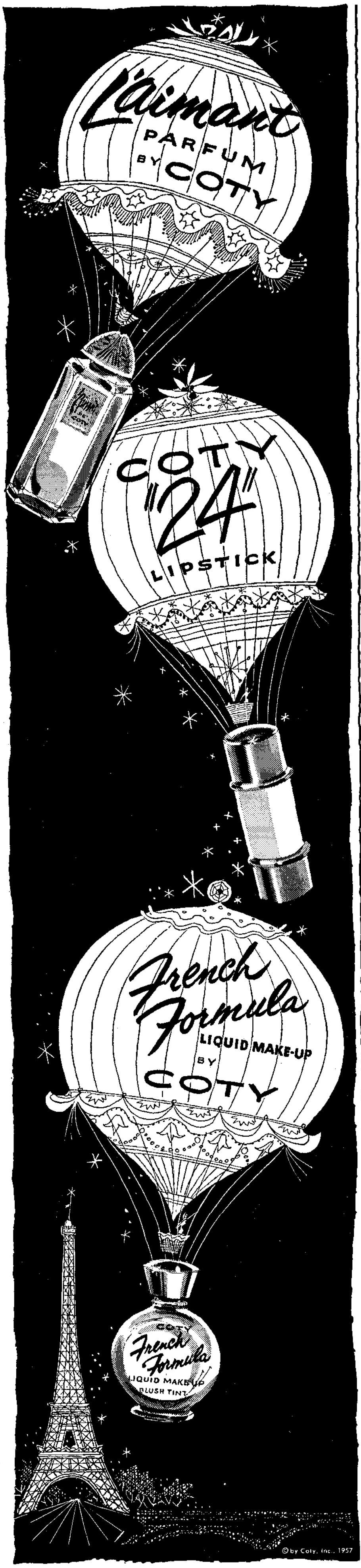
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nings; this expression signified to him the depths of poverty.

Then he might go downtown to his club for a game of poker, or he might stay in his deep chair, smoking a cigar and reading a book that always seemed to be the same book: "The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page." My grandmother would take up her circulating-library book, I would take up mine, and silence would resume its sway over the household. The only sound would be the turning of a page or the click of the door on the kitchen landing as the cook went upstairs to bed. Rarely, the telephone would ring, and I would rush to get it, but it was never anything interesting—someone for my uncle, or a girl for me, asking what I was doing. Or my grandmother would glance over at me as I lay stretched out on the sofa with my copy (disappointing) of "Mademoiselle de Maupin": "Mary, pull your dress down." At ten o'clock, she would close her book, sighing, and start out to the front hall, on her way to bed. "Going up, Mama?" my grandfather would say if he was at home, raising his gray eyes with an invariable air of surprise. "I think so, Harry," she would reply, sighing again, from the stairs. The stairs creaked; her door closed; the bathroom door closed. Soon my grandfather would put down his book and his paper knife, offer his cheek to me for a kiss, and follow her up the stairs. The nursery door would shut.

Occasionally, we would all go to the movies, or to the theatre if a New York company was in town; my grandfather did not care for stock. We saw "The Student Prince" and "No! No! Nanette!" I remember, and "Strange Interlude," which my grandmother pronounced "talky." On Thursday nights, we might go out to dinner at my grandfather's club. On Sundays, the cook left a supper prepared for us; my married uncle and his wife always came to this meal, no matter how many invitations they had to turn down, and sometimes Aunt Eva or Aunt Alice. These suppers usually ended with our going to the movies afterward; we were always home by eleven.

ABOUT once a year, or possibly every two years, my grandmother gave a tea and we had the caterer in. That was the only entertaining we did. Except for Aunt Alice and Aunt Eva (both widows), we never gave anyone dinner outside the immediate family. We never had Uncle Mose and Aunt Rosie, or Uncle Clarence and his wife,

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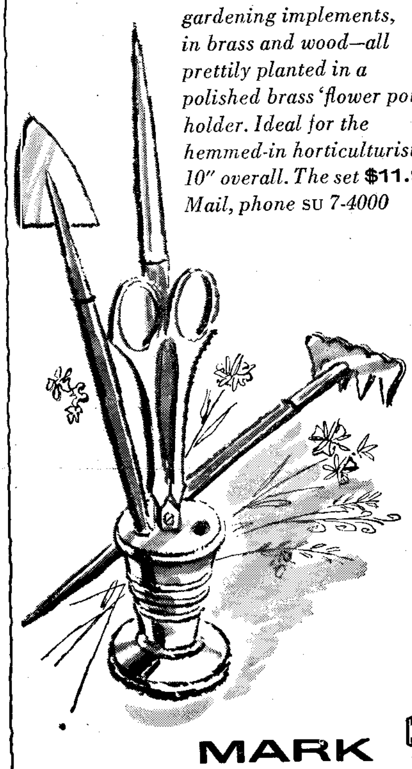

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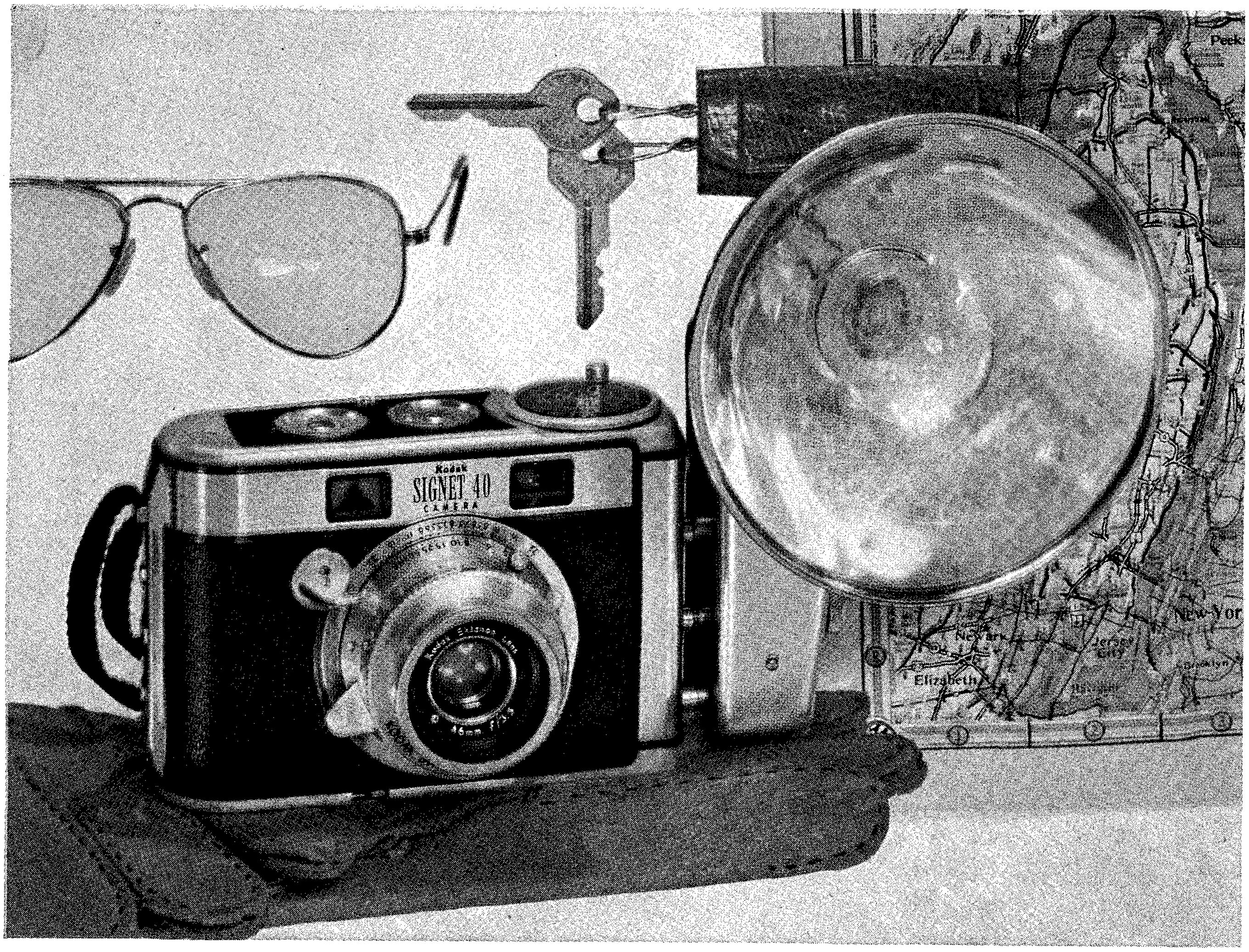

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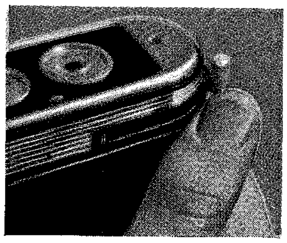
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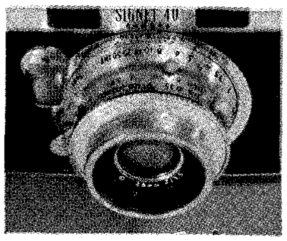
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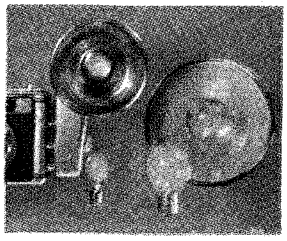
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Aunt Abbie (a vegetarian pair), or any of my cousins and their wives, or my grandfather's partners and theirs. My grandmother's brother Elkan, whom she saw rarely but was not on bad terms with, was never, to my knowledge, in our house, nor were his wife or his numerous progeny. This leads me to wonder whether it was not the Jewish connection that had put the bar on entertaining. "If we have one in the house, we'll have them all," my grandfather may have said. But we did have Aunt Eva, frequently, and once, a great exception, her daughter from Portland, to Sunday lunch. The only other exception that comes back to me was a dinner we gave for old Judge Gilman, of the Great Northern, and his wife; I remember this because the men were served whiskey before dinner, the only time this ever happened in our house. But why we had Judge and Mrs. Gilman I do not know; I think it puzzled me at the time by introducing into my head the question of why we did not have other people, since on this occasion a good time was had by all.

Up to then, it had never occurred to me that my family was remarkably inhospitable. I did not realize how strange it was that no social life was ever planned for me or my young uncle, that no young people were invited for us and no attempt made to secure invitations on our behalf. Indeed, I did not fully realize it until I was over thirty and long a mother myself. If I did not have an ordinary social set but only stray, odd friends, I blamed this on myself, thinking there was something wrong with me, like a petticoat showing, that other people could see and I couldn't. The notion that a family had responsibility for launching the younger members was more unknown to me than the theorem of Pythagoras, and if anybody had told me of it, I think I would have shut my ears, for I loved my family and did not wish to believe them remiss in any of their obligations. The fact that they would not let me go out with boys was an entirely different case. I saw their side of it, even though I disagreed violently; they were doing it for my own good, as they conceived it.

And yet I knew there was something odd about my grandmother's attitude toward outsiders. She would never go up to Lake Crescent, in the Olympic Mountains, with my grandfather and my young uncle and me in the summertime, where, amid my grandfather's circle of friends and their descendants, we had the only regular social life I ever experienced in the West. Life in the

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mountain hotel was very gay, even for the old people—Judge and Mrs. Battle, Colonel Blethen, Mr. Edgar Battle, Mr. Claude Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. Boole—in my grandfather's set. They had card games on the big veranda and forest walks up to the Marymere waterfall; they went on motorboat expeditions and automobile expeditions; they watched the young people dance in the evening and sent big tips to the chef in the kitchen. I could not understand why my grandmother preferred to stay in Seattle, pursuing her inflexible routine.

She was funny that way—that was the only explanation—just as she was funny about not letting my young uncle or me ever have a friend stay to dinner. In all the years I lived with my grandmother, as a child and as a woman, I can only recall two occasions when this rule was broken. The second one was when she was bedridden and too feeble, morally, to override my determination to ask a poet who was teaching at the University to stay and have supper with me. I felt a little compunction, though the nurse and the cook assured me that it would be all right—she would forget about it the next minute. But her pretty voice, querulous, was heard from upstairs at about eight-thirty in the evening: "Mary, has that man gone home yet?" And all through the rest of my visit she kept reverting crossly to the subject of "that man" who had stayed to supper; it was no good explaining to her that he had no means of getting home, that he lived in rooms way out at the University and took his meals in diners and tearooms, that he was an old friend to whom some hospitality was due in my native city. Nor could I laugh her out of it. "Why didn't he go home for his dinner?" she reiterated, and those dark, suspicious words were very nearly the last I heard from her.

This ungraciousness of my grandmother's was a deeply confirmed trait. It was not only that she resisted offering meals to anyone outside the immediate family; she took exception to a mere caller. There was a silver tray for calling cards on the hall table, but most of the cards in it were yellow with age; my grandmother was always downtown shopping at the hour when calls were normally paid. If I had a girl in for the evening, we could not really talk until my grandmother had gone to bed, and often she would outstay the guest, sitting in a corner with her book and glancing at us from time to time as we sat on the sofa endeavoring to improvise a dialogue. We could tell she was listening, but she did not talk herself. Suddenly,

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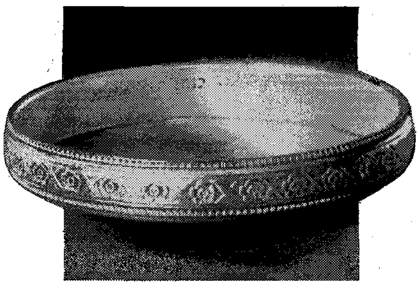

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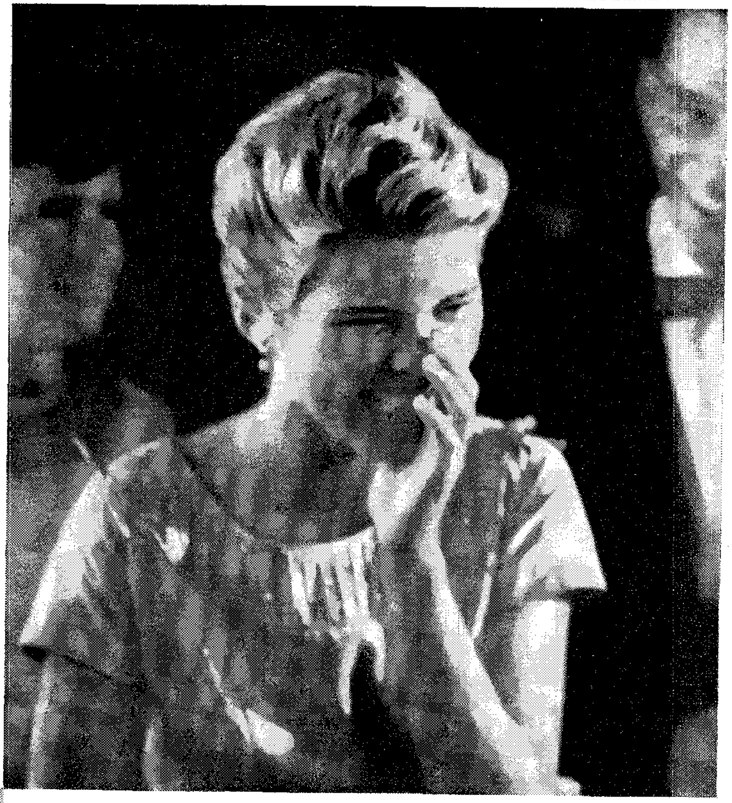
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looking up, she would make the gesture to me that meant "Pull your skirt down."

My uncle's situation was the same, but he had the advantage of having his own sitting room, where his friends could congregate. For the most part, my grandmother ignored their presence; she would nod to them curtly if she chanced to meet them in the hall. The girls he knew were never asked to the house; he could never give a party.

Yet she was not an unkindly woman. She was good to her servants and their families, and on some occasions, if she was persuaded to unbend and tell an anecdote, she could be positively cordial. Her house, with its big rooms and wide porches, had been built, it would seem, with a hospitable *intention*. And in my mother's day, so I was told, things had been very different; the house had been full of young people. The silver and crystal and cut glass had not always been put away in the cupboard; there had been music and dancing, and my mother's school and college friends had spent night after night on the sleeping porches without even the necessity of a permission.

My mother had been my grandmother's darling. The fact that we did not entertain, I was given to understand, was related to my mother's death. My grandmother had resented her marriage to my father; according to my Irish relations, she would not have a priest in the house, and so the ceremony had been performed on the lawn. I do not believe this story, which is contradicted by other accounts, but it is true that my grandmother resented the Catholic Church, to which my mother was eventually converted. Dr. Sharples, the family physician, had told my father, it seems, that my mother's health would not stand her repeated pregnancies, but my father went right ahead anyway, refusing to practice birth control. Actually, my mother's death had nothing to do with childbearing; she died of the flu, like so many young women, during the great epidemic. But this would not have deterred a woman like my grandmother from holding my father and the Church responsible. That was perhaps the reason she took no interest in my three brothers, who were still living with my father's people in Minneapolis; she sent them checks and gifts at birthdays and Christmas, and remembered them later in her will, but during the years I lived with her, the three little boys who had been born against her judgment were very remote from her

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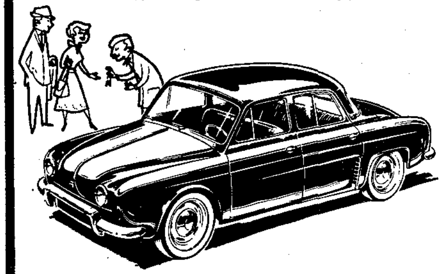

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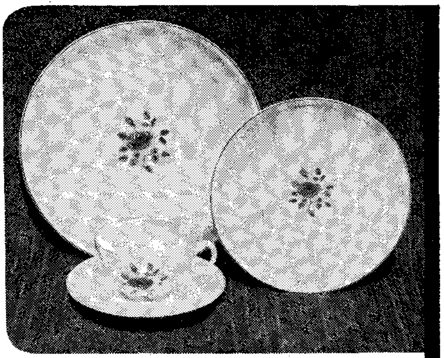
thoughts. Possibly I was enough of a handful for a woman of her age; nevertheless, it seems odd, unfeeling, that dry lack of concern, when she well knew that their lot was not happy. But happiness, like love, was a concept she had no real patience with.

As for the impassibility or aloofness she showed sometimes toward me, this may have been due to an absence of temperamental sympathy (could she have thought I had my father's traits?), or it may have been because I reminded her painfully of my mother (I was always conscious of a resemblance that did not go far enough; everyone was always telling me how "good" my mother had been).

For three years after my mother's death, one of her friends told me, my grandmother did not go out socially. Five years, said another. And this prolonged mourning was always offered as the official explanation of any oddities in our household. My grandmother, people said, lowering their voices, had never recovered from the shock of my mother's death. As a child, I could not quite believe this; it was impossible for me to imagine this contained, self-centered woman overcome by a passion of grief. Without being a psychologist, I felt somehow that her obdurate mourning was willful and selfish.

Children generally feel this about any adult emotion that is beyond their ken, but in my grandmother's case I think I was on the track of something real. Her grief had taken a form peculiar to herself, stamped, as it were, with her monogram—the severe "AMP," in scroll lettering, that figured on her silver, her brushes and combs, her automobile. Her grief had the character of an inveterate hostility. One of my mother's friends recently wrote me a letter describing how my grandmother had hurt her feelings by refusing to speak to her for a year after my mother's death whenever they met in the stores. "Your grandmother could not stand the sight of me," she sadly decided.

And that is how I see my grandmother, bearing her loss like an affront, stubborn and angry, refusing to speak not only to individual persons but to life itself, which had wounded her by taking her daughter away. Her grief was a kind of pique, one of those nurtured *grievances* in which she specialized and which were deeply related to her coquetry. If I had only her photographs to go on, I might doubt the legend of her beauty; what confirms it for me is her manner of grieving, her mistrust of words, her refusal to listen to explana-



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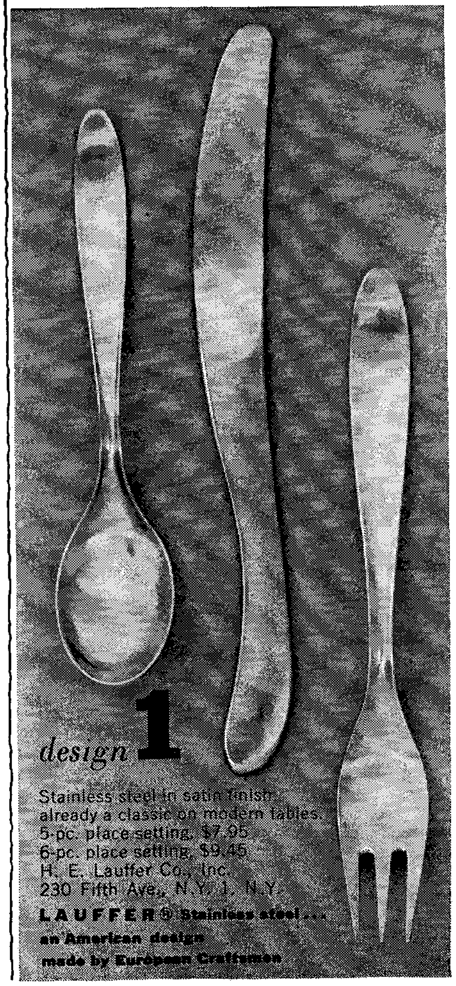

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tions from life or any other guilty suitor. Life itself was obliged to court her—in vain, as it appeared, for she had been mortally offended, once, twice, three times.

What the first offense was, I do not know, but I presume it had something to do with her Jewish pride and sensitiveness; some injury was dealt her early in her marriage, and it may have been a very small thing—a chance word, even—that caused her to draw back into an august silence on this topic, a silence that lasted until her death. The second one I know about. This was the tragic face-lifting that took place—in 1916 or 1917, I imagine—when she was in her forties and my mother was still living. Perhaps she really did have a mastoid operation at some later period (I rather think she must have), but the disfiguring pouchy scars I have spoken of that started on her cheeks and went down into her neck were the work of a face-lifter, who, as I understand the story, had pumped her face full of hot wax.

Such accidents were common in the early days of face-lifting, and the scars, by the time she was sixty, were not especially noticeable. It was only that her cheeks had a puffy, swollen appearance, which her makeup did not conceal—in fact, if anything, enhanced, for though she did not know it, she always looked better in the morning, before she put on the rouge and powder that made her skin's surface conspicuous. But when the scars were new, they must have been rather horrifying, and that was surely the reason for the dotted veils she wore, pulled tight across her face. The photographs break off at the time of the operation. That was when she stopped speaking to the camera, and, according to one informant, my grandmother left Seattle for a year after the tragedy.

"According to one informant"—the story of the face-lifting was well known in Seattle, and yet in the family no mention was ever made of it, at least in my hearing, and I learned of it from outsiders, my father's people, friends of my mother's, who naturally were unable to supply all the details. I was grown up when I learned it, and yet that same unnatural tact that kept me from ever using the word "Jewish" to my grandmother kept me from prying into the matter with the family. "Your grandmother's tragedy"—so I first heard the face-lifting alluded to, if I remember rightly, by one of my friends, who had heard of it from her mother. And I will not query the appropriateness of the word in terms of the Aristotelian canon;

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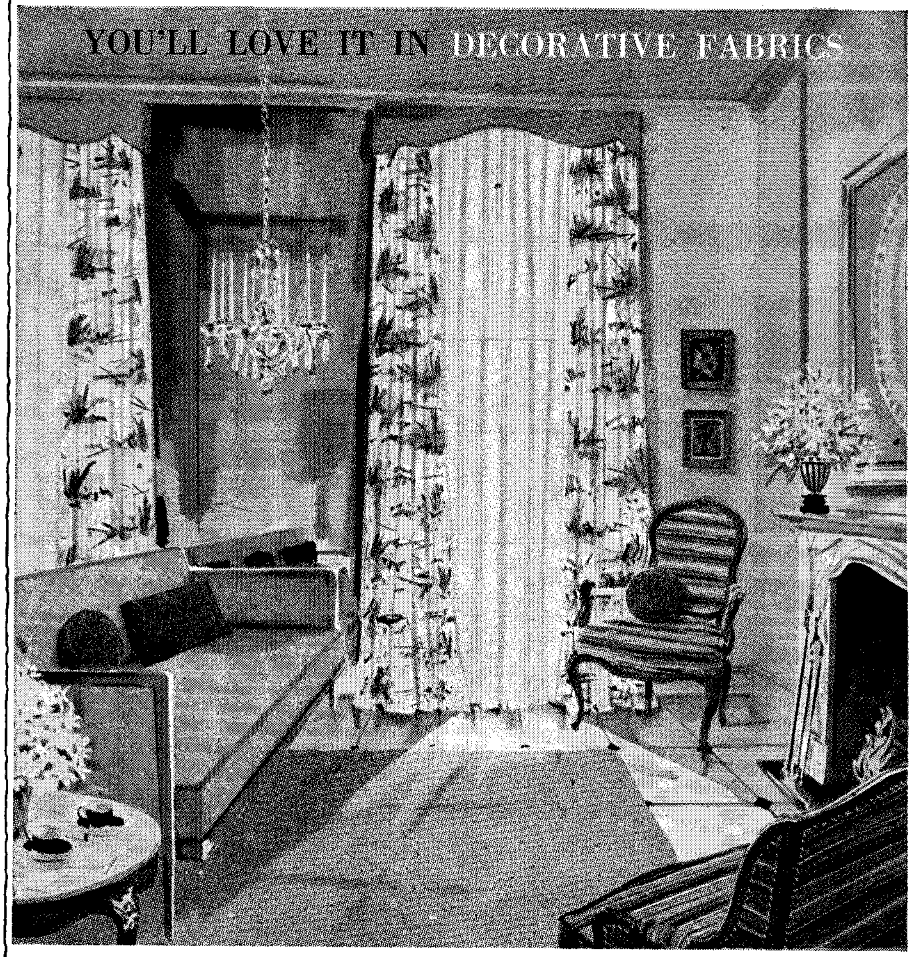
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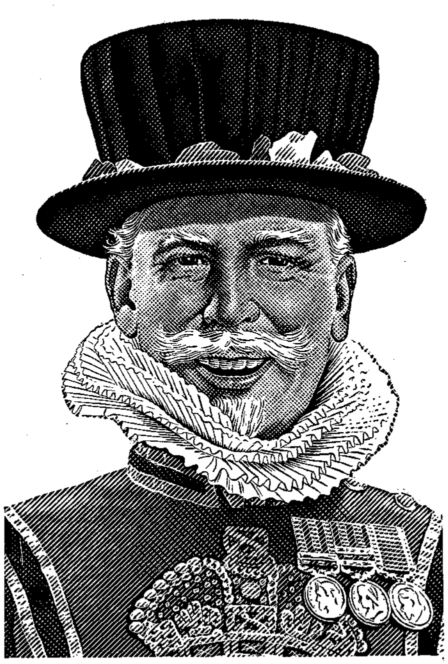

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in this case, common usage seems right. It was a tragedy—for her and for her husband and family, who, deprived of her beauty through an act of folly, came to live in silence, like a house accursed.

My grandmother's withdrawal from society must have dated, really, from this period, and not from the time of my mother's death, which came as the crowning blow. That was why we were so peculiar, so unsocial, so, I would add, slightly inhuman; we were all devoting ourselves, literally, to the cult of a relic, which was my grandmother's body, laved and freshened every day in the big bathroom, and then paraded before the public in the downtown stores.

I WAS living in New York when my grandfather died, of a stroke, one morning, when he was seventy-nine, in the big bathroom. My grandmother's ritual did not change. She still dressed and went downtown at the same hours, returning at the time when she would have picked him up at his club. She was cheerful when I saw her, a year or so after this. She went to the races and had a new interest, night baseball; we went to the ballpark together. Once in a great while, she would lunch and play bridge with a group of women friends, with whom she had resumed connections after twenty years. But she did not, to my knowledge, ever have them to her house; they met at the Seattle Golf Club usually, the best (non-Jewish) country club.

Like many widows, she appeared to have taken a new lease on life; I had never seen her so chatty, and she was looking very handsome. I remember an afternoon at the races, to which she drove Aunt Rosie and me in her car, at a speed of seventy miles an hour; she herself was well over seventy. The two sisters, one a lively robin and the other a brilliant toucan, chaffed and bantered with the sporting set in the clubhouse. Conscious of their powers and their desirability, they were plainly holding court. Aunt Rosie did not bet but advised us; my grandmother, as usual, won, and I think I won, too. That night, or in the small hours of the morning, Aunt Rosie died.

It was something that she had eaten at the races, Dr. Sharples thought; an attack of indigestion caused a heart block. He believed at first that he could save her, and I had persuaded my grandmother to go to bed, confident that Aunt Rosie would be almost herself the next day. But in the middle of the night the phone rang. I ran to get it. It was Uncle Mose: "Rosie just

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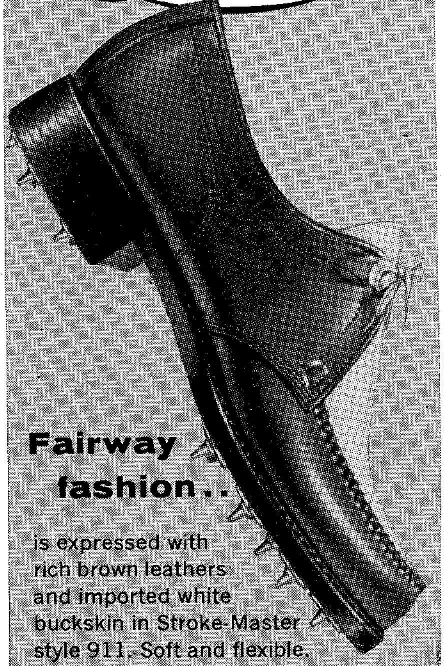

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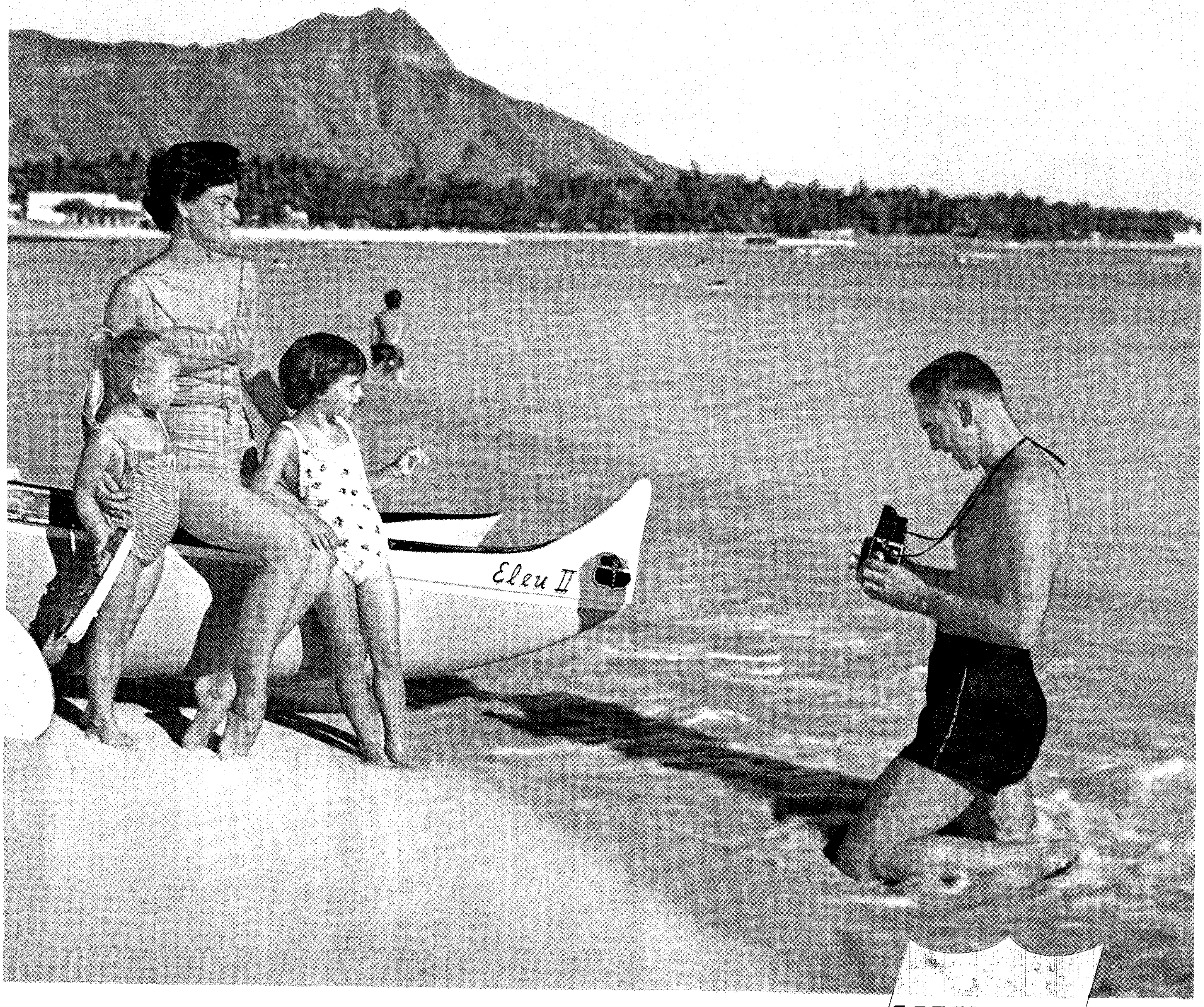

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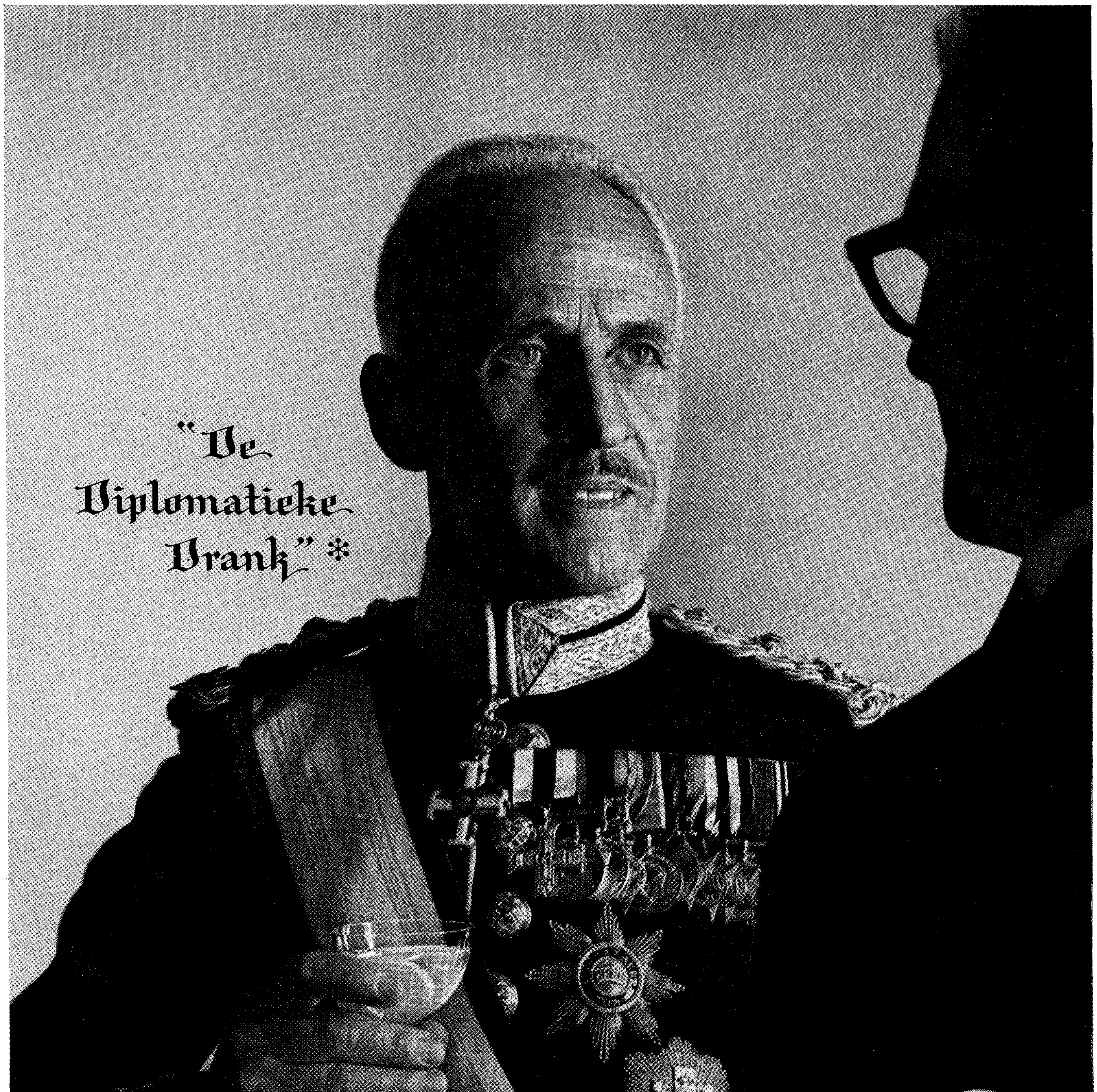

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went." My grandmother understood before I could tell her, before I had set down the telephone. A terrible scream—an unearthly scream—came from behind the closed door of her bedroom; I have never heard such a sound, neither animal nor human, and it did not stop. It went on and on, like a fire siren on the moon. In a minute, the whole household was roused; everybody came running. I got there first. Flinging open her bedroom door (even then with a sense of trepidation, of being an unwarranted intruder), I saw her, on her bed, the covers pushed back; her legs were sprawled out, and her yellow batiste nightgown, trimmed with white lace, was pulled up, revealing her thighs. She was writhing on the bed; the cook and I could hardly get hold of her. My uncle appeared in the doorway, and my first thought (and I think the cook's also) was to get that nightgown down. The spectacle was indecent, and yet of a strange boudoir beauty that contrasted in an eerie way with the awful noise she was making, more like a howl than a scream, and bearing no resemblance to sorrow. She was trying, we saw, to pull herself to her feet, to go somewhere or other, and the cook helped her up. But then, all at once, she became heavy, like a sack full of stones. The screaming stopped, and there was dead silence.

Eventually, I forget how, but thanks chiefly to the cook, we got her calmed down to the point where she was crying normally. Perhaps the doctor came and administered a sedative. I sat up with her, embracing her and trying to console her, and there was something sweet about this process, for it was the first time we had ever been close to each other. But suddenly she would remember Rosie and shriek out her name; no one could take Rosie's place, and we both knew it. Then I felt like an utter outsider. It seemed clear to me that night, as I sat stroking her hair, that she had never really cared for anyone but her sister; that was her secret. The intellectual part of my mind was aware that some sort of revelation had been made to me—of the nature of Jewish family feeling, possibly. And I wondered whether that fearful, insensate noise had been classic Jewish mourning, going back to the waters of Babylon. Of one thing I was certain: my grandmother was more different from the rest of us than I could ever have conceived.

Uncle Mose was taking it well, I learned the next morning. It was only my grandmother, so unemotional normally, who had given way to this ex-

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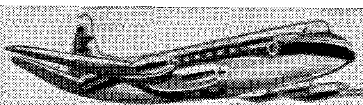

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Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	*Bow Joe lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Shot-oh Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Shot-oh Neff du Pop*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Medoc	*May dock*
Montrachet	*Mawn Rah Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pontet-Canet	*Pon tay Kan nay*
Pouilly Fuissé	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
Sauternes	*So tairn*
St. Emilion	*Sant Ay mee lee on*
St. Julien	*San Jeu lee en*

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travagant grief, and the family, I gathered, were slightly embarrassed by her conduct, as though they, too, felt that she had revealed something—something that, as far as they were concerned, would have been better left in the dark. But what *had* she revealed, as they saw it? Her essential Jewishness? I could never find out, for I had to take the train East that very day, with my baby, and when I came back, several years later, no one seemed to remember anything unusual about the occasion of Aunt Rosie's death.

"THAT'S my sister!" my grandmother would exclaim, eagerly pointing, when we came to a photograph of Aunt Rosie. "My sister," she would say of Aunt Eva, in a somewhat grander tone. She always brightened when one of her sisters turned up in the photograph collection, like a child when it is shown its favorite stuffed animal. I think she was a little more excited at the sight of Aunt Rosie. By that time, I imagine, she had forgotten that her sisters were dead—or, rather, the concept death no longer had any meaning for her. They had "gone away," she probably believed, just as children believe that this is what happens to their dead relations. I used to stand ready to prompt her with the names, but she did not seem to need or want this; her sisters' relationship to her was what mattered, and she always got that straight. "Aunt Rosie," I would observe, showing her a picture of a small, smiling, dark woman in a big marabou hat. "My sister," her voice would override me proudly, as if she were emending my statement.

The clothes in the old photographs amused her. She had not lost her interest in dress, and was very critical of my appearance, urging me, with impatient gestures, to pull my hair forward on my cheeks, and surveying me with pride when I had done so; it gave a "softer" look. If I did not get it right, she would pull her own black waves forward, to show me what she meant. Though she could no longer go downtown, she still kept to the same schedule. Every day at twelve o'clock, the nurse would close my grandmother's door and the doors to the nursery and the bathroom, reopening them between two and three, when the beauty preparations had been completed. "You can come in now. Your grandmother is all prettied up." One afternoon, responding to the summons, I found my grandmother frowning and preoccupied. There was something the mat-

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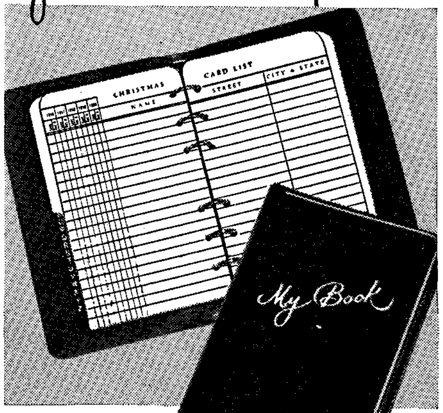

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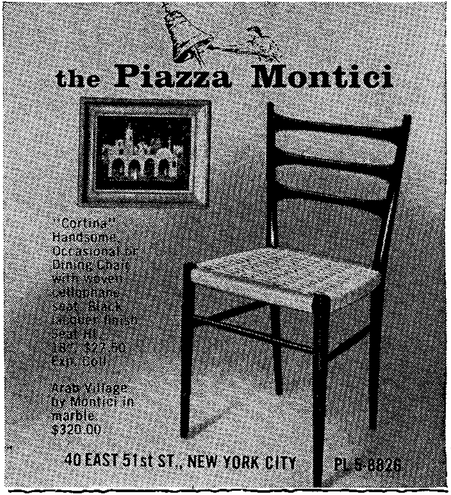

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ter, and I could not make out what it was. She wanted me to get her something, the "whatchamacallit" from her bureau. I tried nearly everything—brush, comb, handkerchief, perfume, pincushion, pocketbook, photograph of my mother. All of them were wrong, and she grew more and more impatient, as if I were behaving like an imbecile. "Not the *comb*—the whatchamacallit!" Finally, for she was getting quite wrought up, I rang for the nurse. "She wants something," I said. "But I can't make out what it is." The nurse glanced at the bureau top and then went swiftly over to the chiffonier; she picked up the hand mirror that was lying there and passed it silently to my grandmother, who at once began to beam and nod. "She's forgotten the word for mirror," the nurse said, winking at me. At that moment, the fact that my grandmother was senile became real to me. —MARY MCCARTHY

•

NASSAU, BAHAMAS—Just in case you think that modern Egypt bears any relationship to the great Upper and Lower Kingdoms of the Pharoahs other than inhabiting the same Nile valley, forget it. The glory of ancient Egypt died with Cleopatra, the last of the Ptolemies, in B.C. 30.

For the ensuing 670 years Egypt was a Roman Province. Then came the Moslem Arabs and the country has been decaying ever since. It is rotten with every disease in the encyclopedia. It has been lived in far too long.

To quote from one dyspeptic critic who nevertheless enjoyed living there, "Two-thirds of its twenty million people live near starvation level thanks to the rapaciousness of the other third. The infant mortality rate is staggering. Promotion in the higher ranks of the army depends primarily on waist measurement. Civil servants abound everywhere and they earn more from graft than from salary. Students spend quite half their time on strike. Begging is a national industry: spitting a national pastime. In combat, ten Gyppos with Russian tanks appear to equal one Israeli with a Bren gun."

Ah well, they still grow good cotton and we stock lots of it in various guises. Come and look: you won't be "gypped" anyway.

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•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

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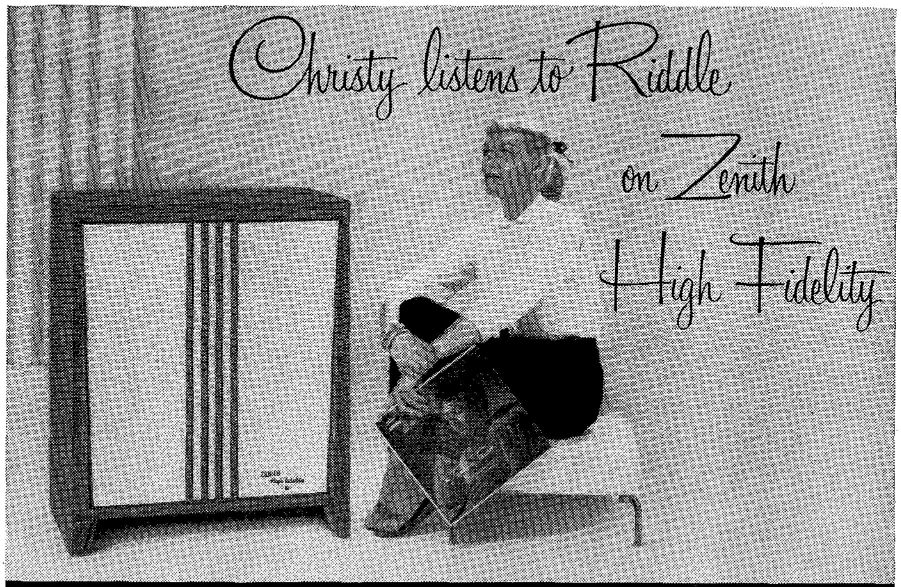

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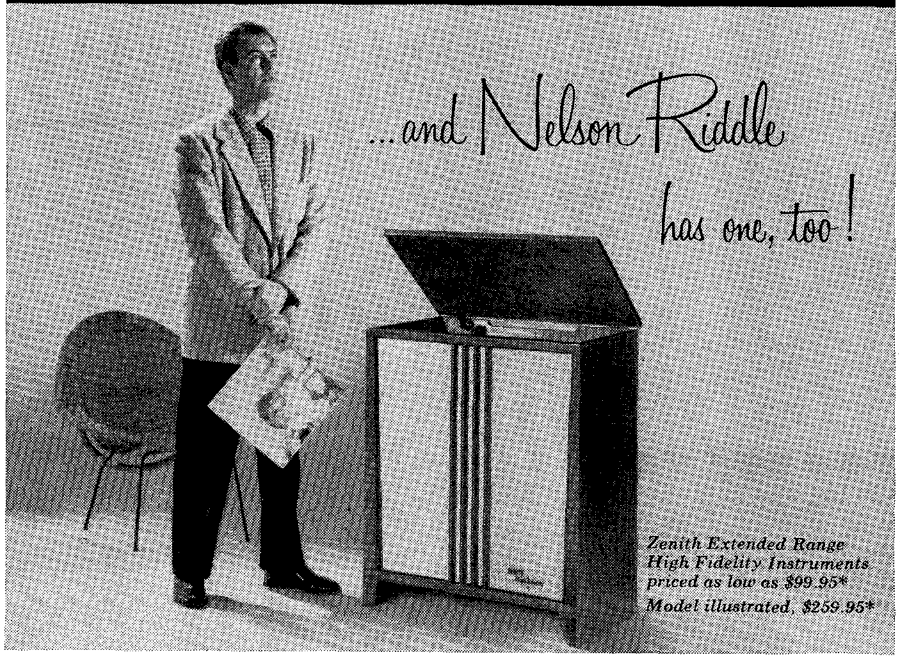

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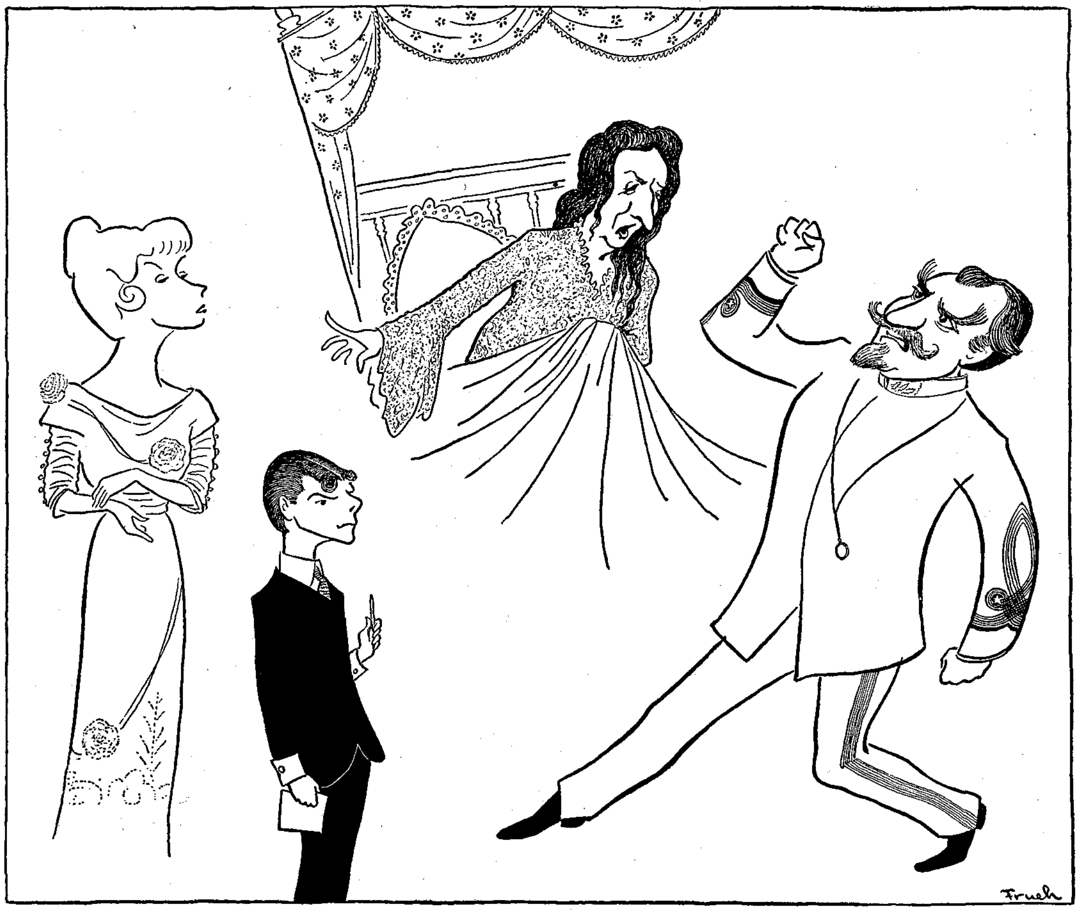
THE THEATRE

A LONG NIGHT'S DYING

FOR the greater part of John McLiam's play called "The Sin of Pat Muldoon," briefly at the Cort, the hero, in the person of James Barton, lay picturesquely expiring on a big brass bedstead in the center of the stage, reminding nobody very much of Little Eva. At one point, his sufferings were such that his wife cried out in her despair, "I don't think I can stand it, day after day, hour after hour, watching him die!" As far as I know, there is no convenient word or phrase in the critical vocabulary to describe a line that simultaneously expresses the emotions of the actor speaking it and those of the suffering audience out front. It is a lack that leads to a good deal of superfluous roguishness on the part of reviewers, and I wish I could remedy it. Nothing occurs to me, however, and in this case I'm afraid I'm stuck with the standard observation that the lady spoke very eloquently for me. I thought, specifically, as the final curtain fell, that if I had been required to watch Mr. Barton die for about ten minutes more, the management might easily have had another, and quite genuine, corpse on its hands.

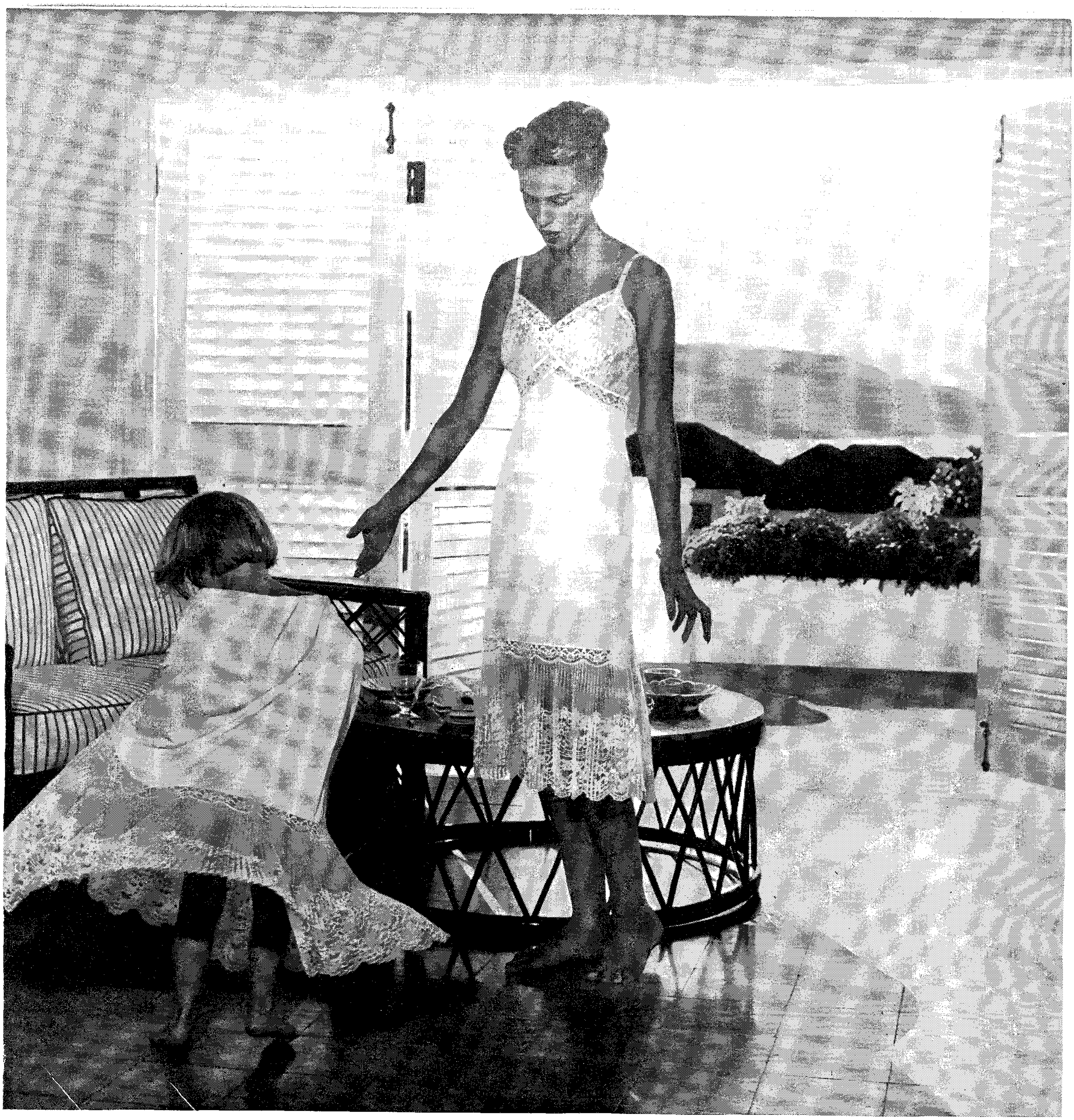
The events leading up to this interminable demise don't need to be investigated too closely. Muldoon, a tree surgeon by profession, lost his faith in the Catholic Church when his son died in childhood, and his conduct thereafter grew increasingly exasperating to the ladies of his family. It reached a peak of disreputable vivacity when he sold a piece of real estate for three thousand dollars and employed the money to sashay off to a hotel with a Mexican prostitute. His heart had been bad for some time, and this expedition, which also apparently involved buying drinks for every bum in southern California, put the final touches on it. At the beginning of the play, he has been brought home to die, and almost at once everybody gangs up on him. His wife, a tiresome but virtuous woman, is allied with a fledgling priest to nag him back into the fold; his elder daughter, now the family breadwinner, is intensely disagreeable when she finds out what has become of the three thousand dollars, and though her bitterness turns almost instantly to pity, their interview is very nearly fatal to him; her sister wishes to marry a young Mexican, which would obviously be a social catastrophe (it is hard not to suspect that Mr. McLiam is personally opposed to Mexicans), and there is some rather debilitating argument about that, too. As it happens, they all really love Pat, though their reasons for doing so are mysterious to me, and they become badly upset when he breathes his last. The fact remains, however, that they are an extremely discouraging bunch, and I felt that he was lucky, on the whole, to escape from them. Incidentally, there was a time in the first-act when Mr. Barton's habit of knocking his cigar ashes off against the oxygen tank beside his bed suggested that the play might be about to take a pleasantly wayward course. Unfortunately, nothing came of that.



"THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS"

The agitated couple on the right are Mildred Natwick and Ralph Richardson, and the calmer pair observing them are Meriel Forbes and John Stewart. Jean Anouilh's comedy about an aging Lothario is at the Coronet.

In addition to Mr. Barton, whose performance was not without its traces of vaudeville technique, the cast included Katherine Squire, as the wife; Elaine Stritch and Patricia Bosworth, as the two daughters; Edgar Stehli, as a semi-senile relative; and James Olson, as the young priest. They all played conscientiously and intelligently, but only Miss Stritch, I think, succeeded in bringing the play even



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momentarily to life. Jack Garfein, as the director, did as well as could be expected with his singularly glum assignment, and Mordecai Gorelik's set had a suitably mortuary air.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the La Jolla* (*Calif.*) *Light*]

At the height of the fire yesterday morning at the Chevrolet showroom owner Art Coltrain, who had been rudely roused from his bed, was heard to say when he turned to onlooker Strother Kay of Burns Drugs "Please bring a package of Old Gold filters, matches and some Adrenalin."

Very surprising how many early birds there are in this supposedly quiet village. Scores and scores of unshaven men, lipstickless women turned out to see the fire department do a fast job of keeping the blaze under control. What is more, many of them turned into volunteer firemen and helped drag hoses into place.

Dr. Robert Eller, on his way to the scene, stopped to chase a miniature Doberman Pinscher which had escaped from its owner's car and was running back and forth on Prospect. He finally made the capture and replaced the little fellow in the car, then proceeded to the fire.

Horace Sweet and his wife were among the early arrivals. Millard Smith brought his entire family. Harrison Martin, wakened by the passing sirens, was also among the first on the scene. Col. Leonard Thome, USA (ret.), came up from his home on So. Coast to join the spectators. Harriet Hosselin reminisced about the large fire years ago in the garage next to The Light on Herschel. Frank Tatum sported a new red jacket from the Ascot shop. Tim Sellew, accompanied by his wife, stopped by the Savings and Loan first to see if all was safe. Amateur photographers appeared by the score. The professionals, Charlie Schneider and Mary Lucille Carothers, were just as busy as the firemen. The pictures appear in other sections of the paper. Coffee was supplied to the firemen by Bud's delicatessen, just around the corner. Rev. Robert M. Wolsterstorff was on hand as was Dorothy Burks, carrying her pet dachshund. All in all, about 300 spectators came to see the fire and all morning long, the late risers strolled by to view the damage.

•

Steel may yet be the "wonder metal" of the air age. . . . More and more indications that stainless and other alloys will be the answer to high altitude, high speed flight of planes and rockets are turning up.

Republic Steel says 50% or more of tomorrow's planes will be stainless—a possible market for 50,000 tons a year.

Vacuum melting may be the answer for super-alloys.

North American's X-15 rocket plane reportedly will be entirely of steel to withstand scorching temperatures.

The Bell X-2, which recently crashed, had all-steel wings and tail.—*From a publication of the National Research Bureau.*

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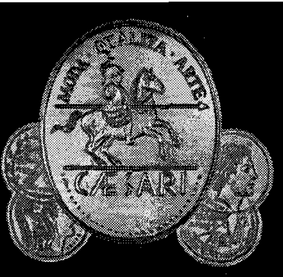

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THE RACE TRACK

Little Brother

IT may be that I was in a particularly uncritical mood last week, but the racing at Bowie struck me as almost metropolitan. Certainly the better horses are coming up from Florida or out of winter quarters. You couldn't have asked for a more spirited contest than Saturday's Bowie Handicap, in which Third Brother beat Dedicate and Paper Tiger in a photo finish. And you couldn't have had a pleasanter day for it. The fixture, which is run at a mile and a sixteenth and is a prep for the hundred-thousand-dollar John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap on March 30th, brought out seven horses, and it was touch and go all the way. Rasper II and Akbar Khan, a couple of English racers, set the pace to the stretch, where Dedicate passed them, but Third Brother, coming through with a finish unparalleled outside the comic strips, got his nose in front as they reached the winning post. An objection was lodged against him, charging that he crowded Paper Tiger, but the stewards dismissed the claim.

Few racers are more happily named than Third Brother, who belongs to C. T. Chenery, as do the two other brothers—Hill Prince, who was a real topnotcher half a dozen years ago, and Prince Hill. A sturdy four-year-old bay, Third Brother has been slow to find his best form, but the way he ran in the Bowie, his first start of the season, gives one the notion that he has found it now.

Dedicate was a disappointment. He didn't have the dash he had when he won the Brooklyn Handicap and the Whitney Stakes last summer, and after he finally took the lead, he couldn't hold it. Maybe his corns hurt him. He does have corns, you know. Early last year, Cary Winfrey, his trainer, noticed them growing on the bottoms of the horse's front feet, and treated them with various medicaments. I don't know a better man than Winfrey at fixing up racers who have foot trouble, but the corns kept on growing until they were nearly three inches long, and the stable's blacksmith was called in to cut them away. Now Dedicate has to have a pedicure every three months or so, and his groom, Jim French, is thinking of taking lessons in chiropody.

Speaking of grooms, the one who takes care of Summer Tan is nicknamed Duckbutter; no one seems to know why. You hear a lot of unusual names around the track. The man who sells programs on the backstretch at Hialeah is known as Race Street. Dog Wagon, another groom, is so called because he used to be a hanger-on at the dog-racing tracks. Slow-and-Easy and Quit 'Em Quick are on the payroll of Calumet Farm. Then, there's Joe the Grinder, Salty John, Crying James, Sugar Foot, Centerpole, Picket-Handle Slim, Sack Bag, Rabbit Burnie, Johnny Mink, Long Boat Jim, Handy Hank, and— I could go on and on, but I'll end up with Radio Johnny.

NOBODY expected that Calumet's Bardstown would have anything more than a good gallop in the Appleton Handicap at Gulfstream Park last Saturday, and that's about all he did have. He disposed of Nance's Lad in the first half mile, and finished out the mile and a furlong to win under wraps from First Served and Piecesofeight. Now that Summer Tan, who hasn't been training well, has been withdrawn from the Gulfstream Park Handicap, I fancy that Bardstown will be a short-priced favorite for that six-figure event, which comes off this weekend. I suppose Needles, who ran second to Admiral Vee the other afternoon, will be in the race, too, but I don't think he's anything to worry about.

TO get back to Bowie—as I expect to do on Saturday, for the Governor's Gold Cup—the Pennsylvania Railroad calls its special train from Baltimore out to the track the Pony Express.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The only Chinese woman to gain international fame as a concert pianist will be in Madison next Sunday, but not as a pianist.

She Ming Lee Tcherepnin, Chicago, who will be narrator in a performance of "The Lost Flute."—*Madison (Wis.) Wisconsin State Journal.*

No vivid writing, please.

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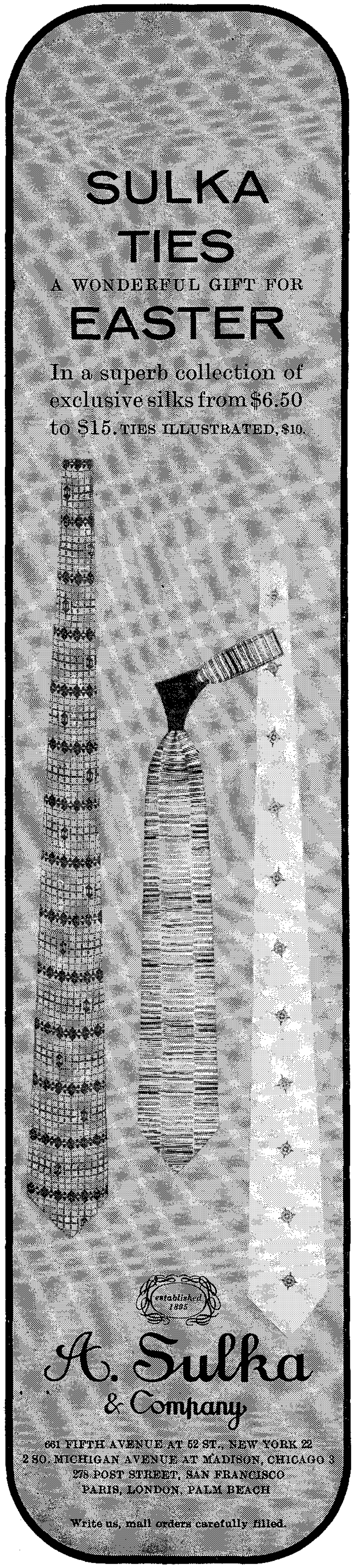
TEMPORARY CODE
OF ETHICS SET UP
FOR CITY COUNCIL
—*Headline in the Times.*

Just to sort of tide them over the weekend?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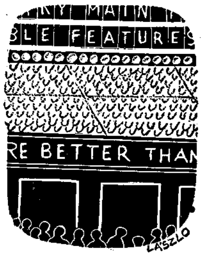
THE CURRENT CINEMA

I'll See You in My Dreams



JOHN HUSTON, having demonstrated in "The African Queen" that the intimate juxtaposition of a pious spinster and a stalwart libertine is catnip to the customers, gives the device another whirl in "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison." As on the previous occasion, Mr. Huston serves as director and co-author (with John Lee Mahin), and while the film isn't within echoing distance of "The African Queen," a gentle, harmless charm does emerge fragmentarily from the wide reaches of its CinemaScope screen. Mr. Huston and his collaborator, basing their work on a novel by Charles Shaw, present us with a semi-literate Marine and a Roman Catholic nun who have been isolated on an island no bigger than a man's hand by the vicissitudes of the war in the South Pacific. As played by Robert Mitchum, the Marine, a career man in the Corps, is a singular character, who, beneath his stopped-glottis dialogue, proves to be as perceptive and sympathetic as Abelard; in the role of the nun, Deborah Kerr, employing a lovely Irish brogue, makes a sweet and circumspect Héloïse. Although Miss Kerr is supposed to be a novice who has not yet taken her permanent vows, it is evident from the start that she and Mr. Mitchum are not going to conduct themselves with any really reprehensible indecorum in their island fastness, and for that reason their occasional gingerly approaches to the Adam-and-Eve-in-Eden theme seem as innocuous as Paradise without the serpent. To add a bit of variety to the expansive views of Miss Kerr in white habit (which never seems to get dirty) vis-à-vis Mr. Mitchum in jungle-green fatigues (which are never anything *but* dirty), Mr. Huston introduces some Japanese as trespassers. They groan and grunt a good deal, but do they match Mr. Mitchum in ingenuity? Oh, come now!

THE film "3 Brave Men," written and directed by Philip Dunne and produced by Herbert B. Swope, Jr., is a dull attempt to prove that a man who is a pearl of conformity will always get a fair shake from the government loyalty-screening services, even if they have, to all intents and purposes, ruined him by accusing him of being a security risk. The hero of this foolishness is a civilian worker (Ernest Borgnine) in the Navy Department, who has (a) supported a coöperative housing project; (b) subscribed to a Left Wing magazine; (c) belonged briefly to a professional office-workers' group that was, unknown to him, dominated by Communists; and (d) been approached by a Communist who wanted a job in the Navy Department (nothing doing). Our man has worked for more than twenty years with the Navy, is regarded as hot stuff by the Legionnaires of his town, has a family so steeped in the knitting-and-pattern magazines' notions of domesticity that they might well drive him to drink (they don't), and glows with patriotism in bright neon colors. Nevertheless, he is considered risky by the government investigators, and he isn't able to rehabilitate himself for a long, long time. It is an unsettling thought that this picture is based on an actual case, and what is even more unsettling is that Mr. Dunne builds his whole argument in favor of the hero on the fact that he is absolutely exactly like everyone else in his community.

AS a relief from the foregoing, you might take a look at "The Red Balloon" and "The Lost Continent," which are being exhibited as a team. "The Red Balloon," a French film produced, written, and directed by Albert Lamorisse, who gave us "White Mane," has to do with an engaging Parisian urchin who finds a great red balloon and then has the satisfaction of seeing the sphere trail him all over Paris. It's a very small fantasy, but a delightful one, in which M. Lamorisse's son Pascal is wonderfully amusing. "The Lost Continent" is a fine-looking Italian film about life in Indonesia, complete with rice fields and the maidens of Bali, but it is flawed by a vacuous commentary, written by John Gunther, and by a score as sticky as treacle.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

WASHINGTON—ADD IKE-MOLLET (21)
MOLLET ARRIVED AT THE WHITE HOUSE IN A LIGHT RAIN. HE DROVE UP TO THE SOUTH OR FAMILY ENTRANCE TO THE WHITE HOUSE WHERE HE WAS MET BY EISENHOWER WHO GREETED HIM WITH A SMILE AND SAID:

"HELL, MR. PRESIDENT, IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU HERE."—*A.P. local wire, Washington, D.C.*

And at the family entrance, too!

Eight great drinks you can mix with Schweppes

THE SMART trend-setters who introduced Gin-and-Schweppes a few years ago are all pioneering with *new* Schweppes drinks these days!

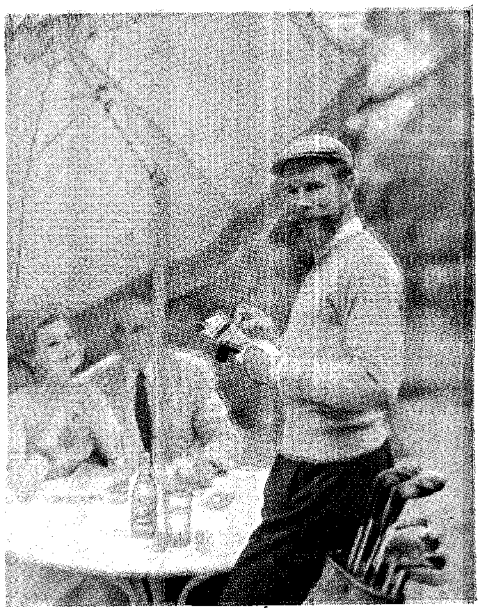
On this page, Commander Whitehead has listed eight new recipes that you can add to *your* Schweppertory.

You'll find that Schweppes bracing, bittersweet flavor makes *every* drink taste more exhilarating. And Schweppes rousing little bubbles (called Schweppervescence) always last your whole drink through!

Try Schweppes—for new horizons in taste!

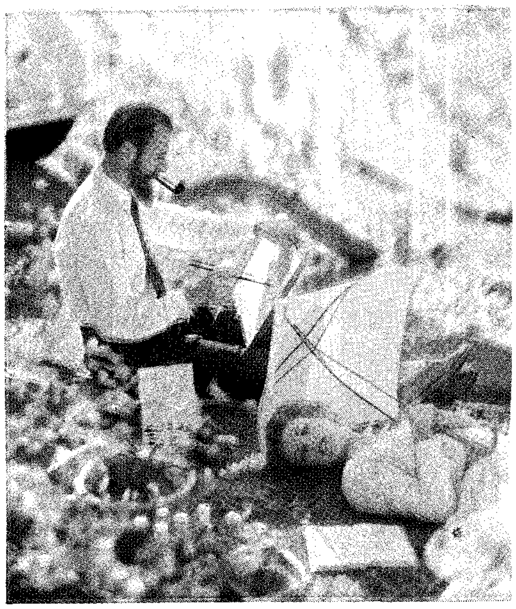
GIN-AND-TONIC. Famous in England for 150 years! Pour 2-oz. gin over ice in a tall glass, fill with Schweppes. Picture shows the Schweppesman's arrival in America.

VODKA-AND-TONIC. Very new—and fashionable. Pour 2-oz. vodka over ice in a tall glass, fill with the one-and-only Schweppes Quinine Water. Some experts add lime.



RUM-AND-TONIC. Pour 1½-oz. light dry rum, and juice of ½ lemon, over ice in a highball glass. Fill with Schweppes. Then relax—and enjoy the Schweppervescence!

BOURBON-AND-TONIC. Pour 2-oz. Bourbon over ice in a highball glass. Then fill with Schweppes. (Commander Whitehead claims no credit for this recipe. He says it's pure American ingenuity.)



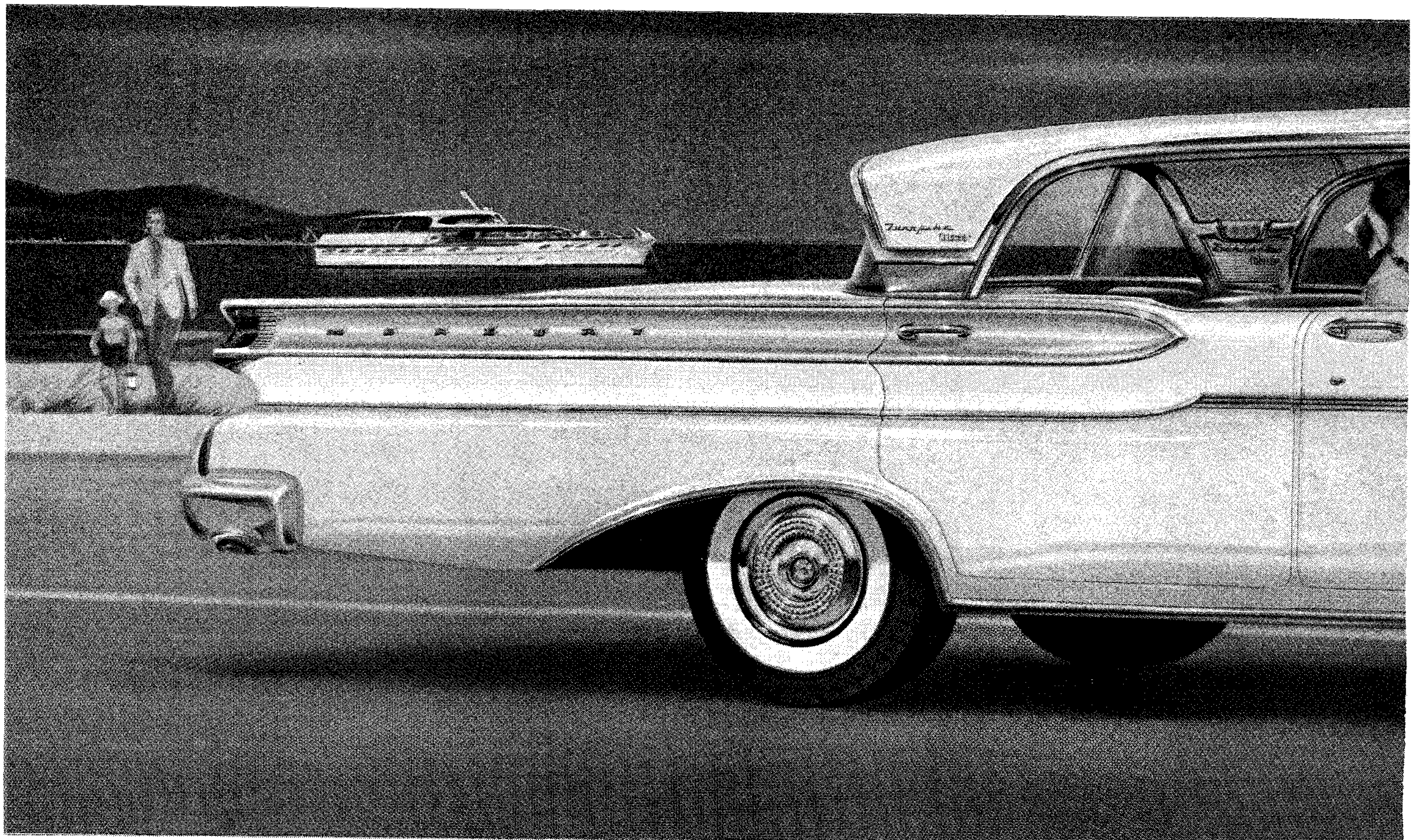
BRANDY-AND-TONIC. This vogue started in France! Pour 1 jigger of brandy into a tall glass with ice, and fill to the brim with Schweppes Quinine Water. Delicious!

VERMOUTH-AND-TONIC. Place one cube of ice in an Old Fashioned glass. Add jigger *dry* vermouth, 2-oz. Schweppes. Photographed backstage at a Broadway show.

FRUIT JUICE-AND-TONIC. Pour ¼ cup of your favorite fruit juice over ice in a tall glass. Then fill with Schweppes. Highly recommended for very young Schweppesmen—and Schweppeswomen.

TONIC-AND-TONIC. Did you know that Schweppes tastes sensational *all by itself?* And it's one soft drink you can order in a bar, without feeling like a yokel.

BIG M ANNOUNCEMENT NEWS



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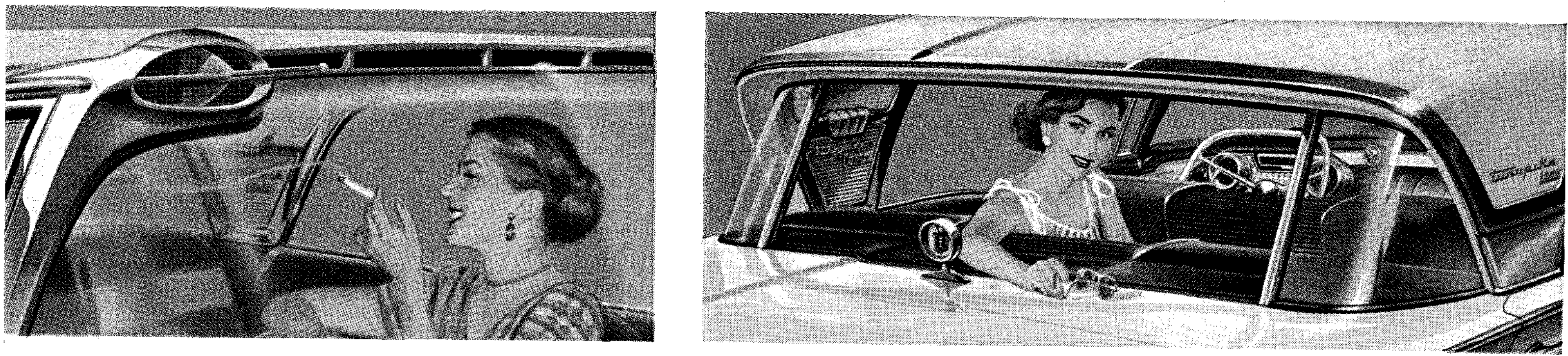

2-4. NEW BREEZEWAY VENTILATION WITH ROOF-LEVEL AIR INTAKES, NEW SKYLIGHT DUAL-CURVE WINDSHIELD, NEW RETRACTABLE BACK WINDOW—No other car in America has all of these Turnpike Cruiser features. And you get them at no extra cost. Air is drawn in through the supplementary intakes above the windshield and gently flows out through the power-operated back window. It's the greatest improvement in car ventilation in automotive history. The new windshield wraps *up* as well as around each side. You can see high traffic lights and mountain scenery without bending.

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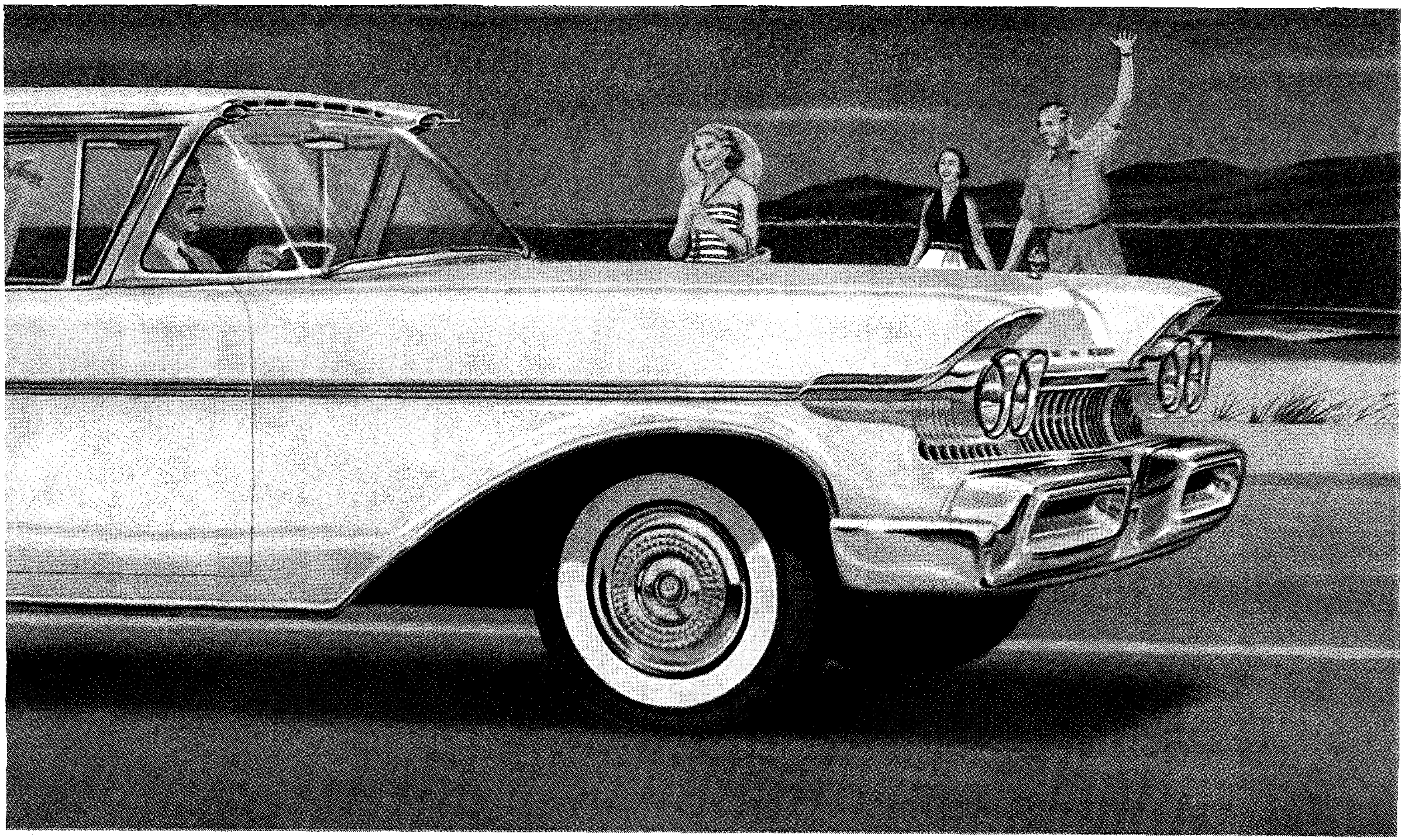

own above, the Turnpike Cruiser 4-door. Also available in a 2-door model. A 290-hp Turnpike Cruiser V-8 engine is standard in both models.

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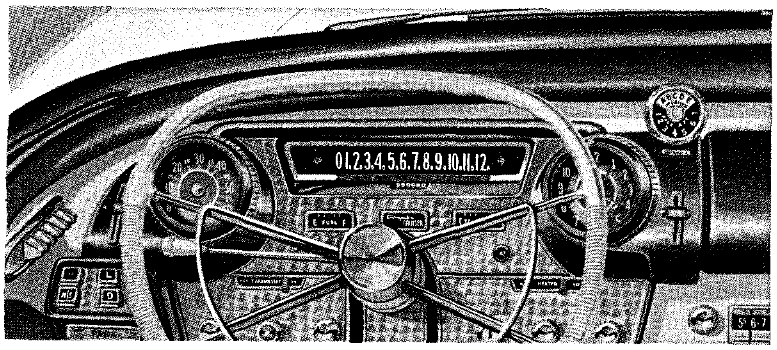
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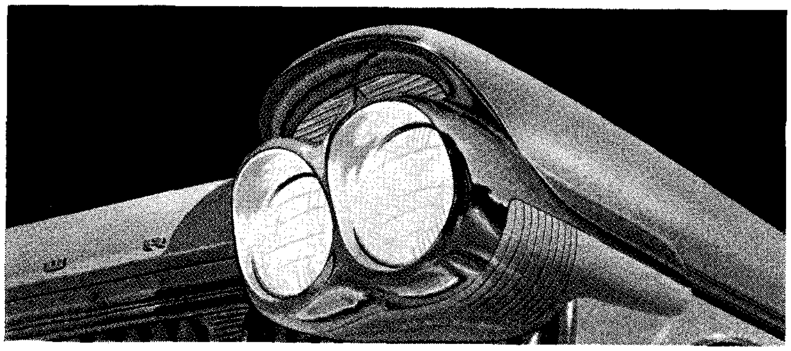
5-7. NEW MONITOR CONTROL PANEL, TACHOMETER, AVERAGE SPEED COMPUTER— The Monitor Panel is planned for easy use, and includes such advanced instruments as a Tachometer to check engine rpms and a new Computer Clock to let you figure your average speed at any point in your trip.



NEW QUADRI-BEAM HEADLAMPS— The outside lamps have both high and low beams. The inside units have high beams only. Using all four beams for highway driving produces a far better and brighter pattern of illumination. A foot switch turns off high beams, switches on low.

Straight out of tomorrow— THE BIG MERCURY for '57

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THE ART GALLERIES

The New Italy

arts and crafts

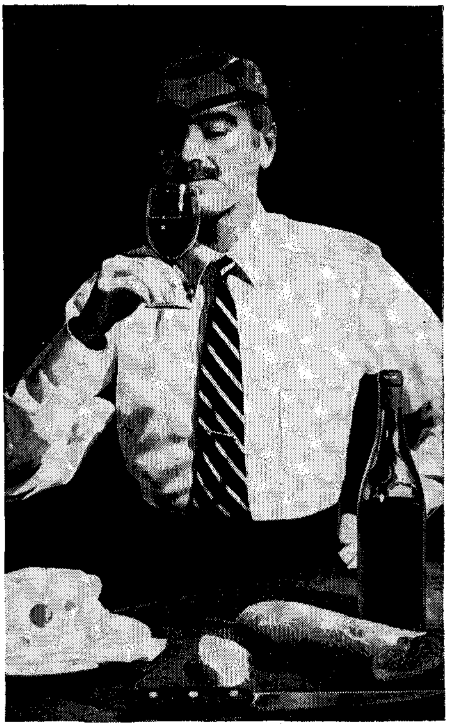
THE contemporary Italians, so little noticed in this country only a few years ago, have been advancing upon us with startling rapidity. There must have been a dozen exhibitions of their works so far this season, and now we have two more to consider—abstract sculptures by Berto Lardera, at Knoedler, and a group affair at the recently opened World House, at Madison Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street. Lardera, whose first American showing this is, is in his middle forties, and although he has been living in Paris for the last ten years, his approach is still Italian in essence, both in its peculiarly Latin exuberance of spirit and in that it follows the flat, constructivist style that has found so many adherents in his country. There are times when his exuberance runs away with him. Working almost exclusively in sections of sheet metal cut into winglike, prowlike, arrowlike forms and then welded together, he has a tendency (see "Cathedral of Sorrow, No. 1") to overload his designs until the basic intention is lost in a welter of conflicting patterns. There are times, too, as in "Heroic Rhythm, No. 2," when his feeling for the dramatic gets out of hand, and the result, again, is a more or less meaningless confusion. These, though, are faults of excess instead of restraint, of boldness instead of caution, and hence pardonable; when he is at his best, his work has remarkable evocative power. One further slight fault is a certain uniformity of pattern. But though the forms he employs are a bit repetitious, he displays considerable ingenuity in varying their arrangement, as well as consistently good plastic judgment in the overall design, with the result that the sculptures range from the airily birdlike "Broken Rhythm, No. 6" to the truly monumental "Heroic Rhythm, No. 1," with its tiered pattern and boldly ascending movement. I liked, too, the big, somewhat totemic "Dramatic Occasion, No. 2," the swoopingly patterned "Dramatic Meeting, No. 2," and the smaller, simpler "Controlled Rhythm, No. 3."

THE show at World House, called "Italy: The New Vision," is of museum proportions, with no less than a hundred and nine paintings and sculptures by forty artists. Taken as a survey of Italian art today, it is a little capricious. Such important figures as Arturo Tosi, Mirko, Renato Guttuso, Lucio Fontana, and Lardera are omitted; such figures as Mario Sironi, Afro, Alberto Burri, Giacomo Manzù, and Marino Marini are limited to one or two items, while a number of less well-known men have much larger displays. Nonetheless, it would hardly be fair to complain, for the show is ambitious and extensive enough as it is, and the majority of the pieces are thoroughly enjoyable.

One curious feature of the changing artistic scene abroad is that—just as the French, inexplicably, appear to be losing the experimental verve and daring that kept them at the head of the modernist movement throughout most of this century—the Italians seem to be regaining the prowess they displayed, if briefly, during the great days of Balla, Severini, and the other innovators of a couple of generations ago. As one result, though the work in the collection is decidedly uneven, it is certainly spirited, and the range in mood and manner is immense—from the gently Pompeian stylizations of Massimo Campigli ("Figures" and "Women on Balcony"), through the carefully simplified, almost innocently serene paintings of Giorgio Morandi ("Landscape," "Still-Life with Bowl"), to such much more venturesome pieces, stylistically, as Afro's big, ruddy abstraction "Anticipation of a Voyager" and Cremonini's dark, handsome "Bulls Butchered and Strung."

Other leading men of the day are represented—Antonio Music by the charming small "Dalmatian Horsemen," Sironi by a pleasantly colorful "Landscape," and, among the sculptors, Marini by a beautifully poised "Head of Young Girl" and Manzù by a briskly concise and witty "Cardinal." For my own part, I was more interested in the works of the artists less well known here. I noted especially a fine bronze study of a mother and child, called "Maternity" and deliberately archaic in manner, by Aldo Calo, and an oddly hunched but well-balanced "Seated Nude," by Pericle Fazzini; as for the paintings, I was struck by Renato Borsato's big, panoramic "Rouen," Giuseppe Santomaso's blue "Bacchanalian Nocturne," and Tancredi's glowingly colorful (and untitled) abstraction.

I AM always being amazed by the enormous vitality of the German Expressionist movement. Cut short in



the shirt's at

Broadstreet's

** the story's on Page 45*

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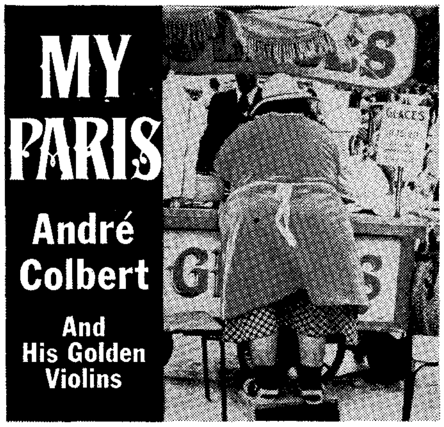

"My Paris" (10057) was brought from France by CAPITOL OF THE WORLD with two kinds of people in mind. First, for those who know Paris (and wouldn't consider a musical portrait by an outsider). Second, for the Yank who can make the trip only in his fancy—which, if less satisfactory, is also less expensive.

In either case, here is the real stuff, the real music of Paris—romantic melody that can never be copied.

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its development by the First World War, and limited in the number of outstanding figures it produced—one thinks of Klee, Kandinsky, Marc, Nolde, but who else?—it still (as witness the background effect it had on the Abstract Expressionist movement in this country) seems unquenchable. Another early figure in the school, Alexej von Jawlensky, a Russian by birth but a German resident most of his mature life, is beginning to receive attention again, as evidenced by a large and carefully selected showing of his works at the Janis Gallery. Jawlensky, too, if pretty much ignored in recent years, was an important member of the movement in his day. He lived until 1941, but he was ill and mostly bedridden after 1936, and the latest paintings in the collection were done before then. The earliest is a "Still Life, Flowers and Fruit," dated 1905. Swiftly painted, it already shows the penchant for bright color that characterized his group, but not till one comes to the series of heads, done seven years later—"Woman's Head," "Spanish Girl," and, best of all, the blazingly red-and-yellow "The Gardener"—does one see the true Expressionist technique in operation. Some of these may seem too neatly patterned for the modern eye. But they lead to another group of heads, done mainly in the early nineteen-thirties and verging finally on complete abstraction, that are still more severely stylized, and, I think, the better for it. Here, though, the facial features are reduced more or less to the stiff impersonality of a mask, which makes for a slight rigidity in the development. There is, too, a feeling of *plannedness* about the whole progression, as if the artist had moved throughout his career with too ponderous a step from one artistic concept or problem to another. He had, obviously, none of the ebullience of Kandinsky or the sprightliness of Klee. Yet there's still monumentality in his paintings, most particularly in such pieces as "Tragic Head," "Wintry: Yellow and Orange," and the very late "Meditation: Red and Blue."

—ROBERT M. COATES

●

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the News*]

The Very Rev. William A. Donaghy, S.J., president of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., told the more than 3,000 industrialists at the session that "more and more men are beginning to reaffirm the old truth—the one enshrined in the national motto, 'In Got We Trust.' "

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(*see pages 98 & 99*)
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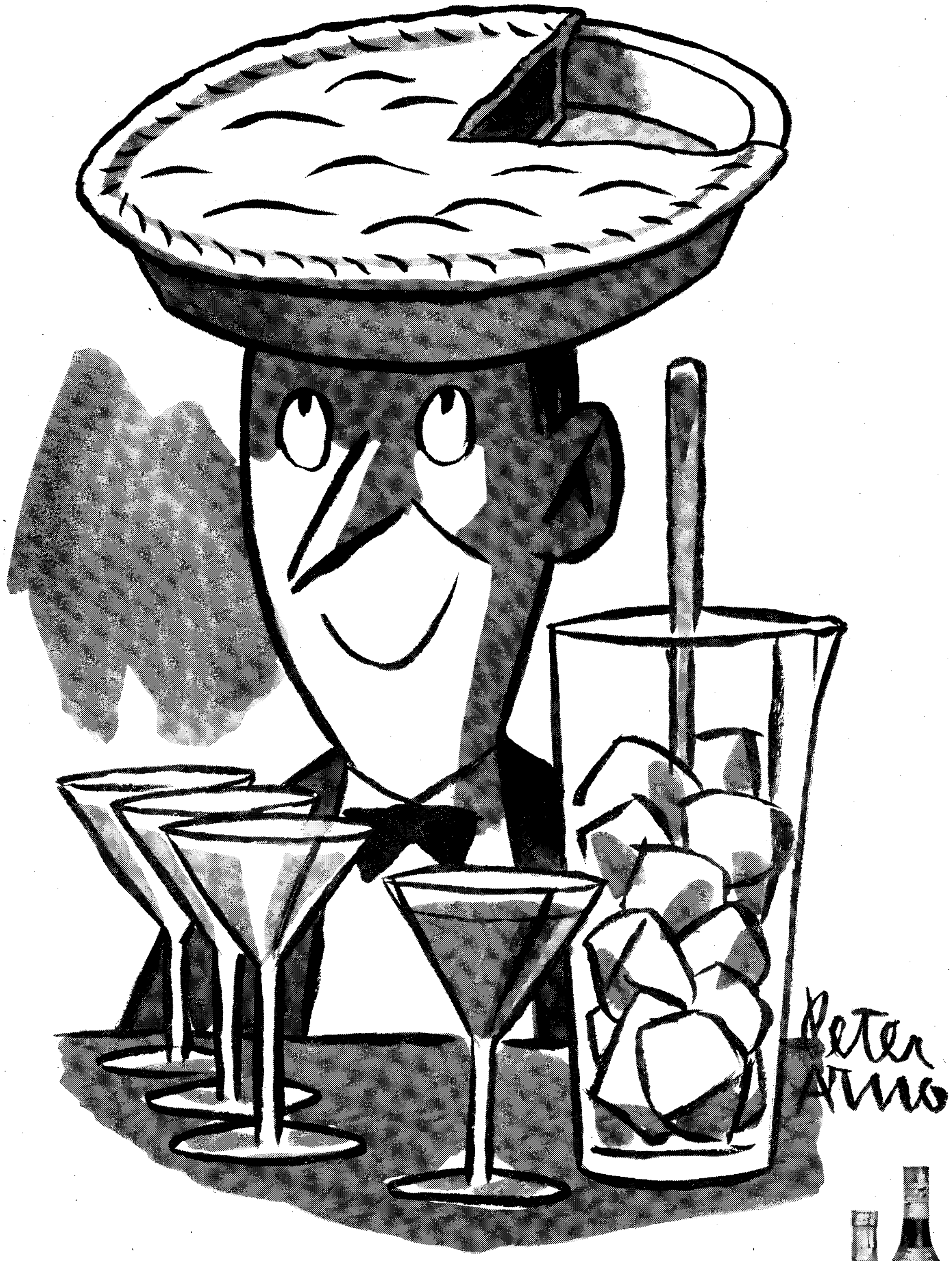

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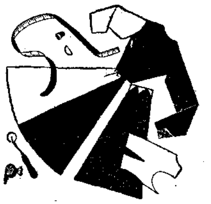
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

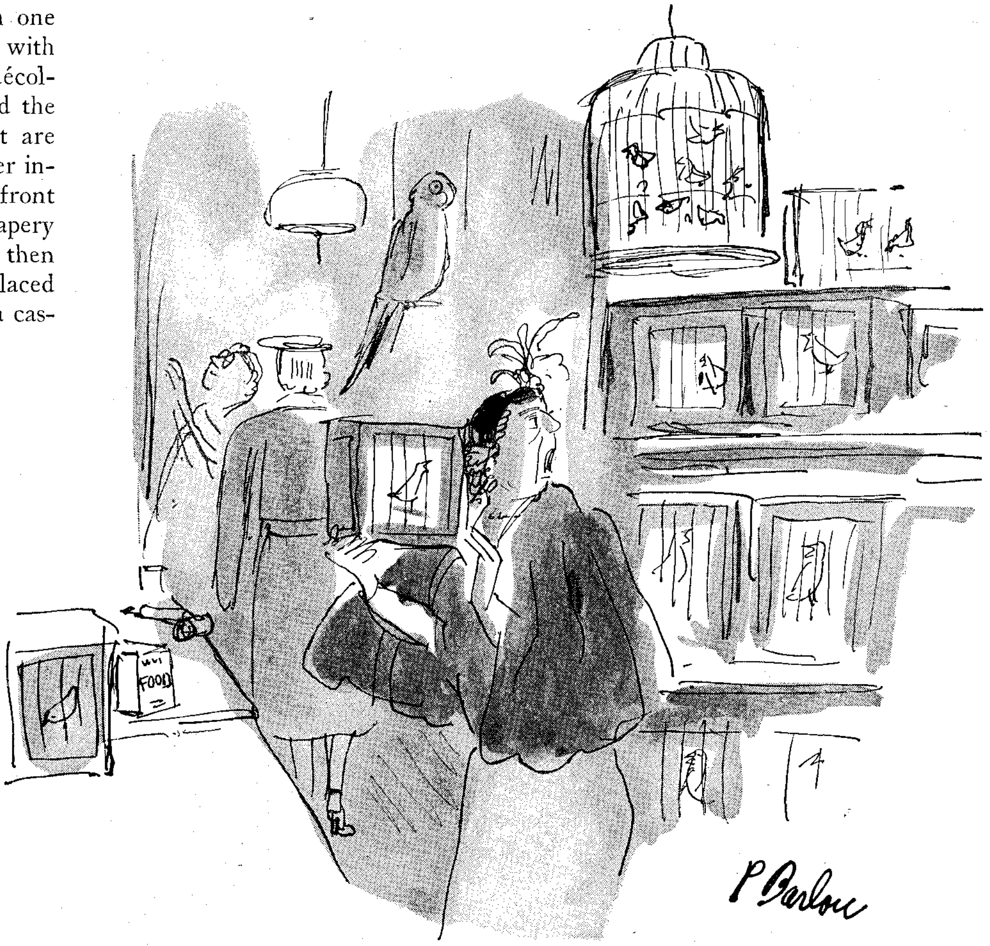
THIS AND THAT



Beatrice Lebow, who likes the idea of a room with a view (she's on the twelfth floor of 55 East 10th Street), is showing, by appointment, her assortment of carefully edited ready-to-wear clothes in a series of very pleasant rooms. Among her suits is a good-looking black-and-white basketweave tweed whose short, fitted jacket ends in a Peter Pan overcollar of white piqué. There's a jagged tab at each side of the waist, and a kick pleat in the straight skirt. Three perky bows of navy grosgrain march in single file across a princesse sheath of navy Italian silk below its round, collarless neck, and bows decorate the cuffs of its three-quarter sleeves. A cape jacket with a bloused back provides the final touch. The same silk is used for a sheath with a square neck and short sleeves. The jacket, which is fitted, has a standaway collar on top and flat silk bows at the diaphragm and waist, and it's lined with white shantung on which purple pansies gambol. Simple but *soignée* dresses of black crêpe are available, too. In one instance, a cowl collar outlined with fagoting surmounts a modest V décolletage. Bracelet-length sleeves and the soft, unpressed pleats of the skirt are other identifying marks. In another instance, the décolletage is square in front and round in back. This time, drapery comes out wide on the hips and is then caught up into a black satin bow placed low at the rear. Below the bow, a cascade of pleats descends. So much for black crêpe. For after five, there's a décolleté dress of white georgette crêpe on which big yellow roses and anemones bloom. The gathered cape collar will help make up, if it happens to be a chilly after-five, for the bare shoulders. And so will the accompanying duster, of rough white silk in the same print. The sleeves of this are cuffed and pushup. Romantic short dance dresses are around, too. I'll talk about just two—a halter dress of white Chantilly-type lace over a white net slip with ice-blue ribbon appliquéd on the bodice and above the ruffled hem, and a dress of pleated black organza, or something that looks exactly like it, with a six-tiered skirt. The yoke and the cap sleeves are of reëmbroidered black Alençon-type lace. Lebow's sizes run from 8 to 18, and her prices from $50 to $200.

The department known as Miss Bergdorf, at Bergdorf Goodman (where else?), is now going in for clothes, designed by John Weitz, that are in a higher price bracket than the stuff he has been specializing in up to now. Many of them are separates—shawl-collar jackets and stovepipe slacks of caramel corduroy lined with pink cotton broadcloth on which orange maps of the West Indies sprawl; box jackets of printed rose wool crêpe (pink ferns, black-and-red flowers) teamed with flame shantung shirts and white flannel Jamaica shorts (two slashed hip pockets and two rear patch pockets); middy blouses and shorts that barely show beneath them, both of white shantung on which pink cabbage roses and green leaves blossom; cardigans of white wool jersey that are hotbeds of little pink roses. Oh, you get the idea. White batiste, from Switzerland, with a white shadow stripe and red pin dots is the origin of a one-piece play suit and the wraparound skirt that is added to it for the lunch hour. Knickerbockers of black-and-white hound's-tooth cotton, for indoors, not the golf course, and so slender that you might almost call them plus twos instead of plus fours, are to be worn with shirts of olive-drab shantung. Straight coats of mustard velveteen with wide turnover collars and flap pockets two feet deep are lined with pink-and-white checked silk twill, which happens to be what the chemise dresses beneath them are made of, too. A long evening sheath of white flannel, high in front and slashed to the waist in back, is nipped in by a belt of red-and-black print piqué that matches the companion double-breasted coat, whose lining is white fake beaver. These clothes are all size 10, by the way. Prices begin at $39.95, which gets you a shirt, and go as far up as $155, which gets you that "fur"-lined coat.

Fava-San, on the second floor of 139 East 61st Street, has plenty of things to look at. Bloused jackets of nubbly



"The rest of you pipe down for a moment!"

N° 5 - BOIS DES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22

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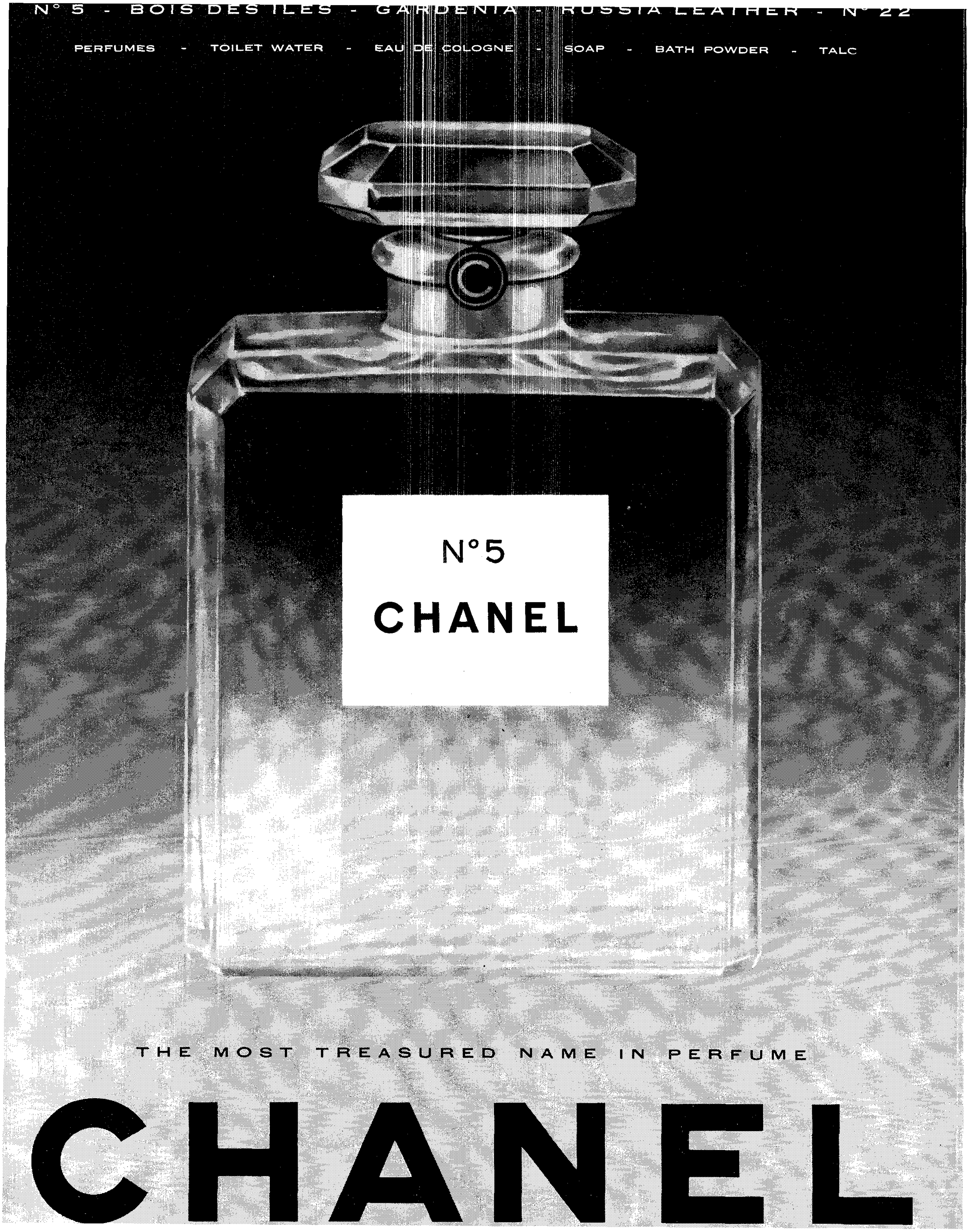

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silk-and-wool plaid, with pushup dolman sleeves and small collars knotted at the throat, are mated to slender or full wraparound skirts. Coat-dresses of the same stuff, with dropped shoulders and tapered sleeves, button from their demure collars to their narrow hems. The color schemes offer a combination of Shocking pink and nasturtium, as well as a mixture of powder blue, teal blue, and turquoise blue; the suits are $55, the coat-dresses $40. Sleeveless sheaths with bateau necks and deep V backs show up in cocoa, black, or gold ribbed-wool jersey, not to mention a silk-and-wool plaid that blends pale green, olive green, and turquoise. The price is $35 either way. Ponchos with attached hoods and ponchos without any hoods are $35 in the plaid and $40 in salt-and-pepper tweed. Denim halters, sleeveless blouses, and wraparound skirts (these last ringed by four rows of contrasting cotton ball fringe) appear in orange, yellow, turquoise, green, or a medley of turquoise, green, and white stripes. The halters and blouses are $9.95, the skirts are $19.95. Robin's-egg blue predominates in the floral print of the French cotton that goes into a wraparound sun dress; the bolero, of the same material, is lined with shantung whose pink matches some of the flowers. The camisole top of a sun or dinner dress (brown Italian cotton woven with a network of black crossbars) is banded at the décolletage and shoulder straps with black soutache braid. The bolero is perfectly plain. Both of these dresses are $39.95.

THE Bridal Salon at Saks Fifth Avenue offers an impressive assortment of wedding dresses, many of them designed (everyone will be astounded to learn) by Sophie. White organdie embroidered with little bouquets of pink-and-white roses and peppered with pink-and-white butterflies ends up as a floor-length strapless dress and a bolero with a wide rolled collar to hide the straplessness. The low, round neck of a Victorian dress of oyster poult-de-soie is wreathed with roses of this silk. Garlands of these flowers and a shower of pearl beads pour down the sides of its skirt from the waist to the knees. The stiffened petticoat has a white ruffle dotted with pale-blue ribbon bows (for that rule about something blue). A dress of white poult-de-soie is very Civil War—a basque bodice, slender sleeves ending in deep points at the knuckles, a high, ruffled collar of creamy Brussels lace, and more of the lace on the court train, which can be removed, but who wants to? The hem of the fishtail train

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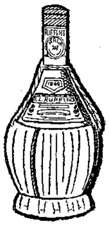

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26 West 58th St., New York 19

on a Directoire dress of white chiffon—this for a tall, willowy bride—is banded with white satin ribbon and white satin roses. A couple of the embroidered white batiste dresses are informal enough for weddings in country gardens or at home. One of them has no sleeves but no décolletage, either. Its bell skirt stops above the ankles, and a wide pink sash ties in a chou at the back of the waist. This is $49.95, which is the bottom price in the Bridal Salon. Anyone who insists, though, can go up to $795. The other dress, of eyelet embroidery with a flower motif, has a scoop neck, cap sleeves, and an ice-blue sash that widens into a panel as it reaches the end of the short train. The dresses here take four weeks to make; the sizes run from 5 to 18.

ALFRED RAINER, who's at 17 East 55th Street, is, of course, first and last a furrier. Among his made-to-measure array are below-the-waist capes of black velvet trimmed along the off-shoulder décolletage with white or dyed-black mink, and there are black taffeta bows and streamers on the chest. If you like, your bow can be white ermine, and the price ($220) will be the same; in this case, there's no fur at the neck. Dashing barrel capes—white ermine with fluffy white fox collars and a double row of buttons above the waist—are in quite another bracket; $1,650, that is. Stoles of Diadem mink, which is honey-colored, are seven feet long and a foot wide, and they're banded down the middle from end to end with an insert of pleated beige crêpe. These, too, are $1,650. Four-skin triangular neckpieces of Royal Pastel mink could be worn as kerchiefs, cowl collars, or ascots, which is what would be expected of something that's a mere $330. Short women, Rainer thinks, should be encased in slim, hipbone-length box jackets, slit a bit at the sides, and with three-quarter sleeves. He does them in black Russian broadtail with shawl collars of dyed-black mink; $1,375. All these prices, lest we forget, include the federal tax.

DON MARSHALL, a custom milliner on the second floor of 53 East 54th Street, makes lots of his coif mesh veils look like tiny, giddy pillboxes or caps because he plasters them with feather blackbirds, feather sea gulls, nylon butterflies, feather thistles, plastic blueberries, or a conservatoryful of fabric flowers—trailing arbutus, buttercups, lilacs, black-eyed Susans, and narcissi. They're as low as $10.95 and

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Questions and Answers about Aalborg Akvavit... a public service feature

Dear Aalborg:
Let me understand you. A Danish Boilermaker is a shot of ice cold Akvavit taken neat, in one quick movement, and followed by a leisurely beer, right? What do you do when the bar does not keep a bottle of Aalborg on ice? You follow me.
PURIST

A knotty but not insoluble problem. Do this: order an Aalborg on the rocks, twirl the ice around for a minute and then toss it off, meanwhile keeping your beer at the ready. This is not absolutely ideal but you won't miss the 5:38 while waiting for the bottle to freeze, either. Life is full of compromises; if only all of them were as tasty as this one.

Dear Aalborg:
Is Aalborg Akvavit a crystal clear, dry 90 proof schnapps with delightful overtones of caraway? Just thought I'd ask. It is dry, isn't it?
PARCHED

Dry! If Aalborg Akvavit were any drier it would be brittle.

Dear Aalborg:
While browsing in a liquor store recently, I noticed that the management had mistakenly placed Aalborg Akvavit in the liqueur section instead of over with the gins and vodkas where it belongs. Shall I organize a Citizen's Protest League?
FRIEND OF AKVAVIT
(pronounced Ah-kwah-veet)

No. It is far more in keeping with our genial traditions that you point out the error in quiet but firm tones. Also buy a bottle so they won't think you're just a do-gooder.

Dear Aalborg:
One of your ads recommends 3 to one as the proper proportions for a Danish Martini, another suggests 4 to one. And in one place you call Aalborg Akvavit and tomato juice (which I have tried and find supremely delicious) a Bloody Hildegarde, while a later advertisement refers to a Bloody Dane. I'll grant that you haven't wavered on akvavit and tonic yet. Still, such indecision is disconcerting.
PUZZLED

Isn't it though?

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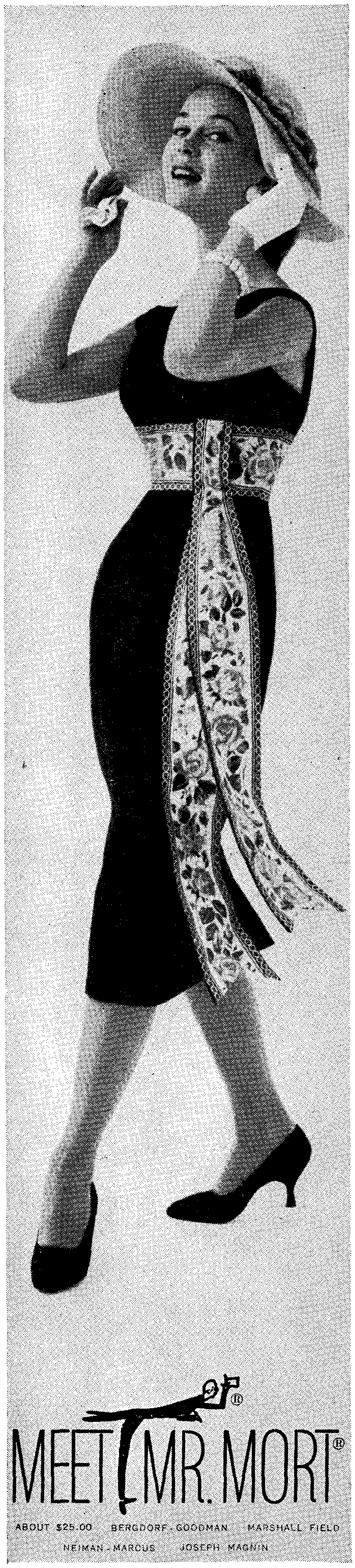
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ABOUT $25.00 BERGDORF GOODMAN MARSHALL FIELD
NEIMAN-MARCUS JOSEPH MAGNIN

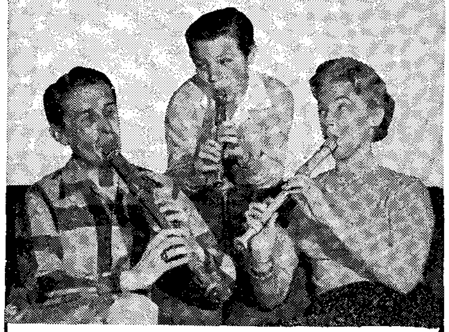
as high as $29.95, and the whole thing is one of those by-appointment deals.

BLOOMINGDALE has flippant sort of Easter hats of lacy straw braid. Mr. John designed them for honest-to-God little women, ages three to nine, for little-women prices—$3.95 to $6.95. Sprays of yellow rosebuds spill over the brim of a white scoop bonnet that ties under the chin with green velvet ribbon. The brim of a blue bell-shaped bonnet, which is anchored by a grosgrain chin strap, is draped with nylon tulle, and forget-me-nots and miniature roses wreathe the top of the crown. A turned-up sailor of natural straw braid sports a large tea rose forward and hydrangea-blue streamers aft. Pink rayon velvet forget-me-nots encircle the base of the low, round crown of a very flat sailor, also pink, and pink straw petals smother the narrow brim.

NOW it's ready-to-wear shoes that Christian Dior is making, and Bonwit Teller has them. Their toes are extravagantly pointed, and most of the heels are long toothpicks. Some, of black patent leather with vamps of white grained calfskin, offer but a single pair of eyelets for their patent-leather shoestrings. Closed-toe, backless shoes of gray or beige grained calfskin fasten with a buckled strap at the instep. And there are pumps by the dozen—of gray or indigo-blue calf with double tabs at the throat; of imported suède (oatmeal, rust, Malacca, gray, purple, or red) with wraparound vamps, held in place by five matching buttons on the outer side; and, for cocktails and evening, of black or white jacquard tie silk or else of pale-blue cotton woven in a white nylon lace allover pattern. Prices begin at $21.95.

VICTORIA STONE, at 510 Madison Avenue (53rd), is transforming the dials of old French, English, and Italian gold watches (mostly pastoral scenes) into brooches, charms, and pendants, and trimming them with the heads of old stickpins—gold horseshoes sprinkled with tiny sapphires, a turquoise lovebird sitting on a pearl crescent moon, and like that; $125 to $500. Gold bangle bracelets and necklaces begin, respectively, down at $25 and $50, but the heart-shaped confections of semiprecious stones that dangle from them can add from $25 all the way to $1,500 to the cost of really living. The stock in trade includes moonstones, amethysts, rose quartz, aquamarines, tourmalines, malachite, and lapis. Any one of the larger hearts would be just

everyone enjoys playing the
RECORDER



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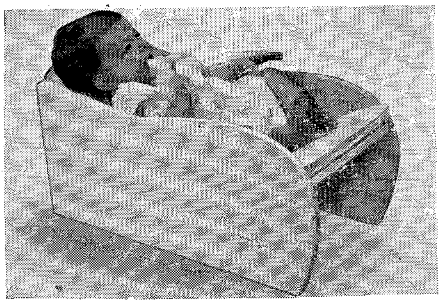

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wonderful against a bare throat. Strands of cultured pearls without clasps (fifteen inches or more, and $22 or more) may be converted into bracelets or necklaces by a small gold bar set with six tiny turquoises, rubies, sapphires, or diamonds; $35 to $75 extra. All the prices include the luxury tax.

At H. Nils, 573 Madison Avenue (57th), you will find handmade gold jewelry from Denmark. Orders take six weeks. Among the bracelets and necklaces are broad, flexible ribbon bands; others are all lovers' knots or chain links. Prices of bracelets start around $90, necklaces around $125, and the import duty adds approximately twenty per cent to these prices.

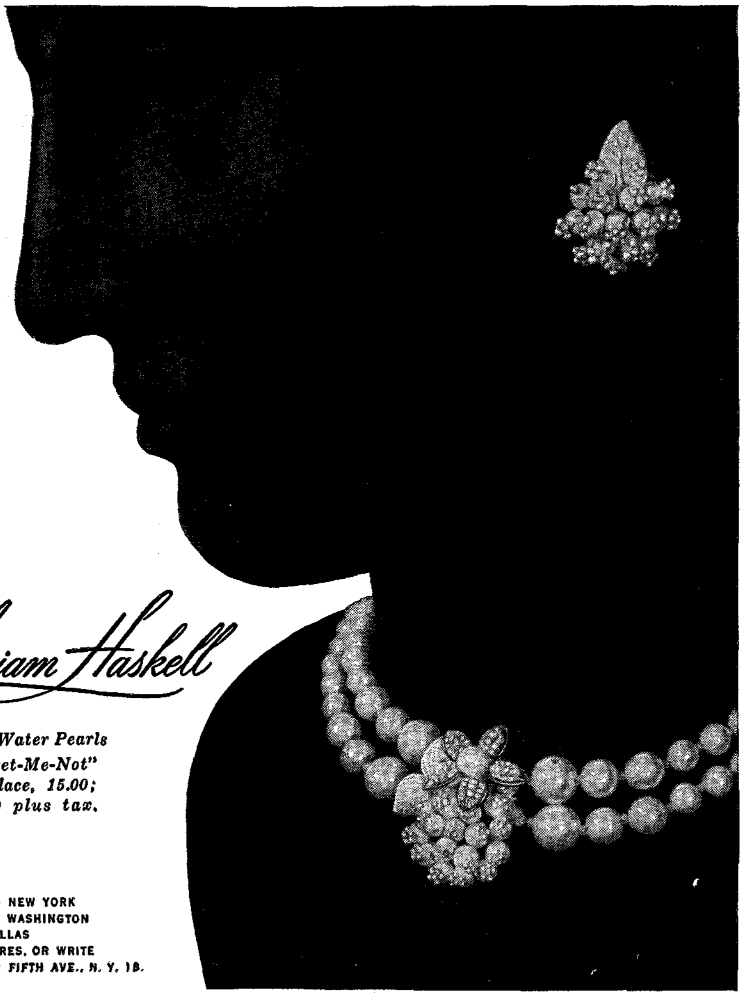
Abe Silver, at 1310-A Sixth Avenue (53rd), can supply bags and belts in sturdy llama calf. Fat envelopes outlined in hand stitching are provided with bamboo handles and knob closings; $19.80. Carryalls more than a foot high and a foot wide, and capable of being folded, should be helpful to those who accumulate souvenirs as they travel; $49.50. For $66, there's one of llama that is disguised as a postman's pouch. It will carry a small pet. This has a wire-mesh window in back, a zippered blind, and two open portholes at the sides. The reversible two-tone llama belts are the most fun. One that rises in a high point at the waist can break in two (the parts are joined by brass studs), so it can be worn half one color and half the other; $6. The llama is black, navy, gray, brown, ginger, natural, or red, and the luxury tax is included in the prices.

SPORTING motifs, it stands to reason, dominate the white porcelain medallions set into the belts at the Crossroads of Sport, at 15 East 54th Street. Irish-linen belts, an inch wide, in a choice of colors, and designed for Bermuda shorts, are fastened by chromium or brass buckles inset with one porcelain waterfowl or game bird; $6. Contour belts of brown cowhide bear three porcelains of the same sort; $11.50. Tapered red calfskin belts contain a trio of subjects, joined by brass links across the front; $16. Silver buttons, for sports jackets—a mallard, a retriever, a pheasant, a woodcock, a quail, or a fox mask in bas-relief—are $5 apiece, including the federal tax. —M. M.

•

Although he still smokes a cigar a day he gave up smoking a year ago.—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

Yeah, we know.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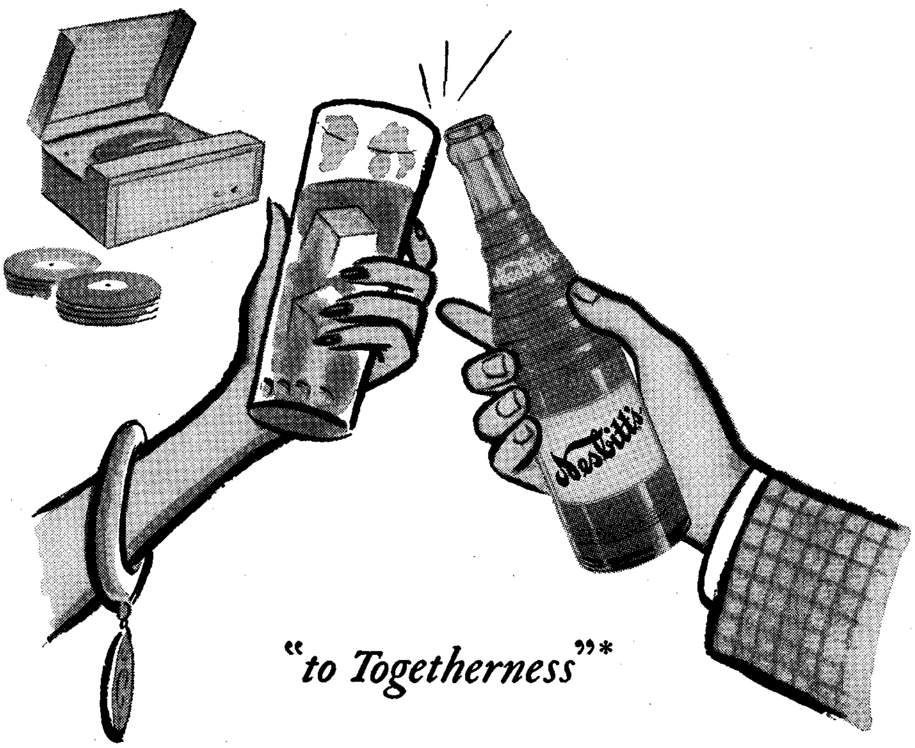

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A REPORTER AT HOME

A BEAR AT LARGE

IN my part of Westchester—in the unincorporated sub-village of Scarborough, in the incorporated village of Briarcliff Manor, in the township of Ossining, twenty-eight miles from New York City—we rarely have occasion to think of ourselves as living in the forest primeval. On a clear day, you can see the Empire State Building, and on any old day you can see Sing Sing. Nonetheless, we have a gratifying, if not particularly unusual, abundance of wildlife. Squirrels, rabbits, raccoons, woodchucks, skunks, and possums roam in uninhibited freedom across our fields, and the meadow grass shelters handsome, sleek pheasants. The pond outside my window has two mallards frisking on it; for a week, it has also been the temporary home of six plump Canadian geese, who march up onto the lawn and sun themselves between dips, until Barge, my friendly Labrador retriever, runs over in the hope of getting better acquainted with them.

The sight of anywhere from one to half a dozen deer wandering about my property is common; not five minutes ago, four of the lovely, white-flagged animals walked gracefully across the lawn outside my window. (Last fall, a big buck sauntered right into my driveway one afternoon, and might have nuzzled the front door open if Barge hadn't chased him away.) We've had red foxes around, too, and the banks of the pond, alas, have been ravaged by a resident colony of muskrats, but until just recently we've had to concede that when it comes to fauna the folks over in Connecticut, who were hosts to a stray moose several months ago, had the edge on us. Lately, however, a rather extraordinary series of events has occurred hereabouts, and I think I can best relate them, in more or less orderly sequence, by presenting some excerpts from an informal diary I keep:

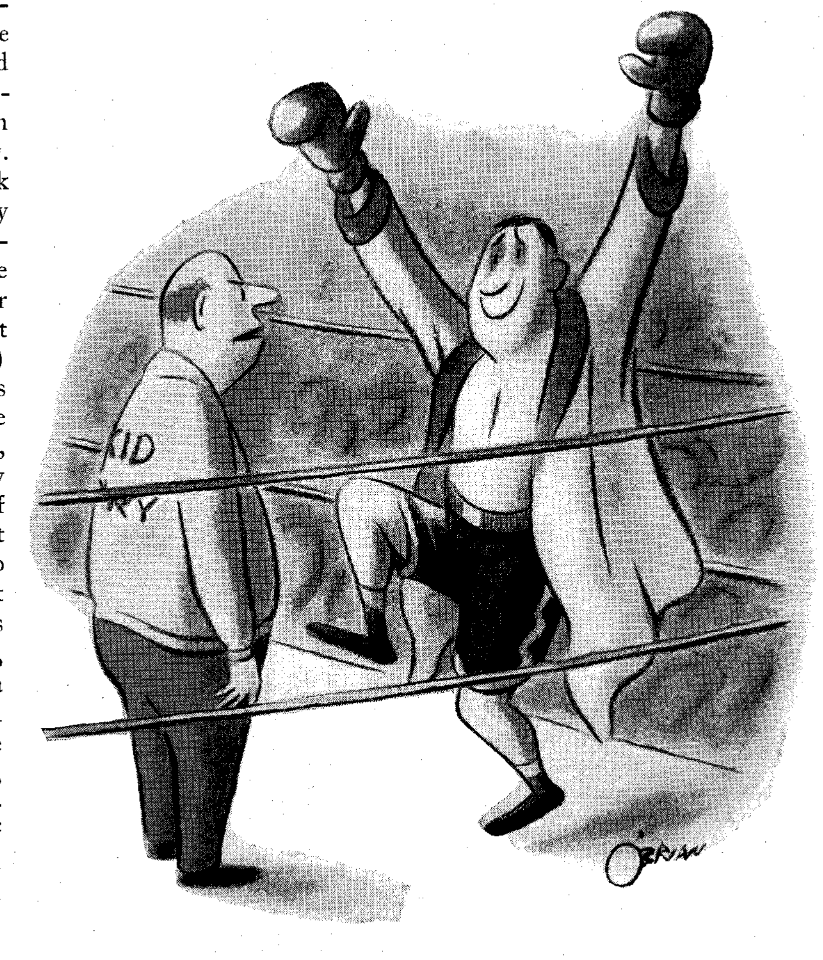
FEBRUARY 2ND—Cold today. This evening's Ossining *Citizen Register* reports no groundhog shadow-casting, owing to snowfall. On arising from an afternoon nap, learned from our maid, Sarah, that two men in hunting clothes had come to the kitchen door asking leave to set traps for muskrats. Sarah, wonderful maid that she is, told them I was busy working and suggested they return tomorrow.

FEBRUARY 3RD—Trappers back. I asked them if traps could hurt dogs, cats, children, or other wildlife. They assured me there was no danger of that, so I granted them permission to go ahead. Feel sorry about harassing the muskrats, but damn near broke my neck in January stumbling in a hole they'd dug. It's a case of my neck against theirs. As the trappers were departing, one of them mentioned casually that they might catch mink in the traps, too. Mink!

FEBRUARY 5TH—*Citizen Register* says Briarcliff cops are searching for a 150-lb. black bear seen last week on Sleepy Hollow Country Club grounds. Hmm. Probably just a big dog. I remember how as a kid I was once chased across a golf course by an English sheep dog that I would have sworn at the time was a dragon. Strange, though, that just last August, Carroll Colby, the *Cit. Reg.* Adventure Editor, wrote in his column that it would not be utterly fantastic for a bear to turn up in Westchester. Out of curiosity, I checked to see what Ernest Thompson Seton had to say in his classic "Lives of Game Animals," and found that he estimated there were a few hundred black bears left in the Adirondacks—thirty years ago, that is. Come to think of it, Bear Mountain, across the Hudson and twenty miles north of here, must have got its name from bears. Seton says that the black bear (*Ursus americanus*) is elusive, speedy, a good swimmer, a loner, a nomad, and harmless. Glad to hear the last, just in case.

FEBRUARY 6TH—Paper reports bear tracks in the Sparta section of Ossining, near the river, a couple of miles from my house. Adds that Colby, who is a special game protector for the State Conservation Department—and a many-faceted man, being, in addition to game protector and Adventure Editor, a Briarcliff village trustee, the fire commissioner, and an author and illustrator of juvenile books—had photographed the tracks and said they looked to him like those of a year-old black bear. Seems incredible.

FEBRUARY 7TH—Went to New York to straighten out a mess at the bank and heard much bear talk on the commuters' train. Awful jokes. A Merrill Lynch partner was hailed raffishly as an expert on bear habits. Ribald speculation that the bear was simply an excessively hairy neigh-



"Stop it, you damn fool! You lost."

bor taking a constitutional in the buff. Etc., etc. Became the victim of innuendoes myself as friends pointed out that bears are related to raccoons, that coons raid garbage cans, that my Barge is black and big (85 lbs.) and raids garbage cans. Ridiculous! Anyone can tell a bear from a dog. *Cit. Reg.* published one of Colby's photos of the Sparta animal tracks, showing them to be bigger than a child's hand. Tracks look peculiar.

(This is a P.S. written March 6th: Learned today the photo was printed upside down.)

February 9th—The trappers inspected their traps. No muskrats. No mink. Sarah brought me the *Cit. Reg.* and pointed—with relief, I sensed—to an item from Irvington, ten miles to the south. A game warden there pooh-poohs our bear, saying that several dogs in his area were killed by an animal that he suspects is a rambunctious bull mastiff. In other words, our beast is probably canine, not ursine. Spoilsport.

February 11th—The killer dog, a giant bull-mastiff bitch, was shot in some Irvington woods yesterday. Trouble there apparently is over. Hope so, because the dog show is on at the Garden, and killer dogs are terrible publicity. Funny thing—a Briarcliff resident with a bear background insists he heard a bear galumphing in his yard last night, *after* the Irvington slayer was slain. Went to monthly fire-company meeting, and heard more bear talk. Someone asked Chief Bowers when he was going to catch the bear. Big joke. In oblique reply, he informed us that the hook and ladder was dispatched this afternoon to break up a fight between a dog and a raccoon in a culvert. The firemen smoked the dog out, then put a 2½-inch line in to flush the coon out, but the coon just straddled the hose. The chief said that many side bets were made on who would prevail—coon or firemen. Coon money won when the firemen left, with their prey still in the culvert. This is getting to be a very animal-conscious neighborhood. Read the *Cit. Reg.* on getting home, and found the Hunting & Fishing Editor in a debunking mood. "Yarns of Westchester bears have a point in common with the Loch Ness monster," he wrote. "No one has managed yet to come up with a corpus delicti." Erudite but morbid. H. & F. Editor added that it seemed odd to him that no hunters had seen the bear—if there is a bear—during the hunting season, but omitted the pertinent fact that the hunting season

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ended December 15th, *long* before the bear was spotted. If there is a bear.

February 16th—A clipping of one *Cit. Reg.* bear story has been pinned to the post-office bulletin board, alongside the circulars describing wanted criminals. Seems uncharitable toward what E. T. Seton called one of the friendliest animals anywhere—"timid, shy, and inoffensive." Murray Goodwin, whose house is less than a quarter mile from ours, told me at the post office that he had seen some outsize tracks in his rock garden yesterday. I said maybe my dog had made them. "Not Barge," he told me. "I know *his* tracks. They've been around our garbage cans for years." Bade him a curt good day.

February 19th—The paper reports that the organist at All Saints', directly across the road from the Goodwins', saw a bear through the church window a few days ago. For goodness' sake! The bear, or whatever it was, skedaddled into the woods. Can't remember where Barge was when the bear was seen at All Saints'. The children, home from school, announced a sudden revival of local interest in Davy Crockett. No shooting is allowed here, of course, even in the hunting season. Bows and arrows only.

February 21st—The bear story is getting around. The *Westchester News*, a White Plains weekly, says a bear has been pawing garbage cans all the way from Ossining to Tarrytown. Seton wrote that bears are omnivorous—that they "prefer all things eatable at all times." Just like Labrador retrievers.

February 24th—Great to-do this afternoon on River Road, a mile and a half southwest of here. Jane Homes' maid was walking a baby carriage, accompanied by a pack of dogs, when, she claims, she saw a young black bear in the woods at the edge of the road, not fifteen feet from her. The dogs lit out after the bear, and the bear vanished. The police were summoned, but found nothing. Jane says she asked maid, "Have you ever seen a bear before?," and maid answered "Yes." What is one to think?

March 1st—Fresh snow last night. Out after breakfast with Barge, I found the ground already covered with animal tracks, much larger than Barge's and quite unlike them. Suspect imagination is getting the better of me. Today's Colby column in the *Cit. Reg.* is devoted to bears. Says he has had several letters about them. "And I am glad, for they are fascinating creatures, even if we seldom have a chance to see them out-

the girl who turned into a teapot

In July, it was when it happened. Her name was Marybelle Jackson. She was five. Apparently Marybelle took it for granted that her mother promised to buy her (at only $5 . . . Schwarz pleasant, competitive prices) one of our junior size 9-piece aluminum kitchen sets. Mom forgot. Marybelle didn't. She said she was the set's streamlined teapot, and would have to stay right here with the rest of the set, if they all didn't go home together. Mom argued. She lost. We remember we wrapped the set up special for Marybelle. See the teapot in the catalogue we'll send you free.

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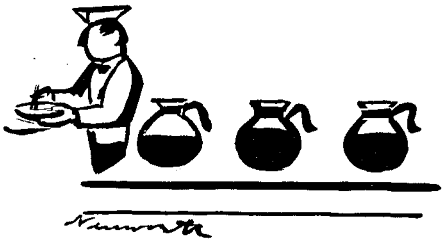
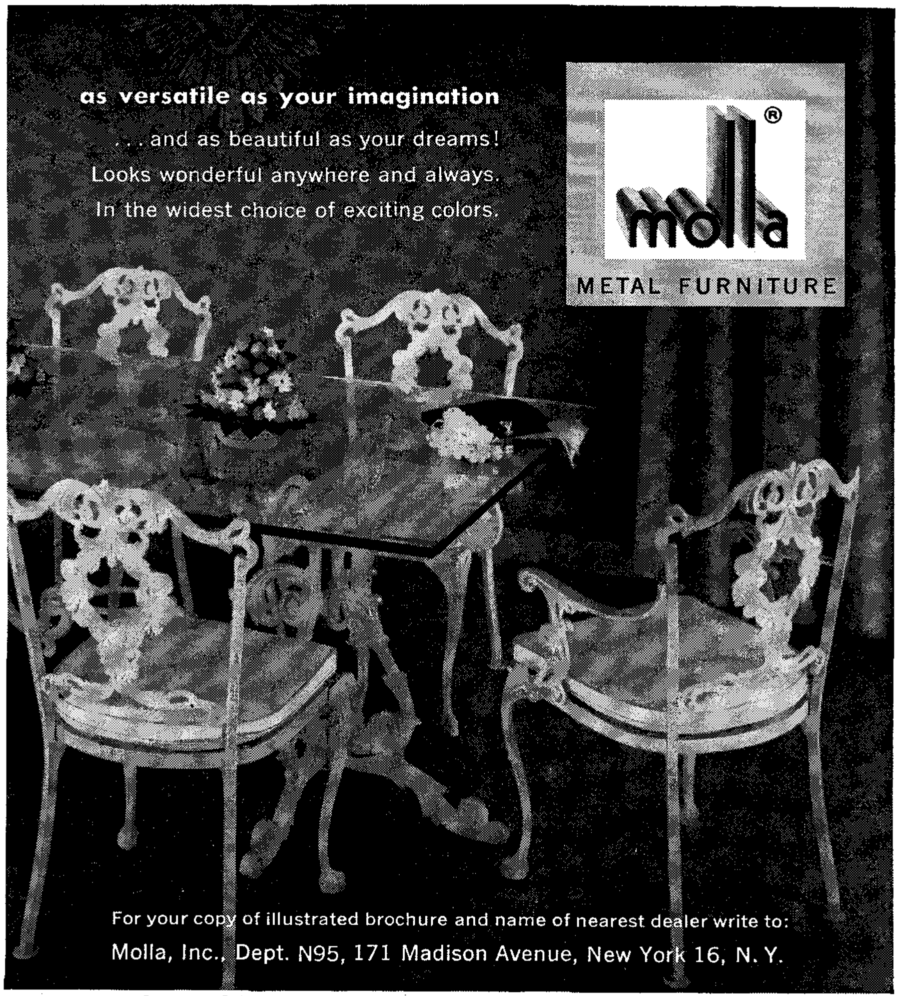
side of zoos." Colby also discusses tracks. The dog is a digitigrade, he explains, meaning it walks on its toes; the bear is a plantigrade, meaning it walks on the soles of its feet. I learn something every day.

March 4th—Bear! On going down to breakfast, I found Sarah in a swivet. Said she was awakened at 4:30 A.M. by sounds of something heavy nudging the garbage cans right outside her bedroom window. She thought at first it was a prowler, but then she became convinced it was an animal. She was too scared, understandably, to lift her head from the pillow. I knew it couldn't have been Barge, because he was snoring at my bedside then. Rushed outside and saw fresh tracks—big as my hand—in the snow near the garbage area. Plantigrade. Tried to call Colby, but he was out of town. Damn! Our breadman spread the word, and pretty soon some neighbors came over to gawk at the tracks. One was Robie Bucci, who brought along a Boy Scout handbook. The tracks resembled the bear-print pictures in it. Sarah was not cheered by the thought that a wild bear was only three feet or so from her pillow, even though separated by a wall.

March 5th—The trappers came by to check their traps. No muskrats, no mink, no moose, no nothing. Who cares? I drove over to Briarcliff Police Department and dropped in on Chief Johnson. He's been here, man and boy, most of his life, serving on the force for thirty-one years and as chief for twenty. Rock of probity. He told me there were several reports of the bear that hadn't reached the general public. For instance, it was thought to have been seen at Briarcliff College, but at the request of the college authorities, who were evidently reluctant to alarm the students' families unnecessarily, the story was hushed up. A snow-removal crew had also claimed to have seen the bear, at 4 A.M. on March 1st, a mere hundred yards from my driveway. That was the morning of the fresh snow—the morning I was puzzled by the tracks. The chief and I were soon deep in bear gab. He is sure the bear is a bear. Thinks maybe it wandered south out of the Catskills





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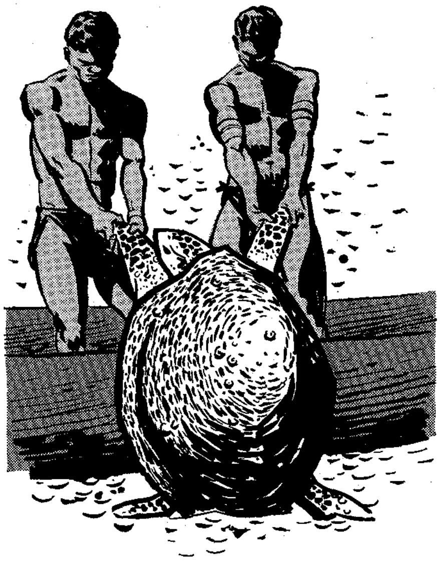

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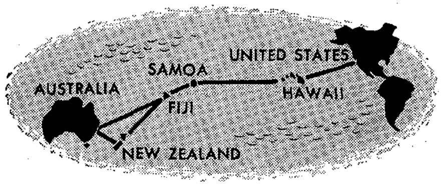

and crossed the Hudson while the river was frozen, but he admits that's just a guess. No matter; he is convinced that wherever the bear came from, it's here. I asked what the procedure would be if the police came face to face with the bear, and he said the only thing they could do—unless the bear acted ornery—would be to rope it; a 50-foot lasso is standard equipment in all police cars. The local cops did shoot a man once, back in the prohibition era, when a bootlegger acted ornery and pulled a gun on them. Self-defense. Same rule for bears. Johnson recalled that he and his fellow-cops used to rope a couple of runaway horses a week—twenty or thirty years ago, before the territory got built up and grew tame. He's proud of the way the local citizenry has behaved with a bear in its midst. No panic. Said I ought to talk to Colby, the ranking bear authority of the village.

MARCH 6TH—Colby back. Got him on the phone before breakfast. Told me he was just leaving to investigate two bear visits reported last night. Evidence of a real bear is piling higher almost daily—circumstantial, certainly, but then there's nothing shameful about circumstantial evidence. Ask any lawyer. Finally got to see Colby in person at his home. A real outdoor type, he has a den full of hunting licenses, woodsy relics, rifles, shotguns, bows and arrows. Has known bears since boyhood. Books he's written include "Who Went There?," a juvenile about animal tracks. "There seem to be two classes of people in Briarcliff right now," he told me. "Those who are dying to see the bear and those who don't want any part of it." He paused, presumably waiting for me to classify myself. I remained coolly noncommittal. Then he told me that he had sent some of his bear-track photos to the Museum of Natural History for possible authentication, but that the pictures were too fuzzy for positive identification. He showed me a letter from a mammalogist at the museum saying, "It would not surprise us to get reports on bear in this locality." Scientific open-mindedness. Colby said that when he first scrutinized the Sparta tracks, he was tempted to pass off the whole affair by announcing that they were probably those of a big dog—a St. Bernard, say, or a Lab, or a Newfie. But then his conscience nagged him, and made him confess the animal might be a bear. Told me that bears are not true hibernators, being often up and about during the winter, especially after a lean fall. He was not surprised that the bear was still at large. "A bear can outrun a dog,

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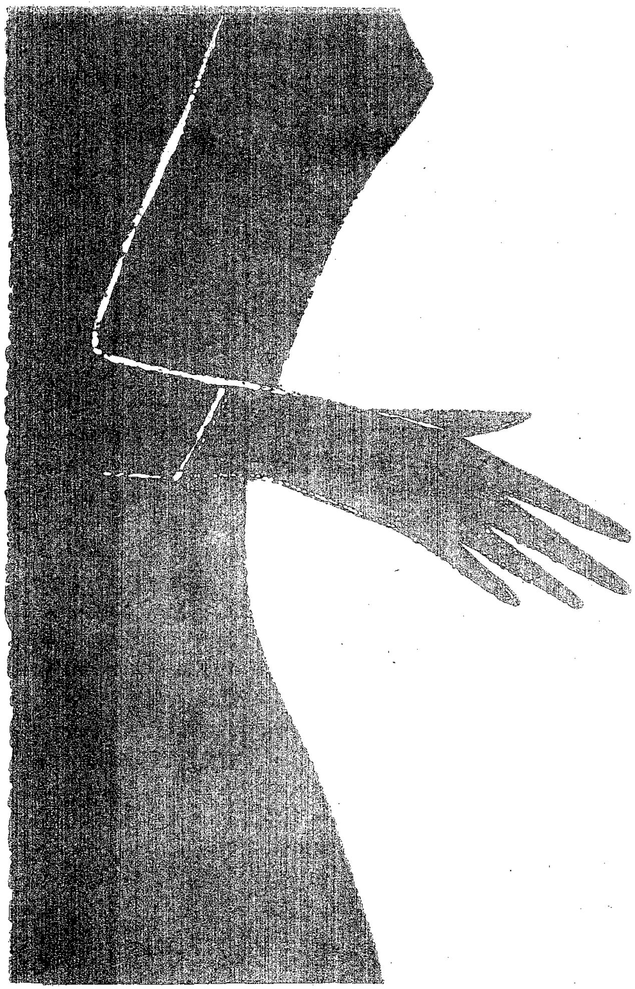
outrun a horse, outrun a deer, and beat a chipmunk up a tree," he said. "The way I feel about our bear is that so many mature, responsible people here have reported seeing it that the story *must* be true." I admitted sharing his slant. Sarah's hearing is both mature and responsible. Colby said that when he got the first bear report he called a game farm north of Pawling, where there are seven bear cubs in captivity. Thought maybe one had escaped. The owner said hold on, and went out and counted. Seven. Colby now thinks maybe our bear floated down the Hudson from the Adirondacks on an ice cake. Just a theory. "This is the most interesting thing that's happened in Briarcliff since I became a special protector," he told me. "I only wish I could find a perfectly beautiful paw print." I invited him down to have a gander at mine, and he accepted with alacrity. Declined a drink when we got to the house—sober, mature, responsible citizen. Guided him to an unmelted patch of snow outside Sarah's window. The ground was horribly trampled by now—dogs, cats, squirrels, skunks, deer, Boy Scouts, trappers, breadman, milkman, garbage men, Sarah, me. But two distinct, unmangled prints were still visible. Not perfect, not beautiful, but they looked persuasive to Colby. He was unwilling to make an unequivocal pronouncement on the basis of such skimpy evidence, but conceded that they were very possibly the footprints of *Ursus americanus* and, if so, the tracks of the closest wild bear there has ever been to New York City since it stopped being a village. Imagine! The most adventurous bear of them all, right in my own back yard!

OVER a week has passed since that last hysterical entry, and the bear has been spotted twice more in Briarcliff, but he has done no damage to anyone, and no one, I am becoming increasingly delighted to note, has yet done any damage to him. These last few days, I have talked to a few big-city sophisticates who, like the warden in Irvington, refuse to take our bear seriously. Mainly to fortify myself with arguments against such skeptics, I telephoned Dr. W. J. Hamilton, Jr., Professor of Zoology at Cornell and the state's most eminent mammalogist. Dr. Hamilton had never previously heard of a wild bear nearer to New York City than the Catskills, but he said it seemed quite likely to him that our bear was the real thing, and, in terms of proximity to Times Square, it was therefore certainly



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a record-breaker. "Bears are wide-ranging creatures, and where they're concerned, nothing is impossible," he told me. "Heavens, there've been copperheads in Bronxville, so why not a bear in Briarcliff?" Why not?

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

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—JOHN UPDIKE

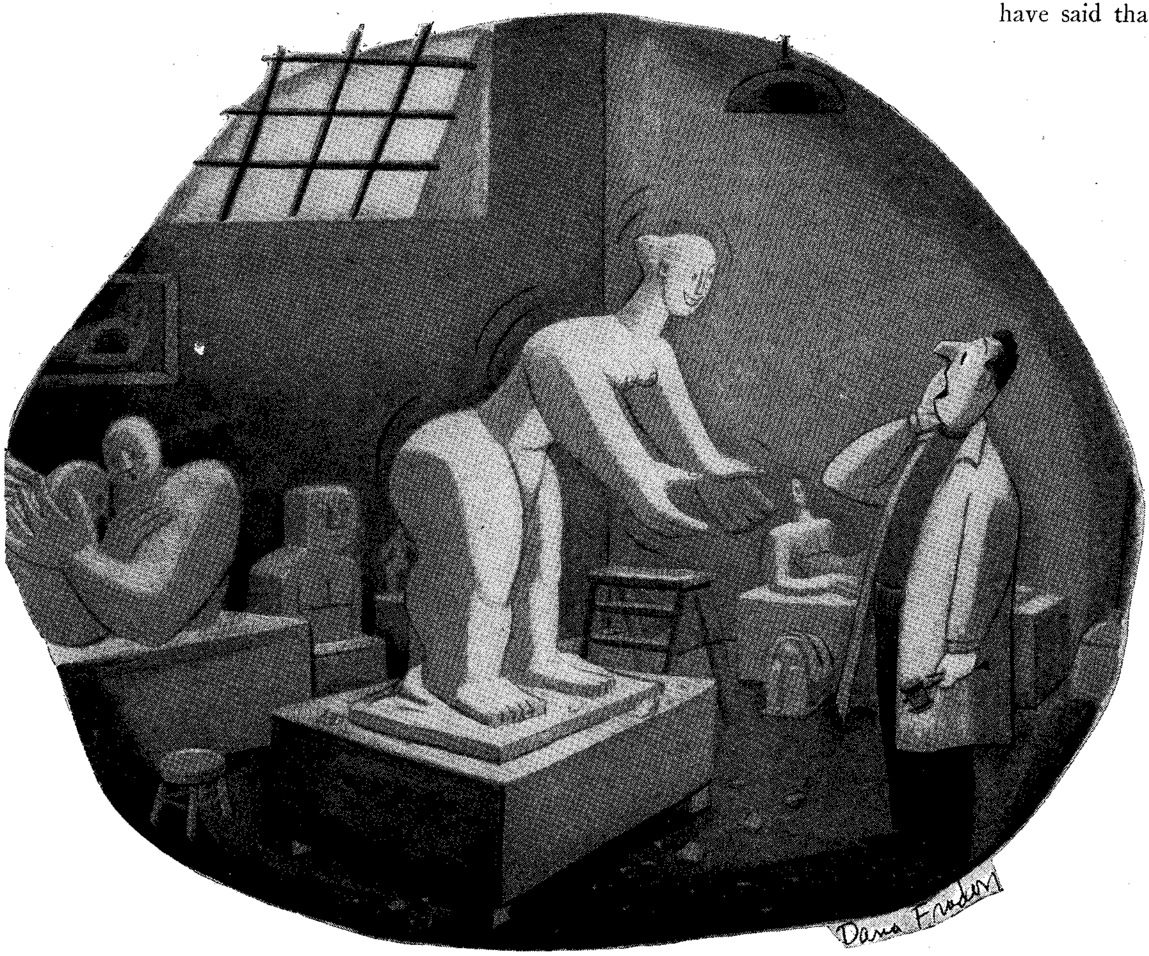
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 14

THE mood of the moment here is one of smug, complacent pessimism. Nobody expects anything except bad news from the Middle East, but the general feeling seems to be that the worst news expected can be endured, since it will not include early war. Egypt is still embarrassed by a shortage of personnel and matériel as a result of the disturbances last fall, and for the time being is unlikely to provide Israel with suitable provocation. The Egyptians have announced that they plan to resume civil administration of the Gaza territory and that Israeli ships are to be denied passage through the Suez Canal. This is regretted on all sides here, but the Secretary of State made it clear before departing for the Antipodes last week that he had not promised David Ben-Gurion or anyone else that the Egyptians would not return to Gaza or that we would provide armed escorts for any ships going through the Canal. What, if anything, he did promise the Israelis no one knows. What assurances he has given the British and the French no one knows. The assumption of most people is that no assurances have been given anybody. For one thing, the United States is not in a position to make any assurances in the Middle East; for another, our assurances are not highly regarded or eagerly sought in the world market at the present time. The State Department has cast no light on these or related problems. One of its spokesmen said a couple of nights ago that the Secretary did not want the Department to issue too many statements on the Middle East, lest public interest be drawn away from the meetings of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization in Canberra, which Mr. Dulles evidently thinks the world has been following with rapt attention. No one here seems to care a fig for what has been happening in Canberra.

American diplomacy has recovered lost prestige in the past, and it may be that the current difficulties in the Middle East are not as grave as they appear. The one thing that seems certain to most people here is that the United States has no further resources for bringing about a settlement, or for advancing our interests in any other way in that part of the world. The only new element in our policy is the Eisenhower Doctrine, which became operative last week, but the Eisenhower Doctrine, though it may be commendable in many respects, has nothing whatever to say about the problems of the moment. It commits us to giving help in repelling any Communist aggression in the Middle East, provided our help is requested, and it opens up the possibility of our spending two hundred million dollars in the area, provided that James P. Richards—a former judge of probate in Lancaster County, South Carolina, who is now touring the Middle East as a special representative of the President—can find any halfway respectable projects to spend it on. Neither the commitment of arms nor the offer of money appears to have anything to do with current realities. Direct Communist aggression has always seemed the least likely of developments, and even if Mr. Richards should have the good luck to find some promising investments, the present dangers of Communist infiltration would not be lessened. The countries that now appear to be most seriously threatened by Soviet agents—Syria, Egypt, and Jordan—have said that they want none of our dams or highways or sanitation systems, and although some of their leaders may conceivably take a different view when Mr. Richards waves our hard currency before their eyes, the value of these nations as allies would be still questionable and their usefulness, for the present, nil.

The main problems now, in the view of competent authorities, are to prevent Lieutenant Colonel Nasser from choking Europe to death by his control of the Suez Canal and to keep Egypt and Israel from blowing each other up. Neither problem belongs exclusively to the United States, and neither can be settled by this country alone, but we have talked big about the Middle East in recent months and have assumed larger responsi-



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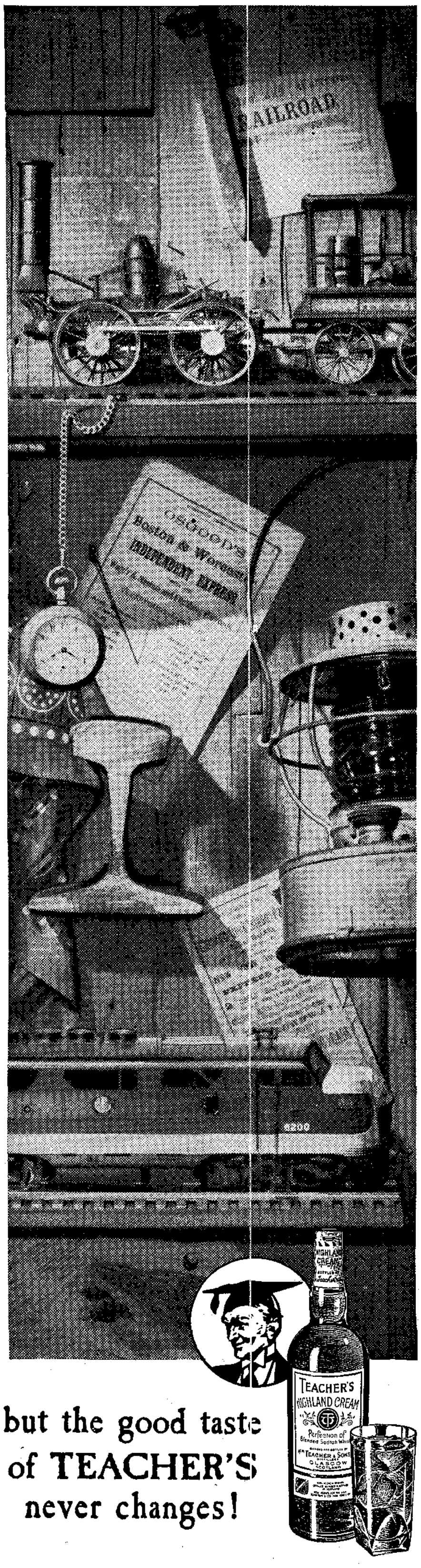

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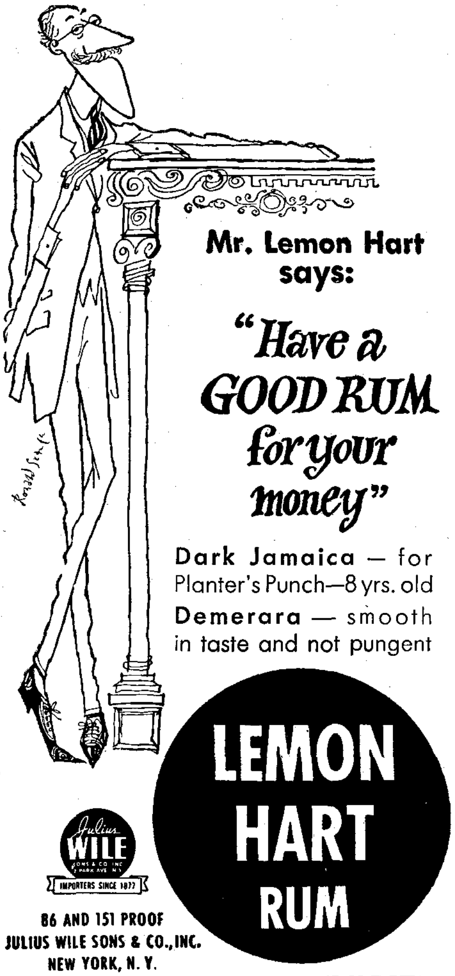
bilities, it would seem, than we have any right to assume. Unless the majority of observers here are greatly mistaken, we have at the moment nothing to deliver.

THE Eisenhower Doctrine may have little relevance to the existing situation in the Middle East, but there is a widespread feeling here that it could have a large bearing on the future conduct of American foreign policy, quite possibly in places and circumstances remote from those it is intended to deal with. Mr. Eisenhower has established what may turn out to be a new pattern in the exercise of Presidential authority. Twice in two years, he has asked Congress to vote its approval of the use of American arms in the event of Communist aggression against certain territories—Formosa in the first instance, unspecified Middle Eastern countries in the second—whose security and independence he regards as vital to our own. On both occasions, it has been generally conceded that Congress, at least from a strictly legal point of view, was being asked to carry coals to Newcastle, since the Constitution and an imposing body of precedent—from Jefferson's hot pursuit of the Tripolitan Navy in 1801 to Truman's resistance to the North Koreans in 1950—empower the President to give marching orders whenever he feels the need to. His judgment as Commander-in-Chief can be questioned only after the fact—by the voters at the next election or by the Senate sitting as a court of impeachment. No administration spokesman maintained either in 1955 or in 1957 that the President had any legalistic need for Congressional approval, and the one eminent Constitutionalist who gave an opinion favoring the Eisenhower Doctrine—Arthur E. Sutherland, of the Harvard Law School—went no further than to say, in a letter read into the *Congressional Record* by Senator Kennedy, of Massachusetts, that in a government of divided powers the President who acts with explicit Congressional approval is obviously in a stronger position than the President who acts without it. On both occasions, the nonlegal case was that Congressional action would be valuable because it would clarify our position before the world and also might frighten off suspected aggressors. Still another reason—and the one that some think was the most compelling of all to the White House—was that the advance sharing of responsibility with Congress lessens to some extent the prospect of future criticism



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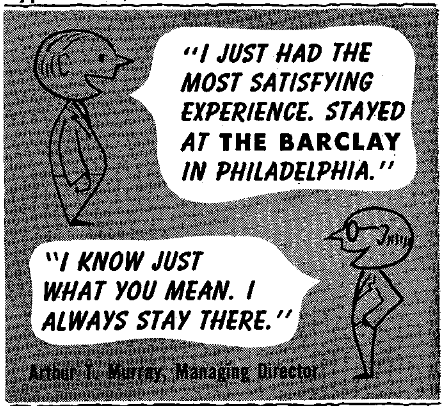
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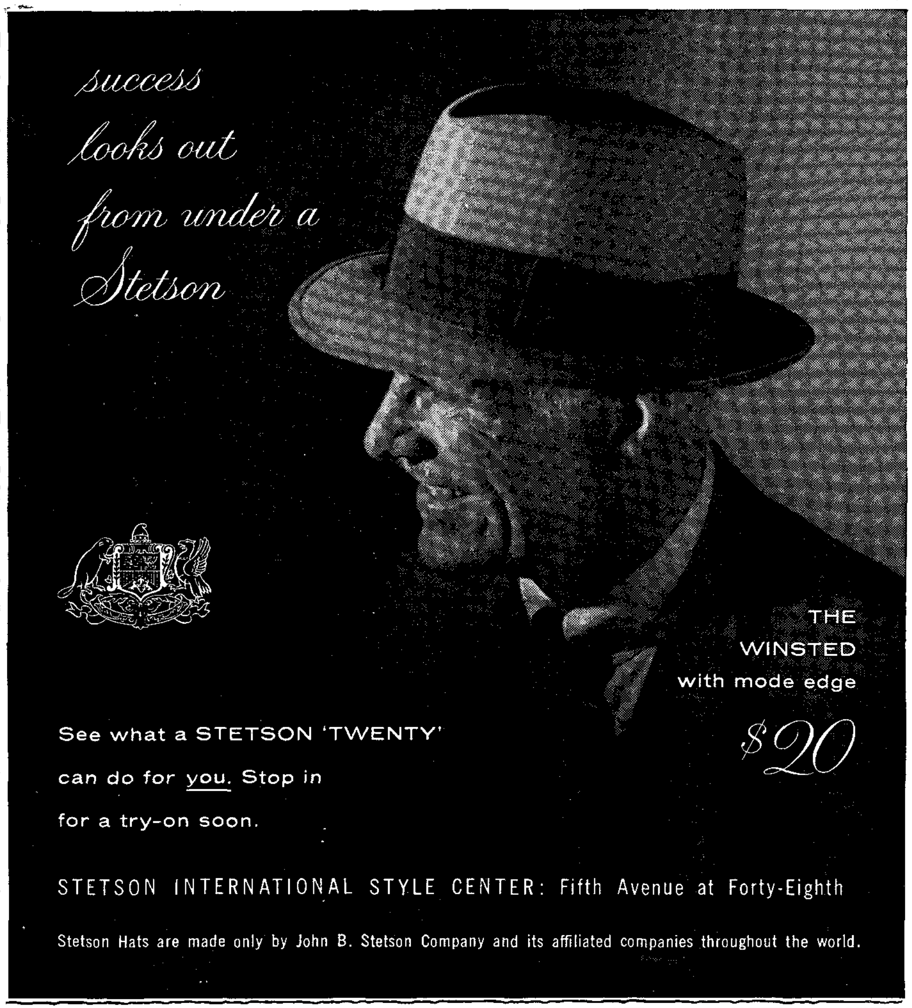
from Congress. And as far as the resolution passed last week is concerned, the State Department regarded it as having been made necessary by the President's repeated assurances in last year's campaign that the United States would not become involved in any shooting in the Middle East; these assurances, it was felt, meant that some powerful assertion of American concern with the area was required to keep Mr. Dulles from being dealt out of the game altogether. "The British and the French may accuse us of trying to fill a power vacuum in the Middle East," one member of the Senate said a few days ago, "but the truth is that the power vacuum that bothered us was right here."

In any event, the President has twice asked Congress to reaffirm his role as Commander-in-Chief, and while neither the Formosa resolution nor this one has altered existing law or invalidated established precedent, the practical effect has been to create a new body of precedent, which may be looked upon as superseding the older one, and will almost certainly serve as a restraining influence on Mr. Eisenhower's successors. In an attempt to avoid this and to sidestep Constitutional issues, the Senate changed the text of the resolution so that Congress is not technically in the position of "authorizing" the use of American power in the Middle East but is merely on record as declaring that the United States is "prepared" to use force in that region under certain conditions. "We thought that it would translate about the same way in Russian and Arabic, and that any way they read it, the meaning for them would be clear and unmistakable," Senator Johnson, of Texas, said earlier this week. "What we wanted was to make sure that no one in this country would be able to say that we had taken a new view of the Constitution." No doubt the present text does have this advantage. But even to Americans the substance of an act is more important than the form, and the substance of the military part of the Eisenhower Doctrine is predated Congressional approval of the Presidential employment of arms. If, four or five or ten years from now, another President feels that duty compels him to order American forces into action—as, say, President Truman felt on June 26, 1950—he will be reminded by White House aides, by Congressional leaders, and by the press that when Dwight Eisenhower was in office, he never did, or even contemplated, anything of the sort without first consult-



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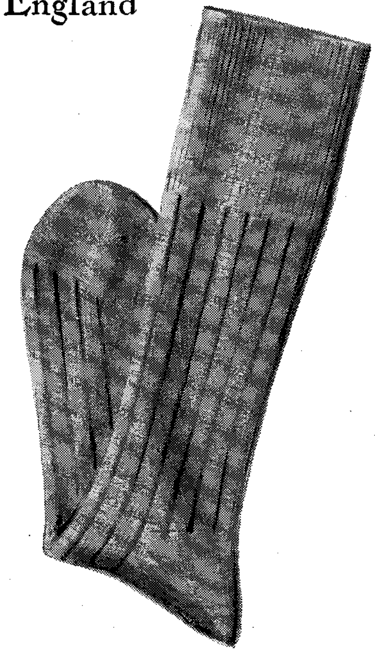

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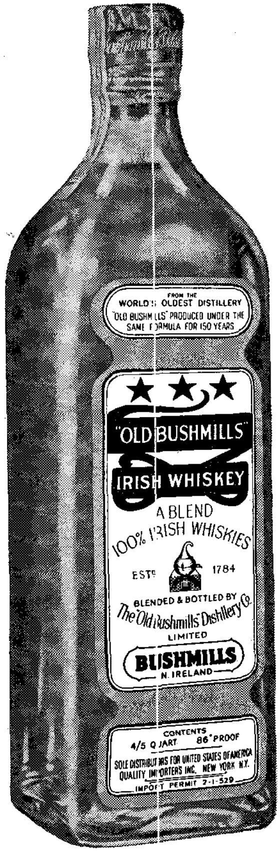

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ing the legislative branch and getting its approval. Another President could, of course, go his own way, as most Presidents do, but the pressure of example—and particularly of recent example—is heavy, and, as a matter of practical politics, it would surely be pointed out to any future President who chanced to be considering intervention that Mr. Eisenhower's practice spared him the grief of his immediate predecessor, whose party lost two Presidential elections largely because of the popular disfavor that met his exercise of the power of his office in taking military action in Korea. No great harm would be done, to be sure, provided there was time for the executive and legislative machinery to grind out another doctrine; the danger is that of a swift, unexpected assault such as the one in 1950, which left no time for anything more than a hasty meeting of the available members of the National Security Council and a few wireless exchanges with General MacArthur. And since the Communists are not incapable of learning from experience, the danger of such an assault will be increased, for if it should become clear that the United States will respond only to those provocations that can be anticipated three or four months ahead of time, the Communists will stop telegraphing their punches and scout around for enterprises of the kind that can be undertaken on a few days' notice and completed before Senator Morse, of Oregon, reaches the halfway point in his speech of opposition. There are believed to be many such enterprises.

The Doctrine and the events attending its approval by Congress are shot through with paradox. For example, many of the people who are troubled because it appears to diminish Presidential authority are at the same time troubled because they feel that it also diminishes Congressional power. There is no doubt that Congress has given the administration a blank check for at least two hundred million dollars' worth of foreign-aid expenditures and has thereby surrendered some of its authority in money matters; it has put some restraint on the executive branch by writing in provisions for a terminal date and for Congressional review of certain undertakings, but the fact remains that Congress has endorsed disbursements for projects of a character unknown to it and as yet, presumably, unknown to the administration. (The worst is suspected, though. The reason the administration has been able to argue that it is calling for no new appropriations for

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the Middle East is that it has a good deal of money on hand earmarked for aid to the region but not spent, because none of the Middle Eastern governments could come up with uses for it that would be likely to meet the requirements of the enabling legislation. According to a recent estimate, it has been possible to spend only fifty-six per cent of all the monies appropriated for Middle Eastern aid since 1951. Now that the administration has requested, and got, Congressional approval for largely unsupervised expenditures, there is almost no way of preventing the money from being spent the way money is so often spent in the Middle East—on bribes.) A further diminution of Congressional power that can be discerned in the Doctrine is that it involves a partial surrender of Congress's role as the one agency qualified to declare war. Throughout American history, to be sure, Congress has had no opportunity to use this authority on its own initiative. It has never "declared" war; it has only conceded, after the gunfire has begun, that a state of war exists. But the power is nevertheless a cherished one, and it is unquestionably weakened by giving the President written authorization to undertake warlike acts, for although Mr. Eisenhower has no more power to involve the country in hostilities than any past President has had, Congress has now undermined its own right to reject the President's course either by a refusal to declare war or by a withholding of war appropriations. This is really just another way of saying that if any guilt attaches to what the President may—at some future date, in some now unforeseeable circumstances—decide to do in the Middle East, Congress shares the guilt, and hence will be in no moral position to repudiate the President's decision.

But, on balance, the diminution of Congressional power is less significant than the diminution of Presidential power. The Eisenhower Doctrine has advanced this latter diminution considerably, and in ways never contemplated by its authors. It is true that the Doctrine was passed by Congress in a form the administration said it found acceptable (though its initial response to each of the changes was hostile), yet its provisions underwent such substantial changes in the Senate that a new and broadened meaning must now be attached to the Senate's Constitutional power to oversee foreign policy by "advice and consent." In the past, the Senate has—in its formal actions, as distinct from its oratory—taken its power

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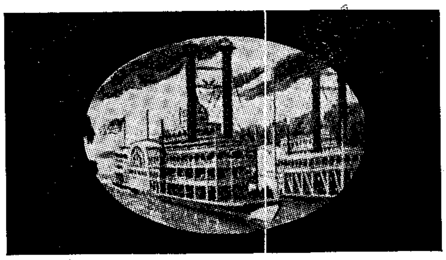

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to give or withhold "consent" more solemnly than its right to give "advice." When it has been satisfied with treaties and other expressions of foreign policy, it has given its approval in the form the President requested; when it has objected, which has not been very often, it has simply denied its approval. The Senate has never, at least within the memory of anyone here, attempted to join with the President in the making and promulgation of policy; it has never, as far as anyone can recall, undertaken to rewrite a diplomatic pronouncement—largely, of course, because very few diplomatic pronouncements, apart from treaties, have ever been submitted to it. In the case of the Eisenhower Doctrine, however, the Senate amended the language of the original document in so many ways that it altered the substance in considerable degree and allowed the Senate Democrats, who were responsible for most of the changes, to maintain that it is the first major statement of foreign policy ever drafted on a thoroughly bipartisan basis. It may make no difference to the Communists whether Congress says that the President is "authorized" to use troops or whether it says that the United States is "prepared" to do the same thing, but it makes a good deal of difference to the President—a difference that could quite possibly be crucial in some future controversy over foreign policy. The Senate is in on the act now and appears to enjoy its position.

THE best and biggest show here in recent weeks has been the one staged in the Senate Caucus Room by the Select Committee on Labor and Management Practices, under the chairmanship of Senator McClellan, of Arkansas. There has been no indication as yet that the Committee is seriously interested in anything that can properly be described as "labor and management practices," and no indication that it has any aim beyond publicizing the curious activities of certain officials of the truck drivers' union, formally and archaically known as the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen, and Helpers of America. The use of Congressional investigations to provide the citizenry with information the citizenry has not asked for is a dubious one—though so well established by now that it scarcely seems worth debating—but this particular investigation, unlike most of its kind, has the merit of being genuinely instructive as well as diverting. It has pointed up the problem posed by trade

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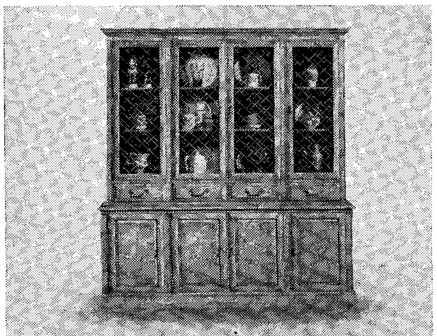

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unions that have pretty well completed the organization of their industries and consequently are now faced with the question of how to use their liquid assets, their formidable political power, and the time and talents of their functionaries.

What has thus far been brought out by the hearings is, in essence, this: Teamster officials in Seattle—which is more or less the capital city of the Brotherhood, thanks to the residence there of David Beck, the international president—achieved the fullest possible measure of political power in the city, and formed profitable alliances with its gamblers, vice kings, and general racketeers. Having gone about as far as they could go in Seattle, they decided to extend their operations to Portland, which is about a hundred and eighty-five miles away by road. Portland was rather more of a challenge than Seattle, where wickedness had already been flourishing in the days when teamsters drove teams but had no international brotherhood; Portland, indeed, had a larger reputation for virtue than practically any other American city, and the reputation appears to have been well deserved. Such waywardness as existed there was under the direction of a few discreet men, who provided the capital for a handful of decorously managed gambling houses, sometimes made narcotics available to a select clientele, and did remarkably little in the way of corrupting public officials. The Seattle teamsters and their friends saw Portland as a place of neglected opportunities, and decided to move in. They did, and in the process clumsily managed to hurt a man named James B. Elkins, who had been the principal source of venture capital for Portland gambling. Mr. Elkins was somewhat in the classic position of the small entrepreneur reluctantly giving way to the giant corporation, and since he not only was filled with an understandable resentment but was facing more than twenty indictments for violations of the law, he became an eager talker. His supply of talk has seemed inexhaustible; in the early days of the investigation, whenever the audience appeared to be getting restive or whenever Committee members began strolling out, Senator McClellan or Robert Kennedy, the Committee counsel, would recall Mr. Elkins and request him to talk a bit more about the newcomers in Portland crime. At the moment, the Committee seems to have no need for Mr. Elkins, a gray, cadaverous man of fifty-six who could easily pass for a professor of politi-

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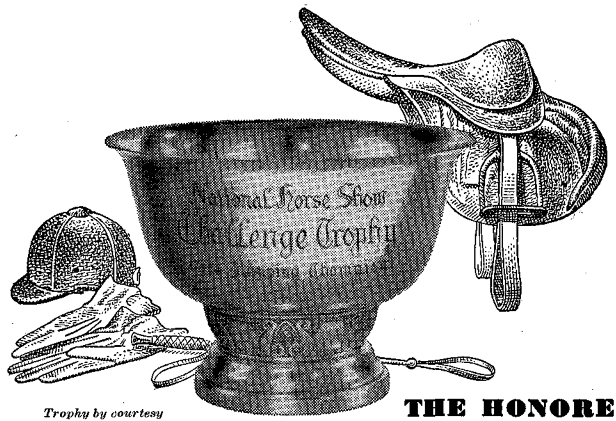

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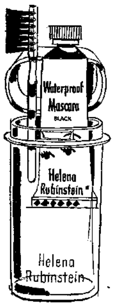

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cal science visiting Washington to gather material for a treatise on committee procedures, but he stays on and is generally to be seen leaning against one of the marble pillars in the Caucus Room, observing, without any visible discomfort, the performances of those witnesses—madams, mayors, policemen, and walking delegates—who are facing the Committee because of information he has supplied.

In the tales that Mr. Elkins and more reluctant witnesses have been unfolding, only the role of the trade union has been unusual. The story of how gambling joints and bawdyhouses are organized and financed, and of how they reach an accommodation with the local authorities, is a familiar and tedious one. And, for that matter, there is nothing unprecedented in finding labor leaders engaged in activities outside the law. What is of some interest, though, is the role of these particular union officials not as guilty partners in industrial rackets but as patrons and underwriters and protectors of ordinary crime and vice. There have been countless instances of union functionaries' being paid off by crooked employers or hijackers; there are not many instances of union officials' investing union funds—as some of the Teamster officials are said to have done—in businesses of the sort that Mr. Elkins was connected with. Twenty years ago, it almost certainly could not have happened. Then, a union that had any money at all had one perfectly obvious use for it—organizing the unorganized. There were no industries that, from the labor man's point of view, did not stand in need of further organization. But today there are many fields that are almost completely organized—among them trucking. The Teamsters have 1,500,000 members, or just about a tenth of the organized workers in this country. They can go on organizing only by raiding other unions. One gathers that there is nothing for the union's vast and affluent bureaucracy to do except to increase its affluence. The union contracts are long-term affairs and are generally negotiated on a regional basis. The union is so powerful that it seldom has to conduct any strikes. Yet it goes on collecting dues from members and banking them. In their latest financial report, the Teamsters acknowledge assets of $37,200,000, and this, in all probability, is only the part of the iceberg that shows.

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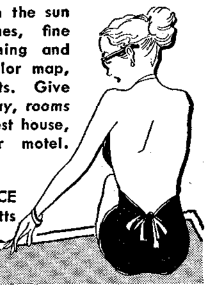

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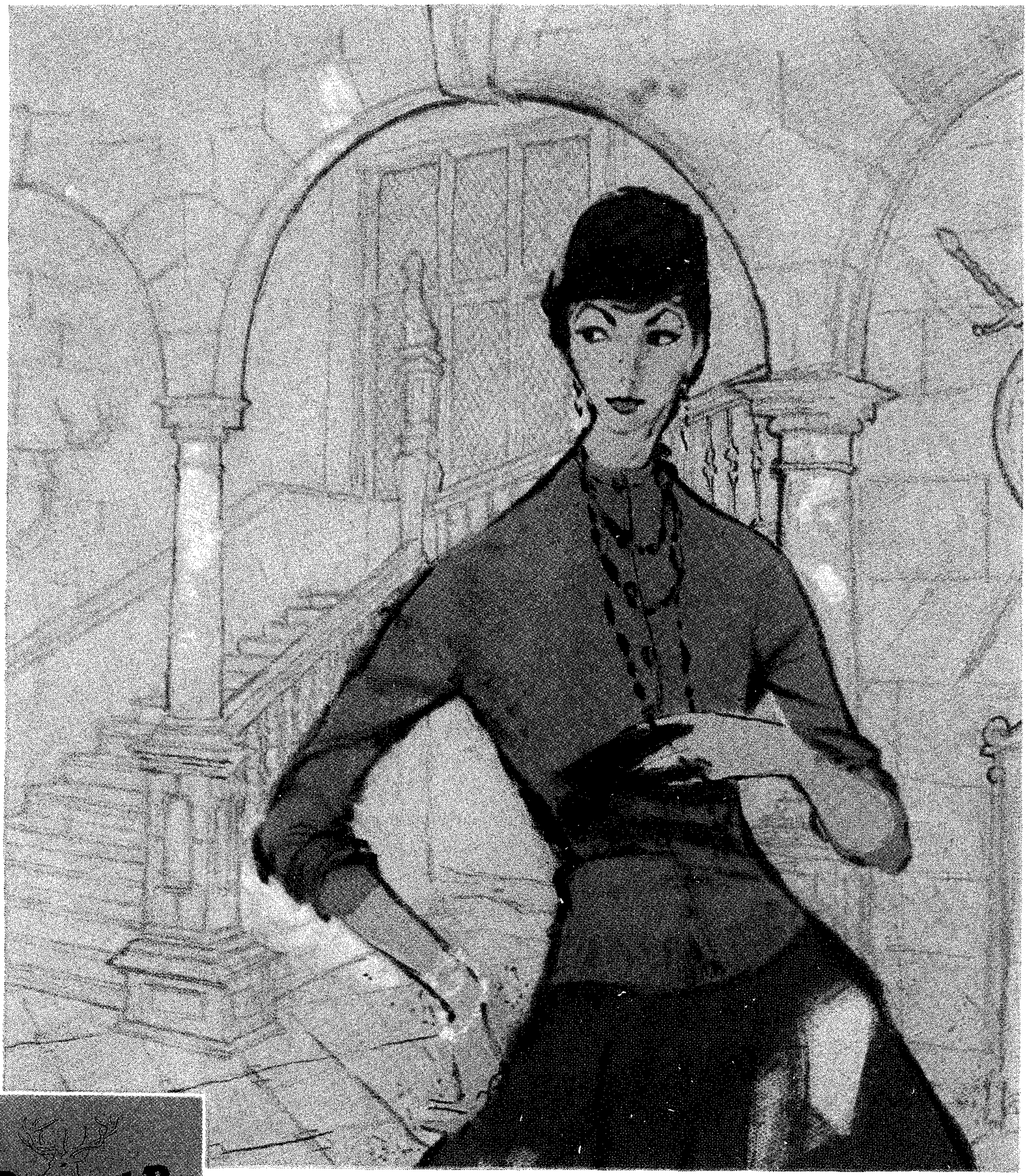

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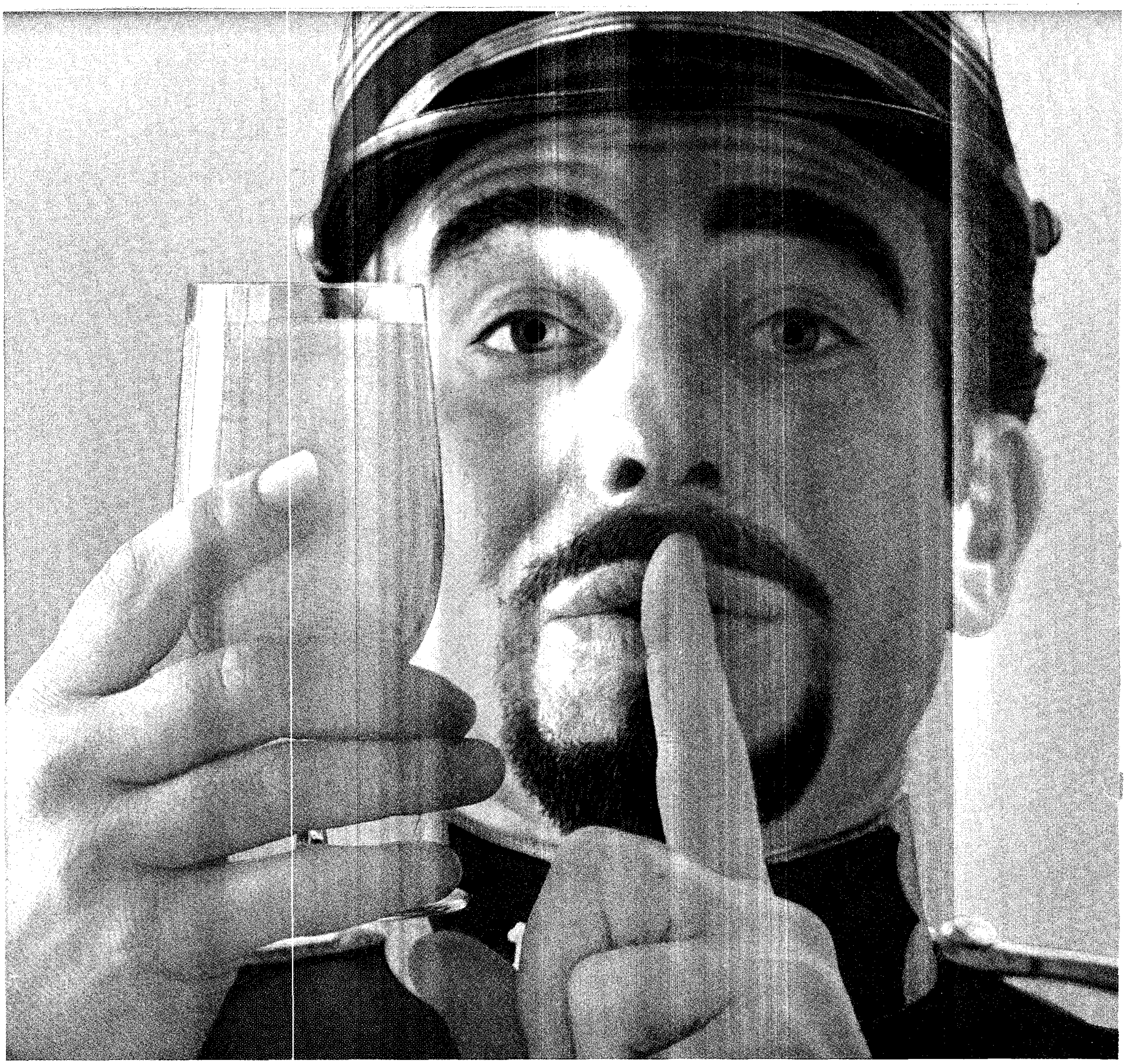

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use for it, as a private industry has. It cannot expand, it cannot invest in itself. To complicate matters, unions accumulate—much faster than businesses do—political influence, and this, as a rule, is every bit as hard to invest as the money. If American labor were ideological, it could find an outlet for both money and power in a Labor Party, but very few sections of it have any political concerns, and to the Teamsters ideology is a matter of supreme indifference. In the circumstances, one imagines, it is only natural that some of the union's money and power and time should be spent along the lines Mr. Elkins has been describing. From now on, one of the great urban issues seems certain to be that of what to do with the surplus money and power of the trade unions, which heretofore have operated with fewer legal checks and restraints than have been applied to most other institutions. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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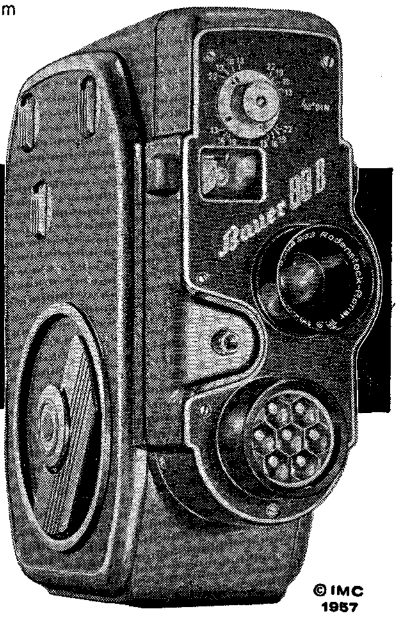

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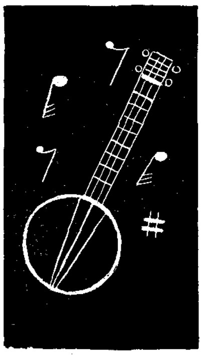
MUSICAL EVENTS

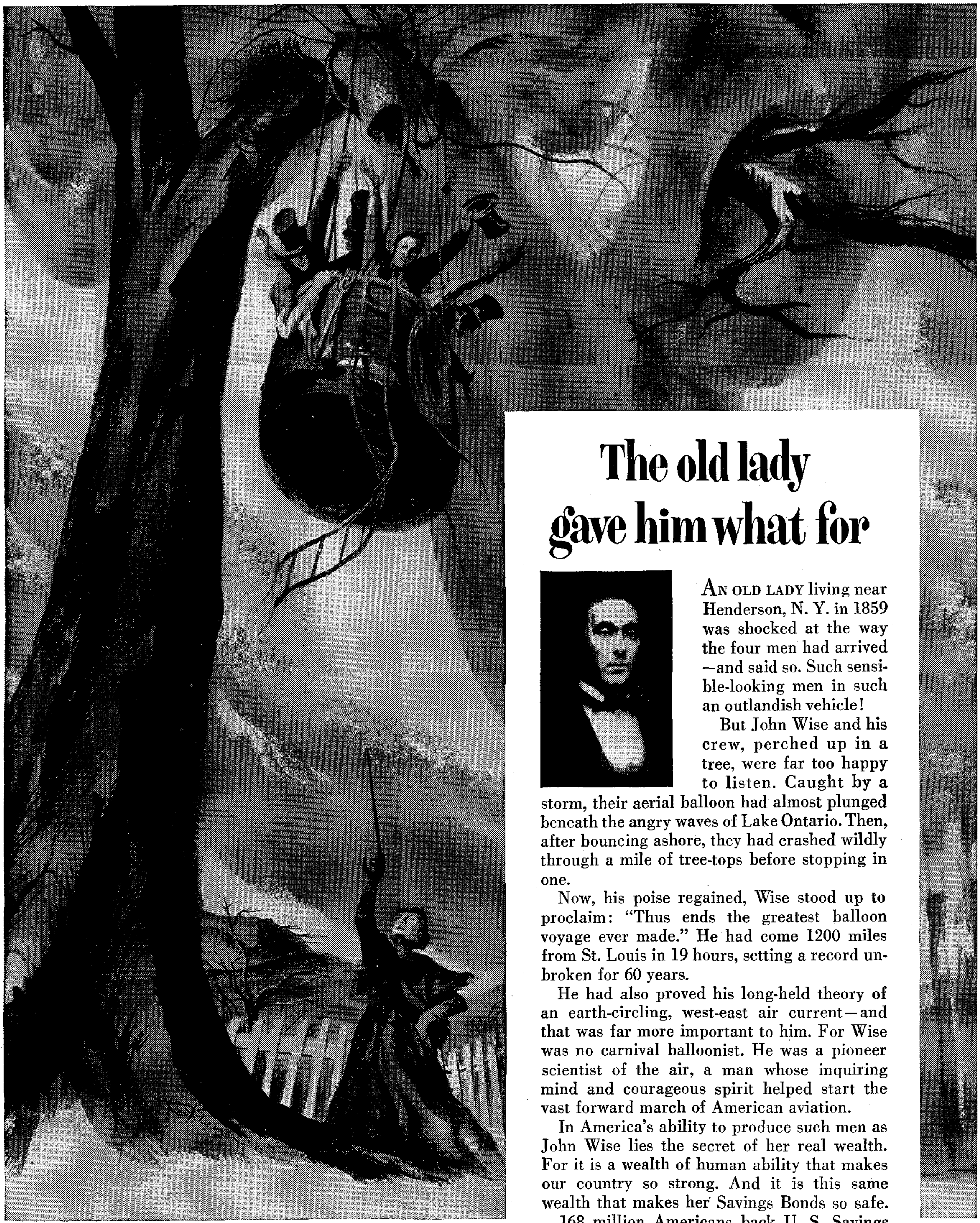
Mr. Solti



IT is becoming more and more evident that the era of symphonic conducting presided over by Toscanini, Furtwängler, Beecham, Walter, and Koussevitzky and by such slightly lesser luminaries as Mengelberg, Stokowski, and Kleiber was something special in the history of music, and that we probably won't see its like again. Fortunately, advances in recording technique had progressed sufficiently toward the end of this period to preserve some of its glories, and thus future generations will be able to sense a bit of the excitement that audiences experienced in those years. Meanwhile, the institution of the symphony concert persists, and conductors of greater or lesser talent continue to appear in our concert halls. But in evaluating what they do we have had to lower our standards somewhat and to be thankful for such well-made and occasionally eloquent performances as come our way, even though they seldom reach the peaks attained in what we now remember as a golden age. With some exceptions, conductors nowadays tend to divide themselves, roughly, into two types: the inspirational maestro, who is capable of whipping up a certain amount of energy and ebullience on the spur of the moment in conducting music of a highly charged emotional sort, and the methodical drillmaster, who rehearses very carefully and is apt to shine in rather deliberate performances of the classics. Both types are at their best only in particular kinds of music, and their repertoires thus provide the listener with varying degrees of satisfaction. The exceptions (Eugene Ormandy and Charles Munch are examples) manage to perform all kinds of music with considerable competence, but even they seldom reach the heights of artistry that can really hold an audience spellbound.

Georg Solti, the Hungarian maestro who made his New York début with the Philharmonic on Thursday evening of last week, is, I think, by the standards of the day, a conductor of unusual gifts. One judges a conductor, of course, as one judges a traffic cop—not so much by his gestures as by what happens to the traffic under his control. Mr. Solti's gestures were precise, enthusiastic, and timed with the trip-hammer accuracy of a master orchestral technician, but the real test of their effectiveness was the playing of the Philharmonic, which seemed more alert and dedicated than it has been during much of the current season. The opening number of the program, Bartók's "Dance Suite," was done with a truly virtuoso touch, which held its vigorous rhythms and pleasing impressionistic episodes to an admirable level of clarity and momentum. In the second number, Mozart's A-Major Concerto for Piano and Orchestra (K. 488), Mr. Solti had the collaboration of Clifford Curzon, certainly one of the most immaculate of contemporary pianists, and the reading that their joint efforts provided was impeccable in its phraseological niceties and crystalline in its structural detail. Here, as in the previous work, Mr. Solti appeared to have both the drillmaster's neat workmanship and the inspirational conductor's verve and feeling for melodic elegance. However, I had some reservations about the final number, Brahms' well-worn First Symphony. Mr. Solti's interpretation of it possessed the clarity and the scrupulous regard for inner voices and other such details that had characterized the earlier parts of the program, but the larger dramatic lines of the work failed to emerge with any really compelling power, and what should have been a grand edifice proved, instead, to be a construction put together out of nicely turned bits of cabinetmaking. But, though Mr. Solti was thus a little disappointing as a re-creator of monumental form, I found his virtues as a meticulous craftsman quite arresting and his ability to inspire polish and youthful sparkle in the playing of the Philharmonic a very welcome thing indeed.

THE performance of Verdi's "Don Carlo" at the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday night was marked by two contributions of a memorable nature. The first was Cesare Siepi's magnificent portrayal of the role of King Philip II of Spain—a portrayal that remains one of the best examples of the art of the singing actor that I have witnessed at the Met in many years. The second was a Metropolitan début of special importance—that of Irene Dalis, a California mezzo-soprano who has arrived here by way of a great deal of singing in German opera



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houses, and who made a considerable impression the other evening as the Princess of Eboli. Miss Dalis has a warm, expressive voice with a fine lower register that suggests the timbre of a contralto, and she handles it with notable assurance and with a cultivated command of musical style. She is also, obviously, a theatrical personality of some stature, and, in addition, is quite pretty. Some of these virtues were a bit clouded on this occasion by the conditions attending a début. Miss Dalis was evidently overanxious to do her best; she sometimes pushed a little too hard, her enunciation was frequently a shade too emphatic, and the quality of her voice was occasionally marred by strain. But these, I am convinced, were faults of the moment, and when she got around to her great aria, "O don fatale," at the close of the first scene of Act III, she sang with such dramatic conviction and authority that the ensuing curtain calls mounted into a frenzied ovation. With the relaxation that will undoubtedly come when she is better acquainted with her new surroundings, Miss Dalis will, I think, turn out to be a major addition to the Met's roster.

Elsewhere, the production had its good and bad points. Jussi Bjoerling produced some ringing tones and some otherwise slightly headlong singing as Don Carlo; Ettore Bastianini was eloquent enough as Rodrigo; and the lesser roles, in the hands of Hermann Uhde, Louis Sgarro, and Madelaine Chambers, to name a few of them, were, on the whole, admirably done. Delia Rigal, as Elizabeth of Valois, seemed somewhat short of breath and did not succeed in bringing to her role either the requisite ease or the requisite elegance. Much of the stunning theatrical lustre that Margaret Webster contributed to the original production several years ago has now worn off, and though a few scenes—notably that wonderfully subtle and daring one in Philip's private quarters, at the start of the third act—

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]

retain some of their former incisiveness, a number of them now have the look of ordinary Italian opera. Fritz Stiedry, I am afraid, conducted things rather heavily, but, for those who are alert to the special qualities of this extraordinarily deep and psychologically complex Verdi score, there were enough delightful moments to make the evening a rewarding one.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

CONCERT RECORDS

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I'M glad that Columbia saw fit to record the musical numbers from the comic operetta "Candide" while the generally excellent company that recently presented it on Broadway was still intact, for it seems unlikely that the work will be seen around here again in the near future, and the production certainly merits at least this degree of preservation. Even in musical form, Voltaire's animated cartoon about the inadequacy of the homely virtues in a corrupt society obviously does not—or, anyway, did not—provide the sort of entertainment that today's troubled audiences are after, but it does provide the stuff of comic operetta, and it inspired Leonard Bernstein to write what I consider his liveliest and most resourceful theatre score to date. (For operatic purposes, I *think*, he actually improved on Voltaire, by letting Candide, who is something of a boob in print, express himself in appealing musical terms.) Not a piece in the entire score is careless or undistinguished, and although Bernstein has borrowed enthusiastically from the styles of several masters of light music—at one point he incorporates a direct quote from "Der Rosenkavalier"—nowhere is there a sense of slavish or sterile imitation.

The overture, which is constructed mainly from themes and figures in the first two vocal numbers, is a sparkling piece in itself, and one that should find favor as a concert opener, for it is substantial enough to satisfy early arrivals and brief enough not to exasperate latecomers as they wait to get into the auditorium. For the rest, the most striking effects, it seems to me, are achieved by "Oh, Happy We," a rapturous contemplation of the future by two lovers with contrary visions; "Glitter and Be Gay," a versatile coloratura exercise in self-deception; "I Am Easily Assimilated," a delightful tango; "Eldorado," a lyrical report on utopia; "What's the Use?," a rousing waltz for four cynics;

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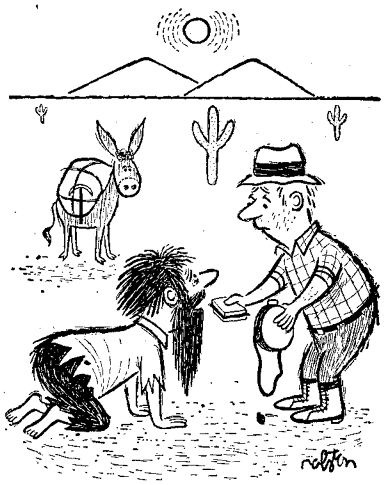

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and "Make Our Garden Grow," a paean to the simple life that constitutes the finale. The principal soloists are Robert Rounseville, a lyric tenor, who sings the title role with fervor; Barbara Cook, a lyric soprano, who does well by Cunegonde, except in the latter part of "Glitter and Be Gay," where the coloratura work proves a bit too demanding for her; and Irra Petina, a mezzo-soprano, who brings zest and authority to several of the pieces, including that tango. The chorus and orchestra are first-rate.

I'M also glad to report that Epic has put out a recording—the first complete one ever put out by anybody, as a matter of fact—of Gustave Charpentier's charming opera "Louise." Although the work is still popular in France, it hasn't been performed here in some time, and the recording is a welcome one, especially since the cast, drawn from the Paris Opéra-Comique, and the choral and orchestral forces, under the direction of Jean Fournet, are exemplary. A really exquisite soprano, Berthe Monmart, is heard in the role of the monumentally confused seamstress, Louise, and expert characterizations are contributed by the three other principals: André Laroze, a tenor, in the part of Julien, the carefree poet who pursues Louise; Louis Musy, a baritone, as her fond but unavailing father; and Solange Michel, a contralto, as her puritanical mother.

It has been a long time since I last heard "Louise," and I enjoyed this fresh encounter, but I must say that I have a few reservations about the opera itself. With its dramatic little story of four poor people caught up by the pressures of Paris, "Louise" is a unique and extremely tidy creation, and there is no denying its effectiveness. Expressive as it is, though, it has a prevailing sentimentality that, in the long run, exerts a singularly enervating influence. Compare "Louise" with "La Bohème," an opera that has somewhat the same theme, and you will find, I suspect, that while Puccini's score, for all its tender preoccupation with Mimi, is essentially masculine, Charpentier's is essentially feminine; it is artful, but it lacks strength.

Speaking of Puccini, Victor has just brought out a new recording, made in Rome, of his one-act musical shocker "Il Tabarro," a study in murder on a barge anchored in the Seine. Tito Gobbi sings the role of Michele; Margaret Mas is Giorgetta; and Giacinto Prandelli is Luigi. "Il Tabarro," fin-

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ished in 1916, has little of the melodic appeal to be found in the composer's other works, but it is a fascinating thing all the same, in which Puccini, with great skill, sets a mood of uneasiness, slowly builds up tension, and finally resolves it in a scene of great violence.

VICTOR has pretty much confined Wanda Landowska to her harpsichord for the past several years, but a while ago she moved over to the piano for a Mozart recital, and the recording, in which she offers beautiful renditions of four sonatas (K. 282, 283, 311, and 333), the Rondo in A Minor (K. 511), and the "Country Dances" (K. 606), is a highly rewarding one. . . . If lightweight music is what you want, you might consider a new M-G-M release consisting of two concise and engaging compositions—Jacques Ibert's bustling suite "Impressions of Paris" and Vittorio Rieti's attractive "Madrigale"—spiritedly played by a chamber orchestra under the leadership of Arthur Winograd. —D. W.

•

> Alberto Secomandi, until recently Maitre D' with Toni's Restaurant with which he had been associated for the past few years, has now gone into merchandising with the opening of his new gift emporium, "Galería Navideña," on Sabana Grande.
>
> Alberto, and his wife Tulio (who is with "Publicidad Caracas," and the Italian Newspaper, "Il Corriere de Caracas,") inaugurated their new business with a champagne-cocktail party which they gave there, a few nights ago.
>
> In his art gallery is a permanent bar set up for the convenience and comfort of his clients—ice cream for the children so that Mother and Dad can shop in peace, and coffee and cold drinks for the adults. All of this is without charge. He even has a cozy corner where his clients can relax and talk over their purchases at leisure. An innovation to Caracas, indeed.
>
> Jackie: If you cannot use this, please give it to Mr. Horan, for besides its being newsworthy—from the standpoint of the innovation, at least—we have all been served by Alberto over a period of years and he is well liked in the American, etc., colony. Thanks. Also he is an advertiser, now. He'd very much appreciate the mention, and so would I.

—*Caracas* (*Venezuela*) *Journal.*

All right, compositor, take a break!

•

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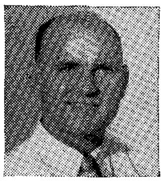

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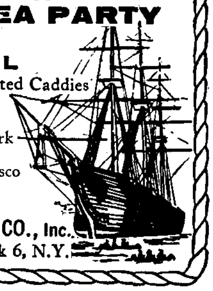

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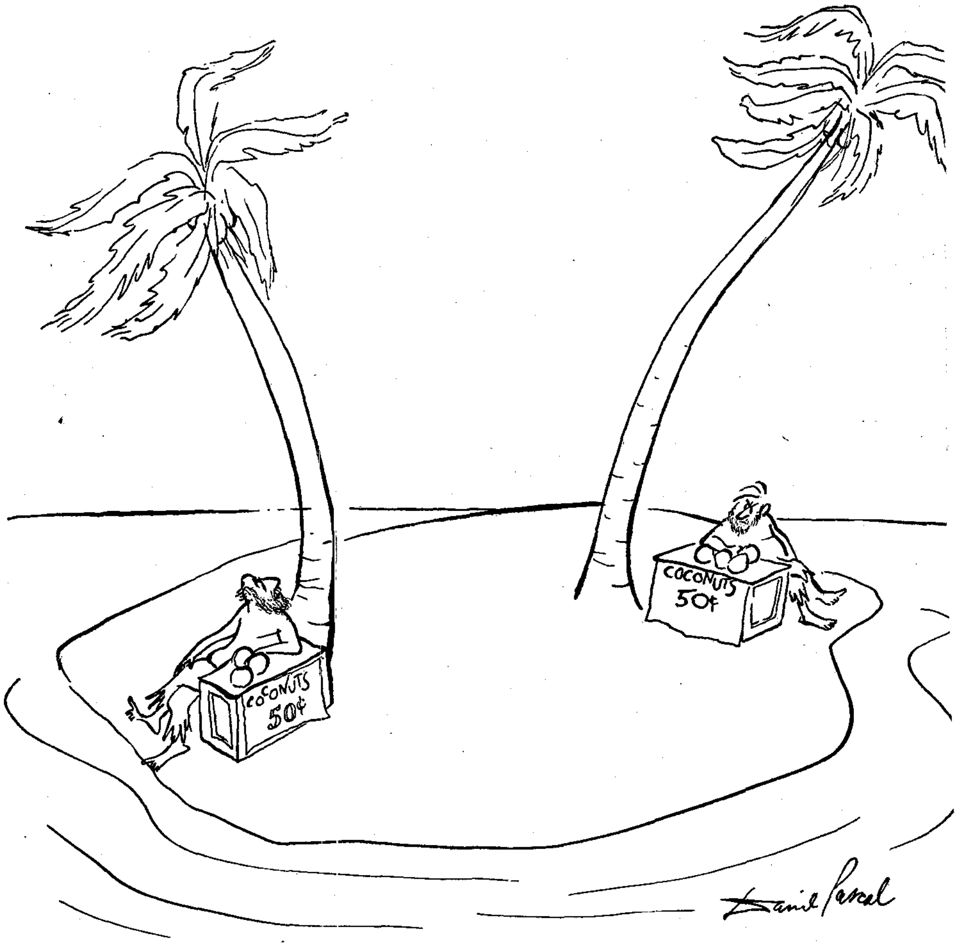
BOOKS

The World Was My Oyster

In its external aspects, the life of Negley Farson, whose newest book, "A Mirror for Narcissus" (Doubleday), has just been published, reads like a novel, and if not exactly a cheap novel, not a very expensive one, either—a novel, say, that could have been written with both eyes on Hollywood. Consider the externals: a picturesque boyhood in an old Eastern American town, where life was lived in a sweet daze of tree-lined innocence (there was even a Civil War general for a grandfather). Then Negley, a handsome, athletic six-footer, now in his twenties, goes off, at the beginning of the 1914 war, to the Russia of the last years of the Romanovs, to sell arms to the imperial government. Intrigue in high places! Glamour! Strolls through the fabulous white nights along the Nevsky Prospekt, Farson in fur cap, Olga clinging to one arm—and Olga's Cossack lover coming back from the front expressly to kill him. Gypsy cafés in the country, where love was easy and laughter greeted the dawn, where violins keened in the shadows and champagne cascaded down the bemedalled tunics of aristocratic young officers who were about to die. Evenings at the ballet, with the bare-bosomed countesses and baronesses, in their tiered boxes, catching one's eye with a sly promise. Then the Revolution. Farson, from a window in Petrograd, watching the Cossacks, for the first time in men's memories, chaffing and fraternizing with the mob. Mother Russia in ferment! Farson listening to a small, thin-bearded, Mongol-eyed man talking quietly to the crowd. Lights! Camera! But wait! Farson is off to war, as a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps (whipcord breeches, laced boots). Glamour compounded! He is wounded, invalided home. He marries a beautiful British lass with a bit of the colleen about her. After a two-year idyll on a houseboat on a breathtaking blue lake in British Columbia (long shots of mountains, then pan to Farson casting for rainbow trout at the mouth of the lake), he becomes a foreign correspondent. The man in the Burberry raincoat, known to all the chancelleries of the Continent. Farson scooping the world on the arrest of Gandhi and celebrating the scoop with Veuve Clicquot in a beer mug; Farson in Russia again, the Russia of the Bolsheviks—had he not seen Lenin plain? (Shot of Farson at the Bolshoi Theatre; shot of Farson on the Don Steppes, scooping the world again on the collectivization of the peasants; shot of Farson camping in the Caucasus at nine thousand feet.) Then Berlin in the feral glitter of the postwar decadence; Dublin—"de Valera looked fretful and frustrated;" Turkey—"the Mosul affair was a nasty business." And then Farson is fired from his paper for being too British! But he writes a best-seller autobiography, "The Way of a Transgressor." He goes to a lovely valley in Slovenia to write it ("when Minka tripped in of a morning, with her happy little 'Grüss Gott,' her bare feet pattering across the bare pine boards . . .") and his name becomes a household word! Cut!

Well, there is the stuff of Negley Farson's legend—the journalistic meteor flashing across the world stage, happy-go-lucky Farson—but he seems not to believe a word of it. In "A Mirror for Narcissus," which could have been called "Confessions of a Puzzled Man," he takes us backstage and into the star's dressing room for a good look at the man behind the façade—the inner man. Farson, throughout his adult years, has been an embattled being—his adversary himself in cahoots with alcohol—and he has never found anything to believe in. His book is the record of an endless search through a labyrinth of sanitariums, psychiatrists' clinics, "rest homes," and the dark places where one cries "The cure, the cure!" (when there is no cure). A Swiss psychiatrist says to him, "*Keep* your conflicts. It is better for you not to be a normal man." But that answer turns out to be as dusty as the others. He insists that he is bored with exhibiting his sores in public, but that comes near the end of the book, after he has exhibited quite a few of them. And the exhibition is instructive. It isolates a phenomenon of our time—the star-billing American foreign correspondent, an interesting creature, who flourished most luxuriantly in the nineteen-thirties and is now almost extinct. (The thirties did not invent the dashing foreign correspondent, though.



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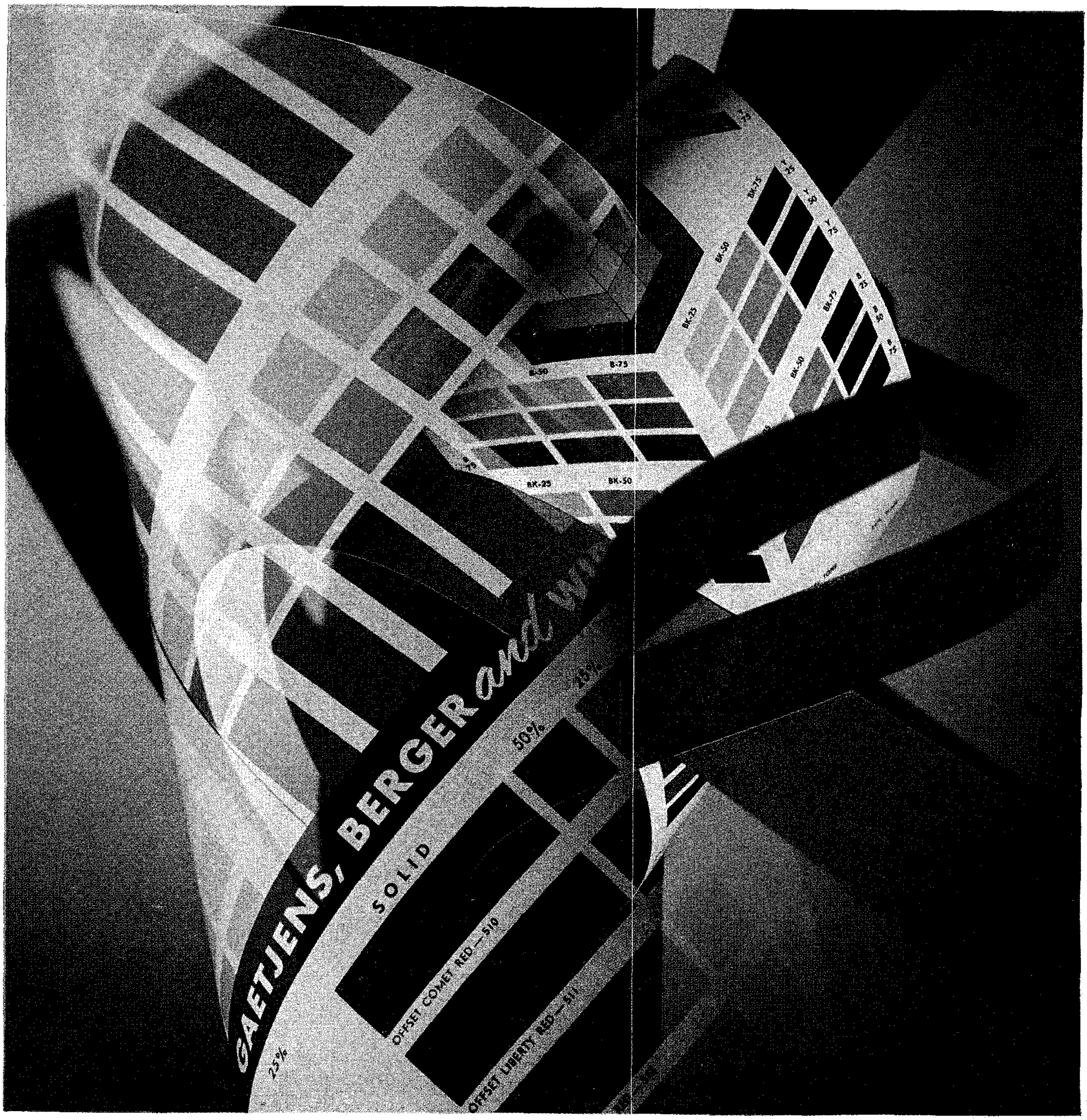
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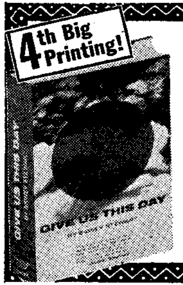

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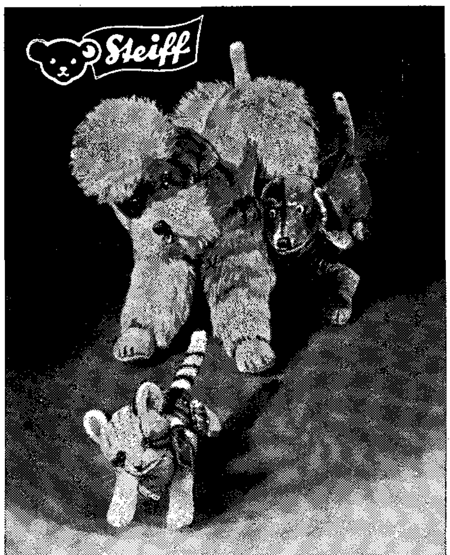
There had been the Floyd Gibbonses and Richard Harding Davises, but in the thirties, when America was awakening from a long dream of isolation, the correspondent assumed a fresh importance, as he would be the first to admit.) A new kind of newspaperman is abroad today. He is serious; he probably has gone to a school of journalism (the very thought of such a thing would have had the Floyd Gibbonses in stitches); he most likely has a degree in political economy; he may have studied for a year at a European university, and the chances are he knows one or more foreign languages. (How Farson, who was weak in Russian, German, Spanish, and French, can quote idiomatic conversational exchanges with waiters, railway conductors, peasants, and soldiers is one of the mysteries of his books—a mystery that confronts one quite often in books of this kind.) The men of Farson's breed—if such a congeries of eccentrics and prima donnas can be called a breed—were not so much serious as cynical; "I know," he says, speaking of his job, "of no profession more calculated to kill one's enthusiasm for the human race." They were Americans, and Americans are apt to begin life as optimists, so this cynicism must have been an acquired one, from exposure to the hypocrisy and chicanery of high European politics. It was a shell that had to be constantly guarded against cracking, for most of these men were simply nice, healthy, eager, extroverted boys. But they were personalities (the titles of their books are indicative of the objectivity they brought to the world scene—"Personal History," "The Way of a Transgressor," "I Saw . . ." this or that country fall, "I Saw . . ." this or that dictator) and they were egotists and snobs—achievement snobs, that is, the reverse of money or position snobs. And many of them ultimately became bored, and many became drunks.

It may be argued that the exigencies of their work—the tension, the deadline, the scoop obsession of their publishers, the abrupt arrivals and departures—drove them to alcohol. Farson says of his years as head correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News* in London, the top job in the profession at the time:

> I should think that for five years I averaged some three hundred words a day for six days out of the seven. And nearly every word of those cables was written with nerves taut as a tuned-up violin. . . . When you are writing like that, with the gun against your head . . . my hands were shaking, and on such days, even if I was going out to lunch with someone



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of importance, I rushed straight down to Henekey's in the Strand and downed four double-whiskeys in a row. [Four double-whiskeys, by a conservative estimate, comes to three-quarters of a pint, and it isn't lunchtime yet.]

On the other hand, it may be that this kind of man seeks out this kind of job—and competition for permanent assignments abroad was savage—because he needs some outer discipline, like the deadline, and is afraid that without it he might not work at all.

"A Mirror for Narcissus" is a good bit more than a *mea culpa* or the case history of a talented and well-meaning extrovert who fought the good fight to defeat himself. It takes us on a tour of the twenty-one years since Farson's "The Way of a Transgressor"—years of expatriation, like the twenty years before them. Farson tells about a return visit to this country, after his best-seller has made him temporarily rich; how he drank himself out of a lucrative lecture tour, bought a Ford and toured the Deep South to write a book on the inequality of the Negro (moonshine corn liquor seems to have been the reason that book never got written). He went to South America to get material for what he admits is the inferior "Transgressor in the Tropics," a book that could hardly have been anything else because its author was tight most of the time. Then come trips to Scandinavia and an extended visit to Africa; Farson has written two first-rate books on Africa—one on Kenya, and one on the black man's burden. In the early part of the last war, he went back to Russia, in harness again as a correspondent, and he loathed everything that, under the Romanovs and even in the early years of the Bolsheviks, he had loved; it had now become Stalin's "state concentration camp." Russia was also "a paradise for the second-rate foreign correspondent," since all the reporters could do was to cable home handouts from the press ministry. The old days, when one could chase off on his own to get a story, were gone; Farson soon became fed up and made such a nuisance of himself that the Russians were glad to expedite his exit. The war seems to have ended the old picaresque, devil-may-care, and the-hell-with-you foreign correspondent. Totalitarianism, military governments, the organization man in public office, the welfare states, and controlled press offices have done the rest. In recent years, Farson has settled down, after a fashion, in a cottage on the North Devon coast and has tried to make some sort of peace treaty with himself. One

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gathers that, although he is now in his sixty-seventh year and his high spirits have been toned down, he has not been altogether successful.

For all its light and movement, for all its anecdotes and untrammelled opinions, "A Mirror for Narcissus" points up an abiding illness of the twentieth-century democratic man—a cosmic boredom. Farson is bored. Europe is dead. Spain, another country he once loved—and only Americans and Englishmen can fall so deeply in love with foreign lands—has been put up for sale by Franco's tourist bureau. England, his home for much of his life, did not survive the "insular, criminally complacent" Ramsay MacDonalds, Stanley Baldwins, and Neville Chamberlains, and will never be the same again. Once, in the recent past, Farson fled to Norway, a country he had always admired and where he had always found a continuing interest in life. He found, instead, that the *Norwegians* were bored; they were being welfared to death and the young people were pulling out. About his own country, Farson has ambivalent feelings, but one thing seems certain: he cannot live here. The old New York is dead, too; it has become an idiot's delight, a nightmare of advertising in which the individual is "geared to that imperative," a place where things rule people.

The book, then, is a requiem—and, in its way, a fascinating requiem—for the old life of laissez-faire. If "The Way of a Transgressor," beau ideal of the cavalier correspondents' books, could fancifully be called a gigantic binge, "A Mirror for Narcissus" could be called the hangover.

—ALBERT HUBBELL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SEA AND THE WEDDING, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Harcourt, Brace). This story of thwarted love and thwarted rage is laid partly in London and partly in a seaside town, where the heroine's disagreeable elderly parents have their abode. The heroine, Celia Baird, in her middle thirties, is halfheartedly a career woman and wholeheartedly the devoted and patient mistress of an architect, Eric Aveling, whose wife has been dying in a hospital for five years. Aveling, forty-five years old, is a pleasant-voiced, careful man, who always manages to do what is best and most comfortable for himself without ever losing the esteem

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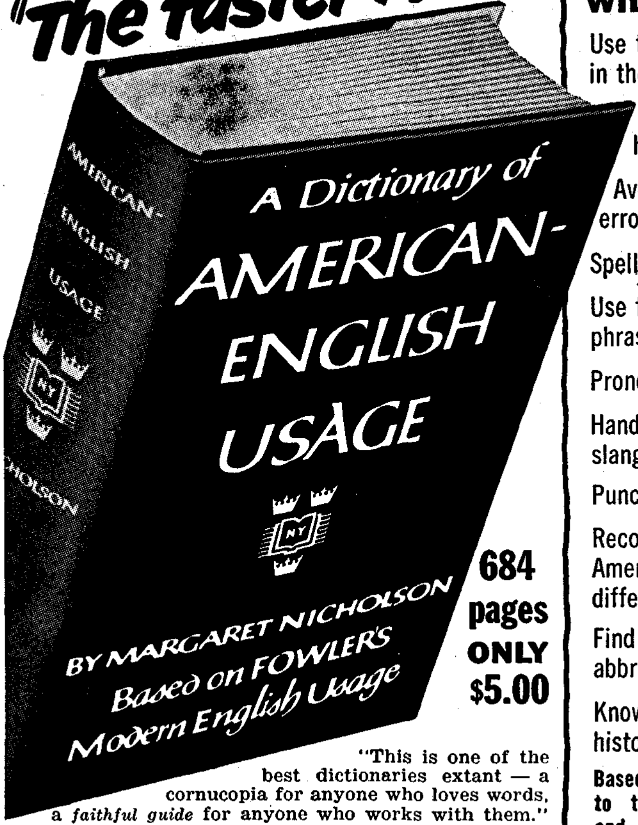

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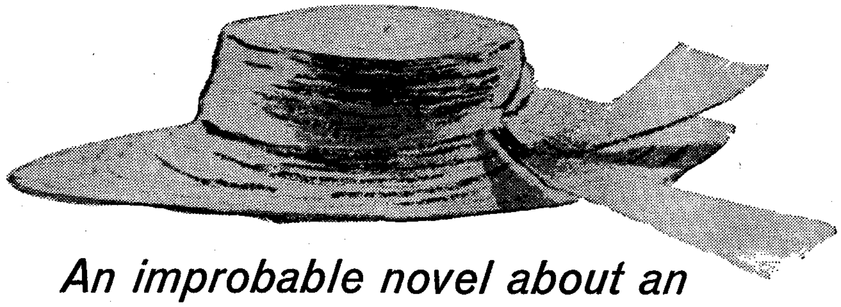

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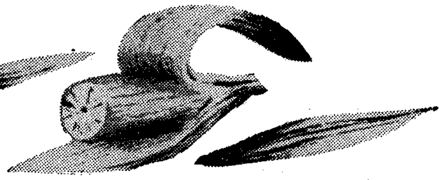

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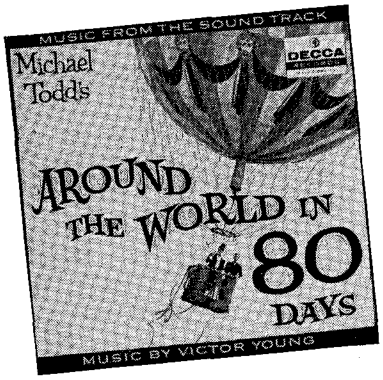
and affection of his friends. His conscience is not so much a guide as a shield; he brings it up only in emergencies, to clear his way to graceful exits. In the emergency caused by his wife's death, he casts around for, and finds, a convenient excuse for jilting Celia; then he jilts her, but with such plausible language and with such a show of heartache that his act becomes a renunciation—splendid, wrenching, and calculated to compel, at the very least, a comparable show of moral and romantic splendor from her. Aveling is determined to have no trouble in his life, and he gets no trouble from Celia. Quite soon, he marries a handsome, complacent girl twenty years younger than he is. Uncertain, suggestible, and despairing, poor Celia not only accepts the marriage and tries to rejoice in Aveling's domestic happiness but becomes his wife's best friend. Since he has all he wants, including his ex-mistress's humble attendance at his hearth, Aveling can afford to seem noble, all-loving, and unselfish, but Celia's attempt to match him costs her her pride and her self-respect, and instead of becoming saintly, as in her wretchedness she had hoped to become, she dwindles into a pathetic, self-pitying creature, pitiable enough but not interesting. Her final attempt to salvage some kind of life for herself is spoiled by the poor face she puts on things; she has become committed to misery and nothing can save her. This story, which is absorbing in the telling, is dimmed by the constant presence of a nondescript, morbidly sympathetic narrator, Christine Hall, but Miss Johnson's grasp of all her characters is so firm, and her writing is so easy, that the occasional blurring of the picture hardly matters.

BIRTHRIGHT, by Lettie Hamlett Rogers (Simon & Schuster). Martha Lyerly, a young, pretty, earnest schoolteacher, finds herself in difficulties when she tries to explain the justice of desegregation to her class of young children. The scene is a small town in the South, and Martha, a Southerner herself, is made the center of a bitter fight that gradually involves everyone in the town. Martha is driven out, but Mrs. Rogers tries to balance her defeat by finding hope for the future in the strength and determination of one of her pupils, a remarkably forthright eleven-year-old named William Morrison Erwin. A confused but sincere and serious story that tries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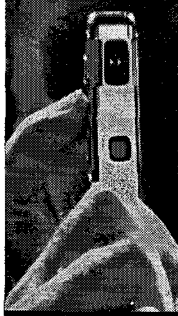

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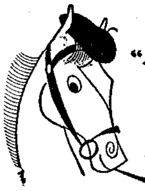

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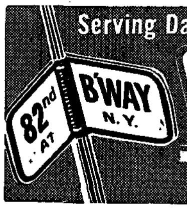

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hard to show all aspects of the issue of desegregation.

LADY OF PARIS, by Vaughan Wilkins (St. Martin's). A novel about the beautiful Theresia Cabarrus, Marquise de Fontenay, who survived the Reign of Terror to become Mme. Tallien, famous for her innumerable lovers, for her transparent dresses, and for the fact that she refused to marry Napoleon. The writing is often lively but now and then just industrious.

SAY, DARLING, by Richard Bissell (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Jack Jordan, from Indiana, who has written a best-selling novel, gives a hysterically cheerful account of his adventures in New York. He is in the city because his novel is being transformed into a musical comedy, which turns out to be a hit. A previous novel by Mr. Bissell was "7½ Cents," from which the musical "The Pajama Game" was derived.

NOTE: Under the title "The Angel and the Sailor," McGraw-Hill has published a short novel and nine short stories by Calvin Kentfield. Five of the stories originally appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE LION AND THE THRONE, by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Little, Brown). An overexcited biography of the great British lawyer Sir Edward Coke, who, during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth I, James I, and Charles I, devoted himself to defending the rights of Parliament and the common law against encroachments of royal prerogative. The book would be a great deal better if it were a great deal less colorful. (When, for instance, Mrs. Bowen wants to say that Sir Edward prosecuted the Crown's case of treason against Sir Walter Raleigh with undue violence, she writes: "Wolves and bears press close upon the dying. The Latin, rolling out, was like a curse; it was anathema, incantation, and, considering Coke's own part in Essex's trial, was least excusable. This was not law but rabble-rousing. It was the stones and mire hurled once more at Raleigh.") For all the stylistic excesses, however, the story is an exceptionally fascinating one, because what Sir Edward was fighting for—when he was not having courtroom brainstorms about treason and plots—was the common-law rights of the individual in relation to the state, which became a substantial part of the American Bill of Rights. Since Sir

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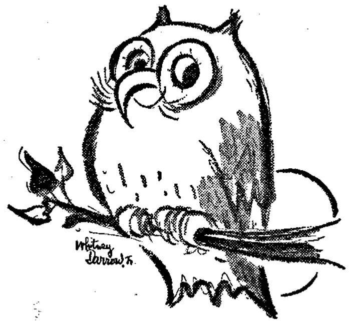

Whitney Darrow Jr.

Cancer?

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AMERICAN
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Edward is an interesting character in other respects, too—as a leading figure in the trials of Essex, Raleigh, and the Earl of Somerset, and as the husband of the very wild Lady Hatton—it is more than ever to be regretted that an essentially excellent and important book should be so burdened with unnecessary curlicues.

BACKGROUND WITH CHORUS, by Frank Swinnerton (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). In 1936, the author published an autobiography covering his first fifty years, and here he goes over some of the same ground informally, starting with his boyhood in London, where, at the age of fourteen, he got a job in a newspaper publisher's office, and continuing to about 1917, when, at thirty-three, he was a successful novelist, reviewer, and editor. Even as a young man, Swinnerton must have known nearly everyone of any incandescence in the London literary world, and this is a book of sidelights—or, as the subtitle puts it, "a footnote to changes in English literary fashion." He tells us what H. G. Wells was like when he lost a game of ball (sulky) and what Arnold Bennett was like in informal company (gentle and unargumentative, because arguments brought out his stammer); gives an account of publishing practices in Edwardian London (they were occasionally sharp); and describes a host of charming or quaint hacks and literary freaks who crossed his path in those far-off days. It is all most diverting, and, happily, a sequel is promised.

PAGAN SPAIN, by Richard Wright (Harper). Toward the end of this long, introspective account of a recent (and first) visit to Spain, the author admits his inability to penetrate the temper of that ambiguous nation: "I resolved to accept the brute facts and let the theories go." But by then, fortunately, he has given us both. And if the facts are brutal—swarms of armed Civil Guards in every street, flocks of sheep blocking traffic on the boulevards of Barcelona, well-dressed women walking barefoot for penance, a mass starvation that finds solace in pride ("I am the master of my hunger"), a Church almost solely concerned with inculcating a sense of sin, and thus producing a people obsessed by sexuality—the theories they inspire in him are equally, and most provocatively, forceful. "Spain was a holy nation," he decides. "Even the prostitution, the corrup-

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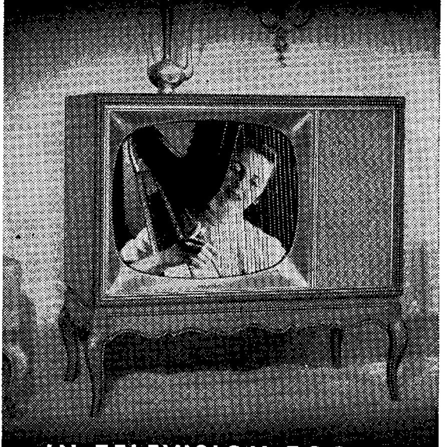

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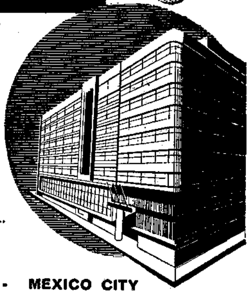

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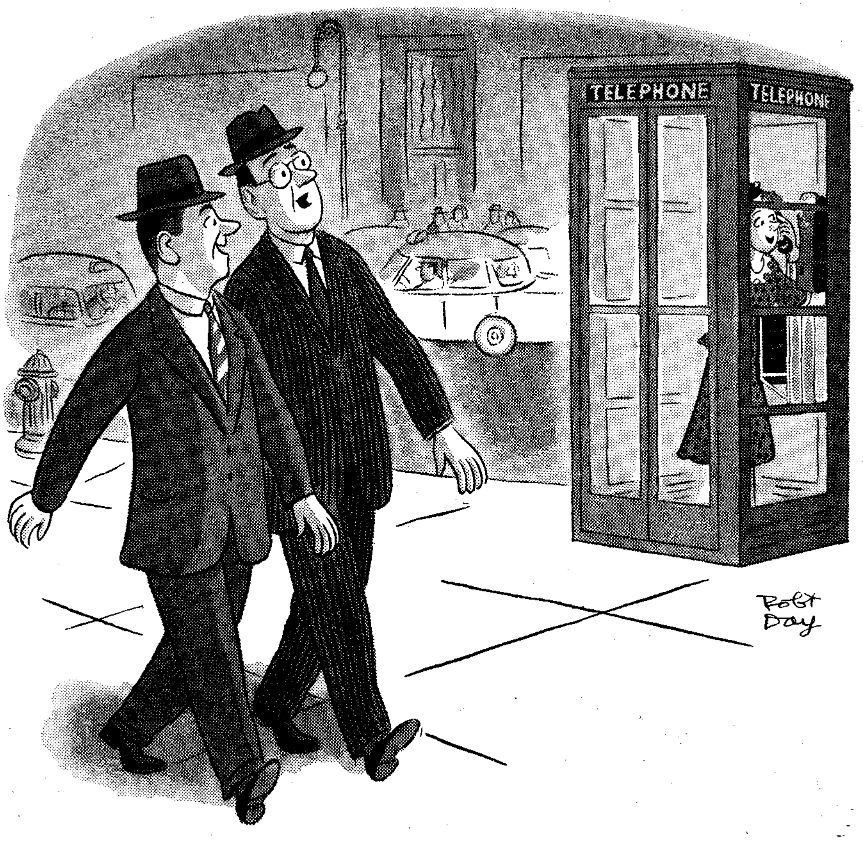
tion, the economics, the politics had about them a sacred aura. All was religion in Spain . . . [but] Spain was not yet even Christian. . . . The nature and function of Catholicism had enabled . . . paganism to remain intact."

THE DOG AT CLAMBERCROWN, by Jocelyn Brooke (Vanguard). A mélange of autobiography, travelogue, and literary criticism by a forty-nine-year-old Englishman who has only lately emerged as a leading novelist in his own country. Mr. Brooke, a rugged but relaxed nonconformist with a delightfully prolix style, here tells of his long quest for a magic, remote world symbolized for him by The Dog and Clambercrown—the cryptic name of a country inn that he had heard of (and distorted) as a boy but that he did not get around to visiting until many years later. In his rambling way, he describes a loafing, botanizing sojourn in Sicily, punctuated by a jolting experience with the Mafia, and when the spirit moves him, he lays irreverent hands on some of the great contemporary literary reputations (those of Aldous Huxley, D. H. Lawrence, and James Joyce, for example), proving himself a perceptive and unfettered critic.

GHANA, by Kwame Nkrumah (Nelson). The autobiography of any politician who still has many years of campaigning and maneuvering ahead of him is likely to be more persuasive than informative. Dr. Nkrumah, the recently installed first Prime Minister of Ghana, says in the preface to this autobiography that he hopes his book will inspire and strengthen those who are still under foreign domination, and there is no doubt that his description of how he rose from nothing to become the powerful politician who took over from the British on the Gold Coast will excite and interest a great many bright young men in the Belgian Congo, the French African colonies, South Africa, Kenya, and elsewhere. Dr. Nkrumah tells his story ably, and in a way that leaves no doubt that he is a brilliant and capable man. But he also leaves no doubt that his abilities include that of staying off the many available limbs on which an indiscreet politician can find himself. As a national leader, he will need all the friends he can get, and it is evident that he does not intend to let this book make him any enemies. The time has not arrived to tell the truth about the bitter conflicts that have been going



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on behind the scenes while Ghana has been winning its independence. Still, there is an enlightening hint of them here and there in the book, and one hopes that in years to come Dr. Nkrumah will enjoy a leisured retirement in which he can deal more realistically with the difficult times he has lived through. Then, perhaps, he will write memoirs giving a less guarded account of his struggle with the tribalists and the opportunists who have made the making of Ghana anything but plain sailing.

SIX WINGS: MEN OF SCIENCE IN THE RENAISSANCE, by George Sarton (Indiana). In these essays, which constituted the Patten Lectures at the University of Indiana in 1955, the late Professor Sarton set out to explore "the humanities of science" in the Renaissance. The title refers to the six-winged seraphim of the Bible, and the author's combination of encyclopedic learning and passionate humanistic concern show him to have been something of a Renaissance seraph himself. Such men of science as the Unitarian protomartyr Servetus, the gambling scoundrel Cardano, the loony alchemist Paracelsus, and the universal genius da Vinci come fully alive in these pages, which are embellished by a selection of remarkable contemporary portraits.

NOTE: "Men and Monuments," a collection of Profiles and other articles by Janet Flanner, all of them concerned, in one way or another, with the fine arts and all of them written originally for *The New Yorker,* has been published by Harper.

•

E. C. Collart, 3836 Broadway, reports having seen a water snake Friday morning, crawling across the snow in his yard. He has been seeing robins for about a week.—*Boulder (Colo.) Daily Camera.*

Hmm.

•

Counting on a six-week schedule, Viv and Larry then return to London to start rehearsing for a tour of their Stratford production of "Titus and Andronicus."
—*Hollywood Reporter.*

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•

CHILLY TEMPERATURES HELD SWAY IN IOWA TUESDAY, BELYING THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE THAT PSZRKLED OVER THE STATE.—*A.P. news dispatch received by the Sioux City (Iowa) Journal.*

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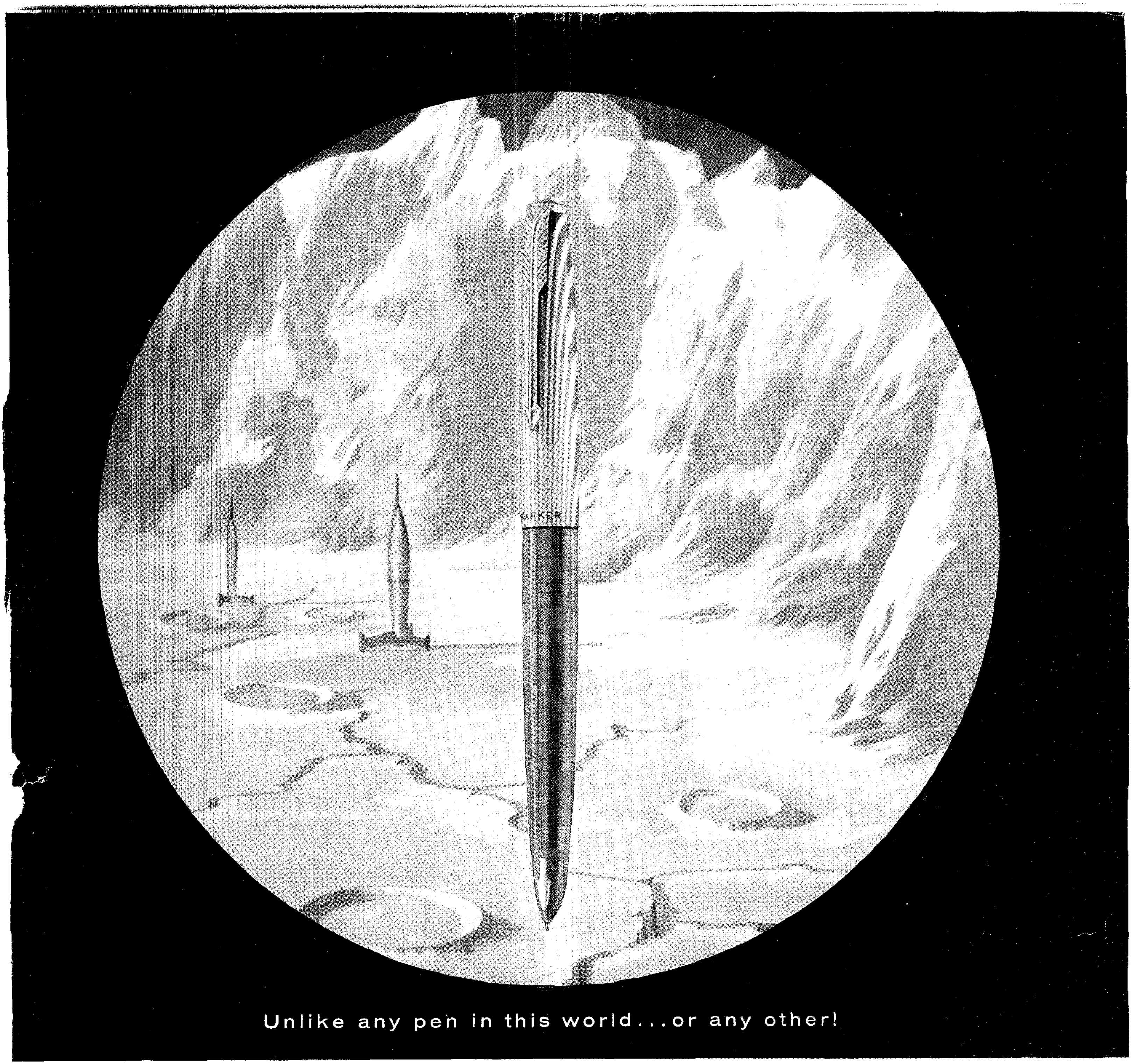
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the only fountain pen that fills itself
by itself...it has no moving parts!

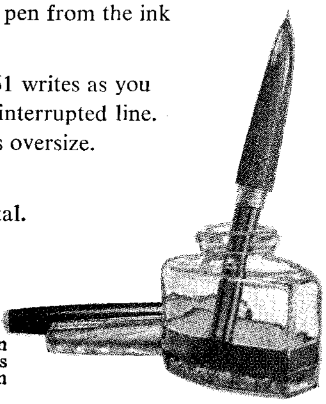
Parker 61

Newness is the very essence of the dramatic Parker 61, the first really different pen in years. It is new in principle—fresh in appearance—unique in performance.

Most remarkably, the Parker 61 fills itself by itself in 10 seconds. And it is filled from the end of the pen opposite the point. There is no moving part at all—the filling is done by capillary action alone. Unusual, too, is the fact that when you lift this pen from the ink it comes out dry—no wiping is needed.

With its new capillary ink system the Parker 61 writes as you always hoped a pen would—a clean, clear, uninterrupted line. It writes a long time, too, for its ink capacity is oversize.

The Parker 61 is the distinguished gift for those friends who appreciate the new, the unusual. Choice of distinctive colors and cap designs. The Parker 61 is $20.00 or more.



The shining point of the Parker 61 is never dipped in ink—only the opposite end of the pen. And it comes out of the bottle dry. You do nothing, just let the pen absorb ink for 10 seconds.

Elegance by Schenley
IMPORTED
Schenley O.F.C.
IMPORTED
Canadian Schenley O.F.C. CANADIAN WHISKY A BLEND OF FINE MATURED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY Canadian Schenley Ltd VALLEYFIELD
86.8 PROOF P.Q. CANADA
O.F.C.
Schenley
Schenley
Whiskey of Elegance
RESERVE
Blended Whisky
Lighter and smoother
This rare whisky reflects the Golden Age of Elegance
Bottled by Schenley Distillers, Inc.
SCHENLEY, PA. & FRESNO, CALIF.
SEAL OF ELEGANCE
Schenley

SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. IMPORTED O.F.C. CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND, SIX YEARS OLD, 86.8 PROOF. SCHENLEY RESERVE, BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

PLEASANT DILEMMA! Which to serve? Wise answer: Serve both. For both clearly finer Schenley and Imported O.F.C. are whiskies of Elegance. And Elegance begins where quality can go no further!

Elegance graces each product that bears the name Schenley